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THE DRIFT OF ROMANTICISM

SHELBURNE ESSAYS
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The Drift of Romanticism

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EIGHTH SERIES

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By Paul Elmer More

"It is a question of temperament, or of more or less immersion in nature.... The spiritualist finds himself driven to express his faith by a series of scepticisms."— EMERSON.

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BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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Published March 1913

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Of the essays in this volume those on Pater and Nietzsche were first printed, in part, in the *Nation* and New York *Evening Post*, and the Nietzsche was afterwards issued as a small book. Some paragraphs of those on Beckford, Newman, and Fiona Macleod are taken from reviews of current publications. The rest of the volume has not before appeared in print.

PREFACE

To Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

DEAR MATHER, —When the essay on Pater, now in this volume, was first printed in the *Nation*, you, who have been in general so kindly a reader of my work, were honest enough to tell me you did not like it at all. What profit was it, you asked, to take an author whose writing is filled with the subtlest appreciation of the world's beauty, and stretch him on the rack of a harsh ethical formula? Why not follow the lure and enjoy the spell of romance wherever it meets the eye? Pater was a lover and confessor of strange souls; should not, then, a true critic come to him in the same receptive spirit? Well, I dare say you were right. I dare say other readers of the essay were right, who, in print and in speech, objected to its severity with less friendly intention. My preface, you see, is a sort of apology for what may seem a lack of sympathetic taste, even of understanding.

Yet if it is an apology, it is not altogether an admission of wrong-doing. There is a kind of criticism that limits itself to looking at the thing in itself, or at the parts of a thing as they successively strike the mind. This is properly the way of sympathy, and those who choose this way are

right in saying that it is absurd or merely ill-tempered to dwell on what is ugly in a work of art, or false, or incomplete. But there is a place also for another kind of criticism, which is not so much directed to the individual thing as to its relation with other things, and to its place as cause or effect in a whole group of tendencies. No criticism, to be sure, can follow one or the other of these methods exclusively, as no product of art can ever be entirely isolated in its genesis or altogether merged in the current of the day. The highest criticism would contrive to balance these methods in such manner that neither the occasional merits of a work nor its general influence would be unduly subordinated, and in so far as these essays fail to strike such a balance — I wish this were their only failure — they err sadly from the best model. Yet there are times, are there not? when the general drift of ideas is so dominant that a critic may at least be pardoned if, with his eye on these larger relations, he does not bring out quite so clearly as he might the distinguishing marks of the writer or book with which he is immediately dealing. And if to his mind this general trend appears to be carrying the world towards the desolation of what he holds very dear, you will at least understand how he may come to slight the sounder aspects of any work which as a whole belongs to the dangerous influences of the age. Now, the romantic movement, beneath all

its show of expansion and vitality, seems to me at its heart to be just such a drift towards disintegration and disease. In that conviction I have here treated certain great names more for what is typical in them of their age than for what each may have created of peculiar excellence.

Yet I would not have you suppose that I am insensible to the beauty of much that these men have written or to the magic that is commonly connected with the term romanticism. Indeed, from one point of view, to admit such insensibility would be to place one's self outside of the appeal of what is highest and purest in all poetry. For it must be observed that the word romanticism is used in two quite different ways, and that the ignorance or neglect of this ambiguity has led to endless confusion of standards. On the one hand, by romantic we often mean, whether rightly or wrongly, certain attributes of poetry of every age when it rises from the common level to the climaxes of inspiration — the moments in it when we are thrilled by the indefinable spell of strangeness wedded to beauty, when we are startled by the unexpected vision of mystery beyond the circle of appearances that wrap us in the dull commonplace of daily usage, and suddenly "the immeasurable heavens break open to their highest." In that absolute sense of the word there are passages in the poets of antiquity which are as romantic as any to be found in the literature of the

nineteenth century. The *Odyssey* in particular is shot through and through with the sheer wonder of beauty. You will recall, for instance, the three lines of the tenth book when Eurylochus and his band, having left their weeping comrades and penetrated the thick woods of Ææa, reach the lonely house of Circe in the clearing:

> Soon at her vestibule they pause, and hear
> A voice of singing from a lovely place,
> Where Circe weaves her great web year by year.[1]

And in the drama you will remember the report of the marvellous end of the errors and sufferings of Œdipus, when warned by the celestial voice he and Theseus, having bade farewell for a while to their companions, go alone into the grove of Colonus to await the mystic translation:

> We beheld
> The man — nay, we beheld him not again,
> But Theseus only, with one hand upraised
> As if to shade his eyes before some fear,
> Fallen strangely, seen, and not to be endured.

This wonder joined with beauty and this suddenly appearing awe of the other world are thoroughly characteristic of the great moments of Greek poetry, and we shall find as pure romance of this sort in the literature historically classic as in the literature historically romantic. The mind closed to this poetic ecstasy may feel itself at home with the so-called pseudo-classical writers,

[1] From the translation by P. S. Worseley.

but it shall never be free of the society of Tennyson or Shakespeare or Homer. This is so plain that I cannot see how we gain much critically by insisting on the absolute use of the word romantic, even if, as I much doubt, it has any etymological justification. But there is another use of the word, as it is associated with a definite historical movement of modern Europe, which is freighted with lessons for the critic of letters and life. No age, of course, can be entirely isolated. Germs and anticipations of what we call more precisely historical romanticism are easily found here and there before Rousseau and Blake and the German Schlegels, as they all but developed into a complete literature in ancient Alexandria. In particular no little part of Virgil's appeal to our ears is probably due to his anticipations of modern sentiment. If any one passage may be singled out as containing the quintessential charm of his genuis, it would be those haunting lines that describe the first voyage of Æneas up the Italian river:

> Soft slide the boats along the Tiber stream:
> While the waves wonder, and in wonder dream
> The forests, at the flash of unknown shields,
> And painted prows that swim the liquid fields.
> The men, still rowing, tire the night and day;
> And up the lengthening reaches make their way,
> Covered by various trees; and as they glide,
> Cut the green woods upon the placid tide.

Virgil is the most impossible of all poets to

translate, but it is owing to no treachery on my part that you will detect in this scene hints of that peculiar sentiment which predominates in modern verse — the wonder and strangeness that go with the dissolving together of the human soul and nature, the vague revery that takes the place of insight, the pantheism that has forgotten the true surprise of the supernatural. Nevertheless, at bottom the age of Augustus remained loyal to the classic tradition, and the *Æneid* was more inspired by the imperial growth of Rome than by the coming dissolution of society. Even those passages in which, as in the lines just quoted, the Alexandrian influence is unmistakable, affect us in the end somehow differently from the same sort of thing in the poets of our own time. The history of that other civilization is closed and its problems are solved; it lies so far back in the past that we may savour the sweetness of its flowers with no disturbing thought of the decay which they concealed. Since Virgil wrote, a great hope and a great despair have traversed the world.

You will see, then, that in these essays I use the word romantic, not exactly in a narrow sense, for I include much more than the work of the group of literary men who appropriated the name, but in a strictly historical sense, as a convenient term for what I take to be the dominant tendency and admitted ideal of the modern world. Often, indeed, the note of absolute romance breaks

through the more characteristic music of the day, and there is a great deal in the nineteenth century which otherwise oversteps the bounds of my definition — that need scarcely be said; but the more deeply we penetrate into the various practical and intellectual currents of the age, the more clearly do we discern, beneath all their apparent divergency, the overmastering force of a common origin and a common direction. If I had to designate very briefly this underlying principle which gives to historic romance a character radically different from the mystery and wonder of classic art, I should define it as that expansive conceit of the emotions which goes with the illusion of beholding the infinite within the stream of nature itself instead of apart from the stream. The question raised finally is thus one of dualism: Is there, or is there not, some element of man's being superior to instinct and reason, some power that acts as a stay upon the flowing impulses of nature, without whose authoritative check reason herself must in the end be swept away in the dissolution of the everlasting flux? In the *Definitions of Dualism* at the close of this volume I have sought to unfold the consequences of the only answer to this question that comes to me when I listen to the still voice of consciousness. If my language here appears perhaps to be dogmatic and to show disrespect for the terminology of the present-day schools, you will remember that I

have put down merely a series of definitions and have not purposed to write a treatise. And above all you will absolve me from the presumption of attempting to construct a new system of philosophy, and from the folly of aiming to be original where originality would undermine the very basis on which I stand. If I have hearkened to the voice, it is because with this key alone I have been able to find any meaning in my own experience of life, and still more because its admonition seems to me to correspond with the inner core of truth which, however diversified in terms and overlaid with extraneous matter, has been handed down unchanged by that long line of seers and sages, from Plato and Aristotle to the present day, who form what may be called the church universal of the spirit. *Sit anima mea cum philosophis.*

You have my apology, my dear Mather, which you will not, I trust, regard as a mere aggravation of the offence it is meant to condone. At any rate, you will be ready to congratulate me on the vow, here recorded, to abjure disputation for a while and to return in the next volume of these essays to the less provocative aspects of literature.

P. E. M.

New York, September 1, 1912.

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WILLIAM BECKFORD

The Drift of Romanticism

WILLIAM BECKFORD

If any one were to ask me why I had chosen the master of Fonthill for one of the types of romanticism, I am afraid my first answer would have to be, that I had been reading the new volume of his *Life and Letters*, by Lewis Melville.[1] Nor is it even a very good book: on the contrary, Mr. Melville's transcription of the letters shows signs of carelessness; his portrait of the writer suggests an attempt at whitewashing, while his interpretation of Beckford's published works fails to give their real significance in literature. But he has had access in the Charter Room of Hamilton Palace to Beckford's correspondence and papers which were preserved by his surviving daughter, wife of the tenth Duke of Hamilton. The letters, if capriciously edited, give us, nevertheless, an insight into Beckford's character, and especially into his formative years, that was quite lacking before. And they are really of considerable importance in understanding the great revolution that remade literature at the beginning of

[1] *The Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill.* By Lewis Melville. New York: Duffield & Co. 1910.

the last century. His early letters fairly teem with suggestions of Rousseau and *Werther* and Ossian and Chateaubriand, while his *Vathek* was, as any reader of Byron knows, one of the sources of the Orientalism that went with medievalism and half a dozen other isms into the savoury cauldron of the romantic incantation. But his life was even more influential than his books. Here was a man who had not only the courage but the means also to carry into practice what other men were merely dreaming. He was the richest commoner of England and was willing to squander his fortune on an Aladdin's palace, which rose, and fell, like a symbol of the rebellious, aspiring imagination.

William Beckford was born at Fonthill-Giffard, in Wiltshire, October 1, 1760. His father, Alderman and twice Lord Mayor of London, the celebrated radical and friend of Wilkes, had inherited an enormous estate in Jamaica. His first wife was a widow, with a daughter, Elizabeth March (afterwards Mrs. Hervey), who wrote some foolish sentimental novels which her step-brother William praised as a boy and caricatured, in *Azemia*, as a man. The Alderman's second wife, the mother of William, belonged to the Abercorn branch of the Hamilton family. One of the Alderman's brothers, William's uncle Julines, had a son Peter, who married, in 1773, Louisa Pitt, second daughter of Lord Rivers. For

Mrs. Peter Beckford and her sister, apparently Marcia-Lucy who in 1789 married James Fox-Lane of Bramham Park (Mr. Melville leaves these relationships somewhat in confusion), William had a profound attachment. From the very beginning the boy was subject to influences that shaped his life to its peculiar end. His father, the great Alderman, was, as history presents him, a clear-sighted man of affairs, yet there must somewhere be a twist in the mind of a man who clings to an overblown estate, including many thousands of slaves, and who at the same time allies himself with a movement which leads naturally to the belief that all property is theft. When only ten, William lost his father and fell largely under the management of his mother, and of other women, notably his step-sister and Mrs. Peter Beckford, who encouraged him in the wildest broodings and most fantastic dreams. At this age, instead of undergoing the wholesome discipline of public school and university, he was, by the advice of his godfather, Lord Chatham, placed under the tutelage of the Rev. John Lettice, who may have been a scholarly and otherwise sensible man, but at least was unable to drag the boy out of the world of revery into which he had fallen. When seventeen he went with Lettice as "bear-leader" to Geneva, where he continued his studies for a year and a half, travelling at intervals and seeing among other

celebrities the aged Voltaire, who bestowed on the lad one of his ever-ready blessings. From Geneva we have the first of his letters, some of them addressed in the transcription to his step-sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Hervey, others apparently to the same person. The tenor of the boy's musings may be gathered from an extract:

Dark Clouds roll from the North and bring on the Night. I see lights at a distance moving towards the City; perhaps some one is there, who will direct me to the Gate. I call . . . ;[1] but the bellowing of the tide deadens my Voice. I am alone on the Shore . . . dread is my situation. . . . The blasts increase and wistle dismally in my ears. I shudder. . . . What shriek was that? — no Bird is on the wing! . . . I must hasten home, and yet such is the darkness that I may wander for hours and not find the path that leads to the Gate next the port. I tremble, and of what am I afraid? — ah! too well I know what means those shades, for surely I beheld something flit before me pale as the Ashes of an Altar. Something roze on a Wave and sighed. See it rears itself again and moans — it moans. — O how am I deceived or that shade wears the resemblance of one that is no more and that was most dear to me . . . cruel illusion. Think, another wave rose, foamed at my feet, cast its spray on high and offered to my affrighted Imagination a form like yours.

That is the sort of thing Ossian was doing in young generous minds.

At the end of 1778 Beckford was back in England, pouring out his wild revolt in letters from

[1] There is nothing here or elsewhere to indicate whether these points are in the original or mean an excision made by the editor.

Fonthill — for instance: "I will seclude myself if possible from the World, in the midst of the Empire, and converse many hours every day with you, Mesron and Nouronihar"; and satisfying his sense of grotesque humour by writing his first book, *Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*, which, for the benefit of the housekeeper at Fonthill who showed strangers through the galleries, attributed the pictures to such artists as Og of Basan, Watersouchy of Amsterdam, Herr Sucrewasser of Vienna, and the like. Mr. Melville seems to see a contradiction in this union of sentiment and burlesque in the same mind; they are in fact but different aspects of the same desire to escape from reality and have often gone together, from the days of the double theme in Spanish drama to the magnificent audacities of *Don Juan*.

After a year and a half Beckford was off with his tutor on the grand tour. This lasted for about two years, and was interrupted by his return to England to celebrate his coming of age. In May of 1782 he went abroad for the third time, travelling now with all the state that befitted one who had come into control of an enormous fortune. Some time in the interval between his second and third journeys he had met at Bath Lady Margaret Gordon, with whom he fell in love and whom he married May 5, 1783, coming back to England for this purpose. Two children were

born to them; but after a union of three years his wife died, and the children, seeming, so far as the letters indicate, to have passed quite out of his mind, were placed under the charge of his mother, while he himself was hurried about Europe by his friends who, according to his biographer, were "fearful of his losing his reason or taking his life." Mr. Melville also asserts that "the marriage had been an ideal union," and thinks that the memory of his loss, "acting upon an emotional nature, may have had more to do with his subsequent retirement than is generally supposed." It may be so, yet such practical endurance of grief scarcely accords with the romantic temperament, as one reads the annals of those days; and indeed there is an aspect of this whole affair which is unpleasantly suggestive, but which cannot be entirely passed over without a gross misrepresentation of what Beckford stood for to his contemporaries. During his first visit abroad he was writing to some unnamed correspondent, probably either his step-sister, Mrs. Hervey, or his cousin by marriage, Mrs. Peter Beckford, in a mingled vein of high-flown egotism and love which may have meant almost anything. And again during his second journey, still before he had met Lady Margaret Gordon, his letters are filled with disquieting confessions. At the outset we find him writing from Margate to a correspondent unnamed: "Envy me, for I

am going to be wrapped in the arms of Darkness and Illusions." And then follows a series of letters to Mrs. Peter Beckford, which leave little doubt of part of the story at least:

> Would to God [he writes from Spa] the memorable Fountains of Merlin were still attainable — I might then be happy with the hopes of forgetting a passion which preys upon my soul. I cannot break my chains — I struggle and the more attempts I make to shake them off the firmer they adhere to me. This wayward Love of mine makes me insensible to everything — I move feverishly from place to place — but it is in vain — it pursues me — pursues me with such swiftness! seizes upon me and marks me for its own. . . . Delicious Hours that are gone for ever. Your recollection is my sole comfort. I live by your remembrance.

Were this all it would mean no more than any fantastic and unwholesome passion, but in the letters written to the same person during his third journey, that is while he was courting Lady Margaret, apparently against the will of her relatives, there are a number of passages which can be explained only by assuming a double or triple passion of a sort that is as bewildering as it is offensive. I will not quote at large from these letters, because their tone is not precisely edifying and because also I frankly do not entirely understand the situation. It is enough to indicate the transaction by a few words from the close of the letter of August 7, 1782:

At Christmas may not I hope to possess you at Fonthill and tell you again and again that you have never been absent from my thoughts? Convey the enclosed to ——. She has written me a Letter that leaves me not the smallest doubt of her affection. The flame spreads, I perceive — you told me it would.

Mr. Melville gives no explanation of the opposition to Beckford's marriage. It should seem that, if his conduct corresponded with his words, there were reasons grave enough why an alliance with him might be regarded as undesirable. Beckford himself wrote to the Rev. Samuel Henley, thanking him for silencing "the hiss of serpents at Fonthill," and declaring that "neither Orlando nor Brandi were ever more tormented by demons and spectres in an enchanted castle than William Beckford in his own hall by his nearest relatives." It might be hinted that a serpent is generally to be found in such a morbid paradise as this young gentleman sought to create about himself.

Of the still uglier rumours about Beckford's life I should prefer not even to hint. Mr. Melville declares categorically that there is not a particle of evidence to support them, and dismisses them as preposterous. That may be true; I trust it is. Yet Mr. Melville himself admits that Beckford's *Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents*, printed at this time, was probably withdrawn from circulation because its romantic tendency might give

some colour to the stories about the author. He does not cite, as indeed there was no need to cite, Byron's letter on Beckford. He does, however, give Samuel Rogers's vivid description of a visit to Fonthill in a letter to Byron dated February 8, 1818:

> I was in that country [Wiltshire] the other day, and paid a visit to the Abbot of Fonthill. The woods recalled Vallombrosa, the Abbey the Duomo at Milan, and, as for its interior, the length of the galleries (only think of 330 feet), the splendour of the cabinets, and the magical illusions of light and shade, realized all my visions. Then he played and sung; and the effect was singular — like the pealings of a distant choir, now swelling, now dying away. He read me his travels in Portugal, and the stories related in that small chamber in the Palace of Eblis.

Having quoted so much, and having added part of Rogers's account of the visit in his *Table-Talk*, Mr. Melville in fairness should have added Rogers's comment on those unpublished episodes[1] designed for *Vathek:* "They are extremely fine, but very objectionable, on account of their sub-

[1] Since this essay was written Mr. Melville has published these tales from the MS. found at Hamilton Palace (*The Episodes of Vathek*, with a translation by Sir Frank T. Marzials; London: Stephen Swift & Co., 1912). The best of them, *The Story of Zulkais*, deals with the incestuous love of a twin brother and sister. "We were plunged," says the heroine, "both successively and together, into a hell-broth which was intended to impart to us a strength and intelligence more than human, but has only instilled into our veins the ardent elixir of a too exquisite sensibility, and the poison of an insatiable desire." The events that follow this magic immersion at birth are related with great power of grotesque invention.

jects. Indeed, they show that the mind of the author was, to a certain degree, diseased."

But enough of this subject, which might have been passed over altogether in an essay, were it not that Beckford has a place in literature largely for the very things which his biographer represents him not to have been. It is pleasanter, and not less significant, to turn to the Aladdin-like retreat from the world which Rogers, the connoisseur, found so fascinating. I follow Mr. Melville's narrative closely.

One of the reasons for Beckford's return to England, in 1781, from the grand tour was, as I have said, that he might celebrate his coming of age in a manner befitting the fame of Fonthill. The festivities, which lasted for a week, followed the usual custom of the day, and might be dismissed with a word, except for the fact that they seem to have been one of the influences that shaped the rest of his life:

> My spirits are not sufficiently rampant [he writes to Lady Hamilton] to describe the tumult of balls, concerts and illuminations in which we were engaged here a fortnight ago.... Above ten thousand people all neatly dressed covered the lawn and the hills which rise over it. The glory of bright blue coats and scarlet farthingales made the distant slopes as gay as a field of poppies.... The view from the noble portico of the house presented that of a great piazza 600 feet by 460 feet. Most travellers were reminded of the area of St. Peter's, and you may imagine the thousands and thou-

sands of lamps that shone forth as soon as it was evening did not destroy the illusion. The bold spaces of the colonnades and loftiness of the portico certainly favoured it. On the desert down which terminates the woody region of Fonthill blazed a series of fires. Their light was doubtless the reverse of mournful, but still perhaps you would have thought of Troy and the funeral of Hector. Every now and then the shouts of the populace and the sound of the wind instruments filled the air. At intervals mortars were discharged and a girandola of rockets burst into clear bluish stars that cast a bright light for miles. On the left of the house rises a lofty steep mantled with tall oaks amongst which a temple of truly classical design discovers itself. This building (sacred to the Lares) presented a continued glow of saffron-coloured flame, and the throng assembled before it looked devilish by contrast.

These scenes at Fonthill, ending with the necessary touch of diabolism, sound almost like a chapter of *Vathek*, and indeed they certainly combined with Beckford's early reading of the *Arabian Nights* and later acquaintance with the Oriental tales then popular in France to inspire that strange book. He himself gave this explanation to Cyrus Redding, and declared that the great Hall at Fonthill, with its many doors opening into dim corridors, suggested to him the idea of the Hall of Eblis. But the magnificent building, which had been erected by his father in 1755 on the site of an old mansion supposed to have been designed by Inigo Jones, did not long content the new master. For twenty years he

found his amusement in superintending the erection of a new group of buildings, which was one of the marvels of the age. So impatient was he of the inevitable delays of building that at one time the royal works at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were interrupted by the drafting of some five hundred men to labour in continuous gangs at Fonthill. By night the work was pushed on by torchlight, often under the immediate direction of the owner. It is characteristic of the man and the age that he should have offered a humanitarian excuse for his caprice, saying that his purpose was to give employment to workingmen in distress; but it is not very intelligent in his biographer to accept such a pretext on its face value. The methods and the result set the tongues of England a-wag; and no wonder. Here was a man endowed with what seemed then unlimited wealth, who was ready to satisfy his whimsical taste and disorganized fancy, at any expense, in timber and cement. It was as if some one in that staid century had gained control over a group of genii out of the *Arabian Nights* and had set them to raising a magic structure for his delectation. It was some time soon after Beckford had begun on his extravagant project that Coleridge dreamt of his Oriental palace:

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree. . . .
> So twice five miles of fertile ground
> With walls and towers were girdled round:

> And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
> Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
> And here were forests ancient as the hills,
> Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

The poet's dream was inspired by a description in *Purchas' Pilgrimage*, but it is likely that the rumour of the wild doings at Fonthill also entered into his vision. Of the character of Beckford's pleasure-dome, with its intricate galleries and spacious halls, and innumerable chambers devoted to every refinement of luxury, and with its heterogeneous collection of rare treasures, I shall attempt to give no description. The dominating feature of the design was a great tower which rose three hundred feet from the ground. It was built in such haste that the wind one day, catching a large flag on the summit, brought the whole flimsy thing down in ruins. Nothing daunted, the owner ran up a second tower in its place, and this, too, crumbled to the earth in 1825, after the estate had been sold into other hands. The whole thing is like a chapter in romanticism written in wood and mortar.

Of the life of the master in his magic palace strange stories were soon current. About the whole park he raised a twelve-foot wall of some seven or eight miles in length. His own explanation of this work was that he purposed to keep the neighbouring gentry from riding to hounds over his land; but it scarcely seems that twelve feet of

masonry was necessary for such an end. The fact is that Beckford had developed something not unlike a mania for seclusion. His biographer tries to combat such a notion, and no doubt some of the stories of his devices to keep the world away were exaggerated or invented. Such, perhaps, is the anecdote of the stranger who got within the park and mistaking Beckford for a gardener asked to be shown about the grounds. This the owner is said to have done, and then, after disclosing his identity, and dining with the stranger, retired and sent a servant with the message: "Mr. Beckford ordered me to present his compliments to you, Sir, and I am to say that as you found your way into Fonthill Abbey without assistance, you may find your way out again as best you can; and he hopes you will take care to avoid the bloodhounds that are let loose in the gardens every night. I wish you good evening." The incident has been well vouched for, but Beckford himself denied it, or at least gave it quite an innocent turn, and I am willing to let it pass. Another story of similar import, however, comes to us in his own words and cannot be gainsaid. The Duchess of Gordon may have been a bold, inquisitive creature, as duchesses have a right to be, but her reception at Fonthill was certainly not such as duchesses expect. Beckford relates the adventure to his friend Redding:

Fonthill was put in order for her reception, with everything I could desire to receive her magnificently — not only to receive her, but to turn the tables on her for the presumption she had that I was to become the plaything of her purposes. . . . My arrangements being made, I ordered my major-domo to say, on the Duchess's arrival, that it was unfortunate — everything being arranged for her Grace's reception, Mr. Beckford had shut himself up on a sudden, a way he had at times, and that it was more than his place was worth to disturb him, as his master only appeared when he pleased, forbidding interruption, even if the King came to Fonthill. I had just received a new stock of books, and had them removed to the room of which I had taken possession. The Duchess conducted herself with great equanimity, and seemed much surprised and gratified at what she saw, and the mode of her reception — just as I desired she should be. When she got up in the morning her first question was, "Do you think Mr. Beckford will be visible to-day?" "I cannot inform your Grace — Mr. Beckford's movements are so very uncertain — it is possible. Would your Grace take an airing in the Park? — a walk in the gardens?" Everything which Fonthill could supply was made the most of, whetting her appetite to her purpose still more.

After seven or eight days of this treatment the Duchess departed, and Beckford remarks that he "never enjoyed a joke so much."

I see no reason why we should not accept the common tradition of Beckford's craze for isolation, and indeed any one who is familiar with human nature, and particularly human nature under the warping stress of uncontrolled emotions, would prophesy, from the young man's

outcry for sympathy and from his complaints of the world's inability to appreciate him, that just such a loveless, lonely old age would be his end. Some connection with society he no doubt maintained, occasional visits were received; but on the whole the picture one gets of the recluse in his Palace of Art, surrounded by the spoils of the world, is oppressive and morbid. In time Beckford's shrinking fortune grew unable to stand the strain put upon it, and he was obliged in 1822 to dispose of Fonthill. The sale of the collections was one of the much-bruited events of the day, and Mr. Melville quotes from an amusing skit in the *Times* which describes the throng of buyers and sightseers:

> He is fortunate who finds a vacant chair within twenty miles of Fonthill; the solitude of a private apartment is a luxury which few can hope for, . . . Falstaff himself could not *take his ease* at this moment within a dozen leagues of Fonthill. . . . The beds through the county are (literally) doing double duty — people who come in from a distance during the night must wait to go to bed until others get up in the morning. . . . Not a farmhouse — however humble — not a cottage near Fonthill, but gives shelter to fashion, to beauty, and rank; ostrich feathers, which, by their very waving, we can trace back to Piccadilly, are seen nodding at a casement window over a dispopulated poultry-yard.

Beckford now retired to Bath, where at Lansdown he reared a miniature Fonthill, with a tower one hundred and thirty feet high, ending in a

cast-iron model of the Temple of Lysicrates at Athens. At Bath he became a notable figure, and his eccentricities, if nothing more, were the occasion of endless scandals. "Surmises were current about a brood of dwarfs that vegetated in an apartment built over the archway connecting his two houses; and the vulgar, rich and poor alike, gave a sort of half-credit to cabalistical monstrosities invoked in that apartment." Mr. Melville adds that the brood of dwarfs consisted in reality of one poor waif whom Beckford had picked up in Italy. "'What do you think of him, eh? Oh, he's a strange thing, is n't he?' his master said to a visitor at Lansdown, adding in an unearthly voice, in allusion to the rumours in the town below, 'He is a Giaour, and feeds upon toadstools!'" It is n't just an agreeable jest.

Beckford died in 1844 at the age of eighty-three. He was a man of many accomplishments and a vein of true genius, one of the great personalities of the age, and in his virtues as well as his errors a striking type of the romantic enthusiasms that in his early formative years were springing up all over Europe. As the keynote to his character Mr. Melville quotes his saying, "I have never known a moment's *ennui*." It is possibly true; if so his salvation was due to an inexhaustible fund of inherited health, for certainly the natural outcome of his mode of life was solitude, and self-devouring thought, and infinite weariness.

The word romanticism has been employed so variously, it has been so bandied back and forth by those who admire and those who condemn, and has been associated with so many practical questions, that one feels to-day a certain hesitancy in bringing it into criticism at all. Yet the very fact of its persistent use, even its misuse, shows that it touches one of the deep-seated traits of human nature, and proves that those who try to explain it away as unmeaning are depriving us of a real and powerful instrument of classification. Where lie the springs of this movement? whence does the spirit of what we call romanticism arise, and what has been its course? It has run like a river down through many ages, now contracted into a narrow current, now spreading out like a sea. It has been fed by countless contributary streams, so that its origin may easily be forgotten; yet if we examine closely, we shall see, I believe, that it still, through all the changes and additions of time, bears the mark that it took from its source. For that source we must go back to the remote beginnings of our era, and look into the obscure mingling of Oriental and Occidental civilization which followed the invasion of Alexander's army into Asia, and which, under the all-merging sway of the Roman Empire, created a new faith and a new world: more definitely, we must look into the confluence of Eastern religion and Western philosophy.

And here I must beg for a little indulgence. One may well hesitate in a literary essay to deal with such high-sounding metaphysical terms as infinity and personality, yet I see no way of approaching the riddle before us — and romanticism is the great riddle of literature — without as clear a notion as we can get of what those ideas were in the Oriental and the Occidental mind, and what their coming together meant. As for the first, there is not so much difficulty. It is a commonplace that to the people of the East in general the emotion of the vast and the vague was associated with the divine; the mere escape from bounds, which was implied in exaggeration, conveyed to them an intimation of infinity in the absolute sense of complete independence of the finite. And so we see in their religious poetry a constant effort to overwhelm the imagination with enormous numbers and magnitudes, and in their idols an attempt to portray the gods by distortion and grotesqueness or by some quality that exceeds the human. On the contrary, the people of the West, at least in so far as Greece may be said to have been their spokesman, had developed an inherent repugnance to the infinite, or the *apeiron*, as expressed in mere boundlessness. To them the divine was rather to be sought in the qualities of restraint and limitation and proportion. Their ideal is conveyed in the word *autarkeia*, in that self-completeness which

seeks to convey the sense of pure infinity, not by the suggestion of vague unlimited forces forever striving for expansion, but by absolute control at the centre. One need only contrast Homer with any of the Sacred Books of the East, or a statue of Apollo with any of the idols of the Barbarians, to learn how strongly and concretely this difference in attitude towards the infinite worked itself out. This law of *autarkeia*, in fact, this perception of the veritable infinite within harmonious self-completeness, was the great gift of the Greeks to civilization, the greatest gift of all, so unique in character, so subtle in practice, so difficult to maintain, that to this day he who would find the law in its purity is obliged to go back to school at Athens and there laboriously learn it as a lesson. This is the law that Goethe discovered in the phrase of Pindar, *epikratein dynasthai, the power of control*, and that seemed to him to reveal the principle of his nature and to furnish a rule against the extravagances of romanticism. We but deceive ourselves if we think the modern world can offer anything to take the place of that discipline.

With this difference of Oriental and Occidental sentiment towards the infinite went a corresponding difference in regard to the notion of personality. To the Western mind the sense of the Ego, as an active emotional entity, was sharply defined and the last thing to be given

up. The Oriental, on the contrary, never attained to a clear conception of this entity, and in his mind it had a tendency always to dissolve away into a mere name for an ephemeral group of sensations. One of the Pāli books, the Milinda-panha, records a number of conversations which took place, or were supposed to have taken place, between Milinda, the Greek king Menander, who ruled over Alexander's dominion of Bactria, and the Buddhist sage, Nāgasena. One of these discussions turns on the existence of a separate personality, and is so pertinent to the matter in question that I may be excused if I quote from it at some length:[1]

Then drew near Milinda the king to where the venerable Nāgasena was; and having drawn near, he greeted the venerable Nāgasena; and having passed the compliments of friendship and civility, he sat down respectfully at one side. And the venerable Nāgasena returned the greeting; by which, verily, he won the heart of King Milinda.

And Milinda the king spoke to the venerable Nāgasena as follows:

"How is your reverence called? Bhante, what is your name?"

"Your majesty, I am called Nāgasena; my fellow-priests, your majesty, address me as Nāgasena: but whether parents give one the name Nāgasena, or Sūrasena, or Vīrasena, or Sīhasena, it is, nevertheless, your majesty, but a way of counting, a term, an appel-

[1] The translation is by Henry Clarke Warren in his *Buddhism in Translations*. Cambridge, Mass. 1896.

lation, a convenient designation, a mere name, this Nāgasena; for there is no Ego here to be found."

At this the Greek cries out in astonishment and begins to question the sage. He forces Nāgasena to concede that he, this Nāgasena who is talking, is not identical with the hair of his head, nor his nails, nor his teeth, nor his flesh, nor any other part of his body; and if there is no separate Ego, where then is the man himself? "Bhante," he concludes, "although I question you very closely, I fail to discover any Nāgasena. Verily, now, bhante, Nāgasena is a mere empty sound. What Nāgasena is there here? Bhante, you speak a falsehood, a lie: there is no Nāgasena." To this argument the Hindu replies by a parallel *reductio ad absurdum:*

"Your majesty, you are a delicate prince, an exceedingly delicate prince; and if, your majesty, you walk in the middle of the day on hot sandy ground, and you tread on rough grit, gravel, and sand, your feet become sore, your body tired, the mind is oppressed, and the body-consciousness suffers. Pray, did you come afoot, or riding?"

"Bhante, I do not go afoot: I came in a chariot."

"Your majesty, if you came in a chariot, declare to me the chariot. Pray, your majesty, is the pole the chariot?"

"Nay, verily, bhante."

"Is the axle the chariot?"

"Nay, verily, bhante."

"Are the wheels the chariot?"

"Nay, verily, bhante."

"Is the chariot-body the chariot?"
"Nay, verily, bhante."

And so through the banner staff, the yoke, and the other parts of the chariot, with the admirable conclusion that if none of these members is the chariot, there is no chariot at all, and the king must really have walked. In this way he is compelled to admit that the term chariot is merely a convenient designation for the assembly of pole, axle, wheels, chariot-body, and banner staff. Whereupon Nāgasena draws the lesson:

"Thoroughly well, your majesty, do you understand a chariot. In exactly the same way, your majesty, in respect of me, Nāgasena is but a way of counting, term, appellation, convenient designation, mere name for the hair of my head, hair of my body, ... brain of the head, form, sensation, perception, the predispositions, and consciousness. But in the absolute sense there is no Ego here to be found."

We need not stop to analyze this argument, and show how, by the same logic, each member of the chariot or the man can be analyzed into its constituent parts, and these parts still further reduced, until nothing is left but absolute vacuity, — a conclusion which some of the later Buddhists did not hesitate to accept. The point is the different attitude of the Greek and the Oriental towards that mysterious entity of human nature which we call the Ego or the personality.

Now it was the great work of the first Christian centuries to merge the Oriental and Occidental conceptions of infinity and personality together in a strange and fruitful union. Such an amalgamation might have resulted in the retention of the more difficult term on each side, in the union, that is, of the Greek notion of the infinite and the Oriental notion of impersonality. Plato, in fact, and Plato, perhaps alone of philosophers, did somehow come to effect a reconciliation of this sort; and Emerson shows true insight in making this the kernel of his doctrine. But in the historical alliance of West and East under the Roman Empire the easier way was followed, and we can actually see the Occidental sense of the Ego merging with the Oriental sense of vastness and vagueness, of infinity as akin to the mere escape from limitation. To that alliance, if to any definite event of history, we may trace the birth of our sense of an infinite, insatiable personality, that has brought so much self-torment and so much troubled beauty into the religion and literature of the modern world. Christianity was soon to give a precise and famous illustration of this new birth in the desperate dispute of the homoousians and the homoiousians, who in the fourth century almost rent the Church in twain over the question whether the persons of the Godhead were of the same or only of similar essence. Such a debate would

have been foolishness to the Greek and madness to the early Hindu.

No doubt in stating the case thus succinctly I have passed over many contributing causes, and in especial I have too much simplified the complex nature of the Orient — certain traits of the Semitic peoples, for instance, are far removed from the Hinduism which I have taken as typical of the Aryan East. Yet in essentials the source of romanticism is to be found, I think, in such a product of Oriental religion and Occidental philosophy as I have attempted to describe. And the place where this alliance was consummated is the city on the Delta of the Nile which Alexander created to be the capital of his vast new empire. Alexandrianism has come to be a word of reproach, but at least it must be admitted that the intellectual activity of that city, and especially the activities that centred about its great library, make the life of most of our modern universities seem in comparison barren and insignificant. How many new literary forms and philosophical schools and religious sects originated among that people which was drawn together by avarice or ambition from every quarter of the known world! And it will be observed that almost all of these have a distinctly romantic tinge. Here was developed Neo-Platonism, which is nothing more than a conversion — a perversion one might almost say, considering what

confusion of ideas it wrought in philosophy through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance — a change, at least, of Plato's intellectual mysticism into a bastard emotional mysticism. The pastoral poem was born in Alexandria, or was early adopted there, as was the tale of idealized love. There the epic began to assume its romantic form, as may be seen in the work of Apollonius Rhodius, one of the masters of the library. It would be easy to go through the *Argonautica* and select any number of passages which show how the new spirit was struggling to free itself from the old form. As an example take the six verses of the third book which depict the meeting of Jason and Medea:

> Silent awhile and dumb they stood together.
> As on the mountain-side tall oaks or firs
> Deep-rooted stand, and in the windless weather
> Emit no sound, but when the light wind stirs
> Break into infinite murmurs, so these twain,
> Moved by the breath of Love, to speech grew fain.

It is not due to my translation, but to the substance of the lines, that they have more the tone of William Morris than of Homer.

These things are all significant of the widespread revolution in sentiment of which Alexandria was the chief centre and workshop; they are straws on the surface, so to speak, that tell which way the current is flowing. To learn what was taking place down in the depths one must look into the wild amalgamation of Eastern and

Western religious creeds that was sending out a stream of Gnostic and Manichean heresies and threatening to overwhelm, as indeed they largely modified, the orthodox faith. A good example of these feverish creations has come down to us in the farrago of superstition and philosophy taught by the Alexandrian Valentinus in the second century. Do not fear that I shall attempt to carry you through the awful heights and depths of that Gnostic nightmare as it is shudderingly expounded by St. Irenæus; a sentence or two will be sufficient. To explain the creation of the world Valentinus had borrowed and adapted an elaborate system of Æons, or mystical powers, who dwell aloft somewhere in couples or syzygies, in a state of matrimonial confusion which I have never been able to disentangle. "The last and youngest of the duodecad," to quote St. Irenæus rather freely, "was the Æon called Sophia [Wisdom], the daughter of Anthrôpos and Ekklêsia. And Sophia fell into a passion without the embrace of her syzygy who is Thelêtos [the Will].... Now this passion of hers was a search for the Father, for she longed, as they say, to comprehend his greatness." From this passion of Sophia — elsewhere referred to Achamoth, another name for Wisdom, and identical with Enthymêsis, or Desire — from this passion, then, of Sophia, or Achamoth, without Will, springs the world; from her pain the pneumatic or spiritual

elements, from her fear the psychic, from her ignorance (*aporia*) matter. Into the rest I will not go. It is like looking into the abyss out of which these Æons were supposed to have emanated. But in that gulf one can see, like dim, shadowy portents, some of the ideas that were germinating amidst the decay of the old world. In the identification of the intellect with desire and its divorce from the will, in this vague yearning of the intellect for the infinite fulness of the Father, and the birth of the world from emotion (*pathos*), I seem to see into the real heart of what after many centuries was to be called romanticism — the infinitely craving personality, the usurpation of emotion over reason, the idealization of love, the confusion of the sensuous and the spiritual, the perilous fascination that may go with these confusions. It is like a dream of fever, beautiful and malign by turns; and, looking at its wild sources, one can understand why Goethe curtly called romanticism disease and classicism health. He might have added that disease is infectious, whereas health must be acquired or preserved by the effort of the individual.

Romanticism was thus early introduced into Christianity, and with Christianity descended to our own days. But there was another aspect of Christian faith which maintained uncorrupted the true idea of the infinite and, so long as it endured, was able to save the world from falling

completely into the sway of Alexandrianism. At times, also, the original impulse of romanticism may seem to have been almost lost, when some revival of classical or pseudo-classical standards swept over Europe. Romanticism, indeed, as we know it to-day in its full force, arose only after the purer Christian faith and the authority of the classics had given way together to the tide of naturalism which set in strongly with the eighteenth century. The exact cause and character of this naturalistic movement can better be explained when we come to deal with the relation of science to romanticism as exemplified in the philosophy of Huxley. Meanwhile it is sufficient to say that historic romanticism, more strictly conceived, began with Blake and Rousseau and was developed into a system by the Schlegels — remembering always that the spirit at work in these men is essentially akin to that spirit which appears so remote and exotic in ancient Alexandria.

Germany and Egypt have taken us a far journey from Fonthill and Bath, but in fact it is only by some such historical survey as this that we can comprehend the meaning of the romantic egotism which supplies the theme of the one book of Beckford's — for his volumes of travel are now quite forgotten — that has significance to-day. Something has already been said about the relation of the celebration at Fonthill on his coming of age with the production of *Vathek*.

The old tradition of Beckford's literary performance is well known — how, as he told Redding in 1835, he had written the story at one sitting, that lasted for three days and two nights, during which time he never took off his clothes. Unfortunately Beckford's correspondence with the Rev. Samuel Henley, which has since come to light, quite shatters that heroic legend. He was, as a matter of fact, at work on the manuscript at least for a number of months, and was tinkering at it at intervals for about five years. Mr. Melville undertakes to reconcile Beckford's statement with the facts by supposing he had in mind, when he was talking with Redding, not the whole book of *Vathek* as we have it, but merely one of the episodes designed for it but never printed. He wrote the story in French, and to his friend Henley, a scholar of considerable Oriental attainments, was entrusted the task of furnishing notes and of making an English translation. Probably out of impatience over Beckford's dilatoriness, Henley put out an edition of his version in 1786, with a prefatory note stating that it was translated from the Arabic. Beckford was naturally incensed at this treachery, and immediately, in 1787, published the original French with a reply to Henley's misrepresentation. We have thus the curious fact that one of the classics of our literature was composed in a foreign tongue, but the correspondence between Henley and Beckford

shows that the latter passed judgement on the English and virtually stamped it as his own.

I suspect that *Vathek* is little read to-day, and indeed a good deal of its extravagant fancy and grotesque humour rings rather flat after the lapse of years. But the book was popular in its time, and is still one of the main documents to any one who wishes to study the sources of the romantic movement. Its theme is the insatiable craving for experience and the self-torturing egotism, which were beginning to run like wild-fire through the literature of Europe, and which reached their consummation in *Faust*. Instead of the medieval setting of Goethe's poem, Beckford's hero is an Eastern prince at whose feet lie all the pleasures and powers of the world. Not satisfied with the magnificence of his predecessors, he adds to his palace five wings in which, like a Des Esseintes of the Orient, he can indulge separately in the quintessential luxury of the five senses. His thirst for knowledge is equal to his appetite for pleasure, "for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist." His power was greater than his knowledge; "when he was angry one of his eyes became so terrible, that no person could bear to behold it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired." Only one thing the Caliph cannot command in his earthly paradise — content; the stars above his head, as he stands on his

tower looking down contemptuously on mankind, are an irritation to his desires and a humiliation to his pride. Then enters the tempter, in the form of a hideous Giaour, who in return for a monstrous crime offers him the possession of the palace of subterranean fire where reposes Soliman Ben Daoud, surrounded by the talismans that control the world. For a space the story is lost in grotesque adventures; but at the end, as Vathek and the Princess Nouronihar approach their goal, the imagination of the author kindles and the sense of foreboding deepens and intensifies step by step, until in the great Hall of Eblis (for to this the promises of the Giaour have brought them), at the sight of the vast unresting multitude who roam ceaselessly hither and thither in furious agony or in rapt absorption, heedless of everything about them and forever avoiding one another, each with his right hand pressed upon his heart — the feeling rises to real terror and sublimity. At last the trembling pair are led by the Giaour to the great Soliman, seated aloft on a throne, yet, like the others, holding his hand pressed upon his heart, and listening intently to the sullen roar of a vast cataract, which is the only sound that intrudes on the universal silence. He tells them of his doom, and concludes:

"In consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for

ever cease to flow; till then I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven, in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror Nouronihar fell back, like one petrified, into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob:

"O Giaour! whither hast thou brought us? Allow us to depart, and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. O Mahomet! remains there no more mercy?"

"None! none!" replied the malicious Dive. "Know, miserable prince! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair; thy heart also will be kindled, like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period; employ them as thou wilt; recline on these heaps of gold; command the Infernal Potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains; no barrier shall be shut against thee; as for me, I have fulfilled my mission; I now leave thee to thyself." At these words he vanished.

The device of the burning heart Beckford borrowed from a French writer now forgotten, but he has more than made it his own. Goethe, at the conclusion of his *Faust*, could think of no better redemption for his hero than to present him in the altruistic act of reclaiming some waste land. In thus attempting to cancel egotism with sympathy, Goethe showed that, despite the efforts of a lifetime to free himself from the thrall of romanticism, he still at heart remained in bond-

age to the old error. It would be folly to compare *Vathek* with *Faust* as a work either of art or of wisdom; the genius of Beckford was fitful and seldom under control; he was no philosopher or seer; but it was given him once to symbolize a great and everlasting truth better than Goethe or any other man of his age. Romanticism is a highly complex movement, and has contributed largely to the world's sum of beauty and sublimity. It has been defined as the sense of strangeness and wonder in things, and such a definition tells at least half the story. But strangeness and wonder may be qualities of all great literature: in so far as they are peculiar to romanticism and distinguish it from the universal mode which we call classic, they will be found to proceed from, or verge towards, that morbid egotism which is born of the union of an intensely felt personality with the notion of infinity as an escape from limitations. If we look below the surface of things, and penetrate through many illusions, we shall perceive in Beckford's vision of the restless throng, moving ever with hand pressed upon flaming heart, the essential type and image of the romantic life and literature.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

CARDINAL NEWMAN

ALMOST inevitably the romantic revival of religion in England took its rise at Oxford. From a remote age that university had stood forth again and again in a protest of the heart and the imagination against the rationalizing and utilitarian tendencies of the British character. As far back as the early years of the fourteenth century Richard Rolle of Hampole, who has been called "the true father of English literature," as a student at Oxford started a revolt against the prevailing scholasticism of Duns Scotus; and his reform is not without curious analogies with the movement that was to emanate from Oxford five centuries later. In place of the nominalism of Duns Scotus, which contains the germs of the Protestant appeal to the reason of the individual, Richard proclaimed the mystical principle of love — *universalitas mundialis creaturæ diligere diligique cupit* — and his writings in English and Latin are one long exhortation to the love of God and to the contemplative life which finds its mystical consummation in that divine emotion.

He was the father of a long line of writers and preachers who handed down the tradition of the contemplative life from his own day to Newman's, even to ours — a slender band of other-

worldly men who from time to time seem merged and forgotten in the great, ruthless, practical population of England, and of whom our histories of literature speak far too little. In this he was a normal representative of one important and wholesome aspect of human nature; but there was another side to him also, that which may be called the romantic twist to the emotions and is by no means a necessary concomitant of contemplation. In his glorification of the emotions and of the contemplative love of God there was always a lurking element of self-exaltation, and his praises of the secluded life were filled with outbursts of indignation against a society which was only too willing to take him at his word and leave him to his seclusion. He is an early type of the soul that magnifies love and sympathy and at the same time clamours against its isolation in the midst of mankind. He is consumed with *ennui* and the feeling of futility; he cries out to heaven to remove him from a community of fools and worldlings among whom he languished in unregarded uselessness. Like another Carlyle he is afflicted by the very noises of society — *penales sunt mihi vociferantes et crucior quasi per incommodum quando clamor clangentium me tangit.*

This long tradition, in its aspects both of strength and of weakness, must not be forgotten when we consider the ground out of which sprang

the Oxford Movement of the nineteenth century; that movement was a part of the great romantic flood that swept over Europe, and owed more to Germany than the men of Oxford were aware of, but it was still primarily English. The immediate impulse came as a reaction against the all-invading Liberal and Erastian notions of the day, and as an attempt to find a substitute within the Church of England for the fervour of Wesleyanism, and for the Evangelicalism which threatened to convert the Church into a weak imitation of Wesley's congregation. The little group of Fellows of Oriel College saw that the enthusiasm of this Evangelical revival had no tenacious anchor in that form of the religious imagination, that still-brooding celestial love, which is almost inseparable from a humble reverence for tradition; that it was a kind of emotional effervescence from a utilitarian rationalism and must in the end serve only to strengthen the sway of irreligion. "'Unstable as water, it cannot excel,'" Newman was to write of this kind of Protestantism. "It is but the inchoate state or stage of a doctrine, and its final resolution is in Rationalism. This it has ever shown when suffered to work itself out without interruption." Newman himself reckoned the active beginning of the propaganda as coincident with Keble's sermon of July 14, 1833, against the liberalizing attacks on the Church, and the first of the Tracts that were to create

such a furor was dated September 9 of the same year. Keble himself, a Fellow of Oriel, though he may be said to have fired the first gun in the warfare, was not one of the militant saints, and the brunt of the battle he soon let fall on other shoulders.

Keble found his peace in the quiet ministrations of his parish at Hursley. As did Newman, he looked upon his pupil at Oriel, Richard Hurrell Froude, brother of the historian, as the real leader of the movement — or rather instigator, for Froude was early carried out of active life by ill-health and died of consumption in 1836, when still a young man. In the first shock of his loss, it was the brilliance of his intellect that seemed to stand out as his preëminent trait. "I never, on the whole, fell in with so gifted a person," Newman wrote in a letter the day after hearing of his friend's death. "In variety and perfection of gifts I think he far exceeded even Keble. For myself, I cannot describe what I owe to him as regards the intellectual principles of religion and morals." Brilliant he no doubt was, yet, as one reads the many testimonies of his character gathered together in Miss Guiney's biography, it is not so much his intellect as his audacity that impresses one. He would have been the Rupert of the war had he lived, dashing into the ranks of the enemy without fear and without too much circumspection. When others doubted,

he was sure; and the most vivid picture we have of him shows him pacing Trinity Gardens with his hand on the shoulder of a friend, and saying blithely, "Isaac, we must make a Row in the world!" Dean Church speaks of his "fiery impetuosity and the frank daring of his disrespectful vocabulary"; and James Mozley describes him as hating "the present state of things so excessively that any change would be a relief to him." His own mother wrote of him in childhood that he was "exceedingly impatient under vexatious circumstances; very much disposed to find his own amusement in teasing and vexing others; and almost entirely incorrigible when it was necessary to reprove him." No, he was not the intellect of the movement, and even Newman later admits in the *Apologia* that "he had no turn for theology" and that "his power of entering into the minds of others was not equal to his other gifts." Had he lived, he would not have added to the gravity and lasting influence of the movement, I think; but by his reckless indifference to the opinion of the world he might have cut short the long hesitation of Newman between the Church of England and Rome. He would have brought more acrimony into the debate, but would have deprived it also of much of its profounder significance.

There were other men, important in their day, who fought by the side of Keble and Froude and

Newman, following them at various distances. Pusey especially should not be overlooked, whose high Tory connections brought a certain standing to the group of rebels among the Philistines of the land. One surmises that his social position, quite as much as his scholarship, caused the name Puseyism to be attached to the movement in its earlier phases. Pusey was a laborious student and plunged deep into the German literature of the day in order to combat its infidel tendencies — went so deep that he never quite emerged to the surface. In the long run Newman became the leader and representative of the group, and to-day his commanding personality and the long agony of his conversion alone retain significance in the common memory, while the other men are but names of history. Such is the prerogative of genius that the whole Oxford Movement seems to us now but the personal concern of a single soul.

John Henry Newman was born in 1801. He was, as were also by a curious coincidence Manning and Ward, the son of a London banker. In childhood he read much in the *Arabian Nights* and was filled with odd, solitary imaginings. At the age of fifteen he underwent some kind of conversion, the nature of which he has not made perfectly clear. It was, however, attended with a dedication of himself to missionary or other religious work, and with the conviction that he

should remain a celibate through life. More important was the strengthening within him of the feeling, never after that to leave him, which would appear to be the guiding sense of all deeply religious minds — the feeling that material phenomena are unreal and that the only realities are God and the human soul. "From a boy," he writes in the midst of his later struggle, "I had been led to consider that my Maker and I, His creature, were the two beings, luminously such, *in rerum natura*." From boyhood, too, he could not look upon the natural world without a strange sense of baffled illusion. Of all his letters that I have read, none, perhaps, lets us closer to the secret of his heart than the one written to his sister in the spring of 1828, after returning to Oxford from a ride to Cuddesdon:

> The country, too, is beautiful; the fresh leaves, the scents, the varied landscape. Yet I never felt so intensely the transitory nature of this world as when most delighted with these country scenes. And in riding out to-day I have been impressed more powerfully than before I had an idea was possible with the two lines:
>
> "Chanting with a solemn voice
> Minds us of our better choice."
>
> I could hardly believe the lines were not my own, and Keble had not taken them from me. I wish it were possible for words to put down those indefinite, vague, and withal subtle feelings which quite pierce the soul and make it sick. . . . What a veil and curtain this world of sense is! beautiful, but still a veil.

For one who can really understand the meaning of that letter I suspect the dark places of Newman's career will have little difficulty. He in whom these words awaken no response had better lay down his Newman and take up his Darwin; he will find nothing to concern him in the experience of a soul to whom, as Newman wrote in another letter, "time is nothing except as the seed of eternity."

In 1817 he went up to Oxford, entering at Trinity College. In 1822 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel, where religion was the one serious topic of the Common Room. Two years later he was ordained, and in 1828, becoming Vicar of St. Mary's, he began those sermons whose restrained eloquence held so many of the young men of Oxford spellbound. What with a less introspective mind would have been an important event was a tour of the Mediterranean taken with Hurrell Froude and his father. As a matter of fact one cannot see from his letters that the view of so many great and memorable scenes of history had much meaning for him. From Rome he wrote that he had "alas, experienced none of that largeness and expansion of mind" which he had been told he "should get from travelling." All his interest was in the journeying of his own soul, which before this had started on the long and obscure road that was to lead it to its spiritual Rome. The actual Rome of the Pope

seems to have repelled and attracted him at the same time. Much that he saw there appeared to him "polytheistic, degrading, idolatrous"; but the longing in him was nevertheless increased for reunion with the ancient mother. "Oh, that Rome were not Rome!" he exclaims; "but I seem to see as clear as day that a union with her is *impossible*. She is the cruel Church asking of us impossibilities, excommunicating us for disobedience, and now watching and exulting over our approaching overthrow." At bottom one suspects that this spectacle of the visible centre of Catholicism fixed more deeply in his heart the *desiderium Romæ*, as Erasmus felt and called it, the haunting memory, the "perfume of Rome," which was really but another form of the common romantic homesickness for some place of ideal peace and loveliness where the self-tortured soul may find sympathy and healing for the coldness of this world.

In literature the chief result of the journey was the series of short poems, issued in 1834 in the *Lyra Apostolica*. Those particularly which were written after his almost fatal illness in Sicily are filled with a deep emotional realization of the other world, and belong with the best of England's religious poetry. The stanzas beginning "Lead, Kindly Light," composed on shipboard while sailing from Sicily to Marseilles, express with lyric poignancy the sense of an ever-pre-

sent divine Providence, but they have become too familiar for quotation. Another poem, written only a few days later at Marseilles, although the last twelve lines were added after the death of Froude, shows how close the world of spirits seemed to Newman's heart, very close yet separated by the strangeness of this earthly veil:

Do not their souls, who 'neath the Altar wait
  Until their second birth,
The gift of patience need, as separate
  From their first friends of earth?
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
  By Eden's Angel flame,
But that earth knows not yet, the Dead has won
  That crown, which was his aim.
For when he left it, 't was a twilight scene
  About his silent bier,
A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
  And Hope and sacred Fear.
Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
  Hope raised her chalice high,
And the twin-sisters still his shade attend,
  View'd in the mourner's eye.
So day by day for him from earth ascends,
  As steam in summer-even,
The speechless intercession of his friends,
  Toward the azure heaven.
Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
  All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well
  And turning prayer to praise.
And other secrets too he could declare,
  By patterns all divine,
His earthly creed retouching here and there,
  And deepening every line.
Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,
  And yet we both refrain:

It were not good: a little doubt below,
And all will soon be plain.

From these personal lines the mind reverts to one of the greatest of Newman's *Parochial Sermons*, that on *The Invisible World*, in which, from inability to understand the lower world of animals so real to our physical senses, the preacher argues a like reality for the higher world known to our spiritual senses:

> And yet in spite of this universal world which we see, there is another world, quite as far-spreading, quite as close to us, and more wonderful; another world all around us, though we see it not, and more wonderful than the world we see, for this reason if for no other, that we do not see it. All around us are numberless objects, coming and going, watching, working, or waiting, which we see not: this is that other world, which the eyes reach not unto, but faith only....
>
> And in that other world are the souls also of the dead. They too, when they depart hence, do not cease to exist, but they retire from this visible scene of things; or, in other words, they cease to act towards us and before us *through our senses*.... They remain, but without the usual means of approach towards us, and correspondence with us.

It may not be irrelevant to add that in the words of the poem, *And yet we both refrain: It were not good*, one may come close to the distinction between a vivid faith and the pseudo-science of psychical research, faith resting in profound realization of the different kinds of knowledge, pseudo-science attempting to confuse them together.

Meanwhile the religious situation had become more acute at Oxford, and on returning thither Newman plunged into the thick of the controversy. The famous series of *Tracts for the Times* was begun. The most important of these, Number 90, was written by Newman, and touches the core of the argument. Against the evangelizing and liberalizing tendency of religion at that time, Newman here proclaimed that the Church of England was essentially Catholic and had never accepted the reformed dogmas of the sixteenth century. He attempted to prove, not without some sophistry one is forced to admit, that the Thirty-nine Articles were really not intended to favour the Reformation, but were a loose compromise of contending views, and might best be interpreted as a summary of the old faith with only such verbal concessions to the radical party as the times made necessary. This was in 1841, and within a few months twelve thousand five hundred copies of the Tract had been sold. The storm that broke upon the Tractarians showed what the common sense of England perceived as the logical conclusion of their position. It saw clearly that they were tending, not towards a vague Anglican Catholicism as the Tractarians fondly believed of themselves, but towards the Catholicism of Rome; and to know all that this meant to England one must take into consideration the long history of the land, the

plotting and counterplotting that followed the Reformation of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, the horrors of the Gunpowder Plot as it was conceived in the popular mind, the treacheries of Charles II, and the death struggle with the Stuart party of the eighteenth century. And essentially the common sense of England was right. The life of Newman for the next four years was a hidden tragedy in which the protagonists were his loyalty to the national tradition and his logical integrity of mind; and in the end logic with him won the day. In 1843 he resigned the Vicarage of St. Mary's, feeling that he could no longer with honesty preach in an Anglican pulpit. With a band of sympathetic comrades he retired to Littlemore, a suburb of Oxford, where he had built a Chapel of Ease on St. Mary's and converted a row of cottages into a kind of Protestant monastery. Here he set himself to the task of clarifying his own mind by analyzing the office of the church in developing, under divine guidance, the *depositum fidei* which was originally entrusted to it in the Scriptures. In this attempt to reconcile the changes of history with the everlasting immutability of truth, he began with this one assumption as certain: "Whatever history teaches, whatever it omits, whatever it says and unsays, at least the Christianity of history is not Protestantism. . . . To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant." Meanwhile the drama of his

soul was worked out so quietly and with so little consultation with the world that the final step, however it had been seen in theory, came as a shock even to his friends. Wilfrid Ward, in his *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, gives a vivid picture of Newman in these days:

> Those who still survive describe him as standing upright at a high desk, writing for hours together — towards the end for fourteen hours in the day — at his book [the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*]. The younger men looked in awe at their inscrutable Rector, who never spoke (unless in private to Ambrose St. John) of what was in his thoughts, and never gave them an indication that he expected them to take the great step. Day by day he seemed to grow paler, and taller, and thinner — at last almost transparent — as he stood in the light of the sun and worked at his task.

At this time Cardinal Wiseman, desiring to know how Newman stood towards the Roman Church, sent a convert, Mr. Bernard Smith, who had been Newman's curate at Littlemore, to sound him. There is a touch of humour in the only indication that Newman gave of his position. At dinner-time he appeared and stood for a moment conspicuously in the middle of the room. He wore grey trousers, and Mr. Smith, who was acquainted with Newman's strict adherence to the clerical costume, understood that he no longer regarded himself as a priest of the Church. Shortly after this, Newman invited the Passionist Father Dominic, an Italian, to Littlemore,

and on the 8th of October, 1845, he received conditional baptism. On the first day of the month following he was formally confirmed at Oscott by Cardinal Wiseman, and the great conversion was accomplished. But first, to the unfinished manuscript of his *Essay on Development* lying on his desk at Littlemore he had added this paragraph, of which it has been said that it "will be remembered as long as the English language endures":

> Such were the thoughts concerning the "Blessed Vision of Peace," of one whose long-continued petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of His own Hands, nor leave him to himself; — while yet his eyes were dim, and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason in the things of Faith. And now, dear Reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past, nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long.
>
> NUNC DIMITTIS SERVUM TUUM DOMINE,
> SECUNDUM VERBUM TUUM IN PACE
> QUIA VIDERUNT OCULI MEI SALUTARE TUUM.

Newman's act of conversion was, undoubtedly, the most important religious event of England

in the nineteenth century — so much, after all, do the struggle and destiny of a great individual soul outweigh in significance the unconscious or undeliberate movements of masses of men. Nor is the process by which he passed from Anglicanism to Romanism hard to follow. We have seen that from boyhood the one reality to him was the existence of his own soul and of God, and we have heard his confession of strange uneasiness in the presence even of the beautiful things of this world. In a passage of the *Apologia* of noble eloquence he deduces his creed quite logically from these feelings:

> Starting then with the being of a God, . . . I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. . . . The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."
>
> To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervad-

ing idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world," — all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

. . . And so I argue about the world; — *if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.

In these paragraphs, which I have weakened somewhat by condensing, we have expressed, then, the basis of Newman's faith — the two realities of God and of man's fall from God, with the consequent state of the world's misery and blind ignorance. From these two supreme realities, as they seem to him, he argues that it would be perfectly natural to expect, that indeed we must expect, some clear instrument of revelation, or provision of the Creator, "for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself, so definite and destined as to be a proof against the energy of human scepticism." This was Newman's creed when he went up to Oxford, it was his creed when he retired to Littlemore, and it was his creed when he wore the cardinal. The only difference lay in his conception of the manner in which this

divine provision, or instrument of revelation, manifested itself to mankind. And his change in this respect may be expressed in a series of exclusions. To Newman it seemed that the minds of men were sharply divided, in accordance with their ways of regarding revelation, into the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, the Protestant, and the rationalistic. The last-named condition, rationalism, as it left no place for an absolute revelation, was immediately excluded by him; it was abhorrent to everything his nature craved. There remained the three forms of Christianity. But of these, Protestantism was also excluded, because he saw at once, and rightly, I think, that its certain goal was rationalism. Protestantism, as he properly used the word, differs from the Anglican and Roman creeds in looking to the Bible alone for its source of revelation, and in making the individual mind the judge of what the Bible teaches instead of subordinating the judgement of the individual to the authority of the Fathers and of the Church. Now it is clear, if the reason of the individual is to determine the meaning of revelation, that reason is the ultimate authority, and the step to rationalism is easy and inevitable. This was seen perfectly well by the controversialists of the seventeenth century, and the great bulwark of Protestantism, Chillingworth's *The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation*, or, as one of the books of

that work is entitled, *Scripture the only Rule whereby to judge of Controversies*, was a long and, it must be said, fundamentally unsuccessful attempt to rebut just such charges made against Protestantism by a certain Jesuit, Matthias Wilson, who wrote under the name of Edward Knott. History was on the side of the Jesuit, for it can be demonstrated that the deistic rationalism of the eighteenth century was a direct outcome of the Protestant rationalism of such writers as Chillingworth; and again in the nineteenth century Newman perceived that this same close kinship existed between the Protestant, or Evangelical, wing of the Church and the rationalistic and scientific tendencies of his own day.

Protestantism of the Bible was therefore excluded by Newman for a Church which claimed a direct authority outside of and supplementary to, though never subversive of, the Bible. His principal work, before his final conversion, was *The Via Media*, an endeavour to maintain the supremacy of the Anglican creed as a middle and safe way between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. His argument, in brief, is this. He agrees with Rome in demanding some instrument of revelation outside of the individual's understanding of the Bible, some authority which can answer directly and unmistakably the many questions which the Bible leaves obscure, and he agrees with Rome in holding that the only au-

thority which has the divine commission to answer such questions is the Church. But he differs from Rome in defining the Church. The voice of the Church with him is in the writings of the Fathers and the decisions of the Councils up to a certain point of time. That is to say, up to and including the Council of Nicæa the Church, he thought, was united and authoritative in its interpretation and expansion of the faith, or *depositum fidei*, which was originally entrusted to it. After that date the Councils ceased to represent the whole Christian community and were subject to errors of passion and judgement. Newman at this time made much of the famous saying of St. Vincent of Lerins, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* (What has been believed always, everywhere, and by all); as a matter of fact he accepted the *ubique* and the *ab omnibus*, but rejected the *semper*. The true reformation adopted by Anglicanism was, in his view, merely a return to the ancient and universal faith of the Church by eliminating the false accretions which had been added since the Council of Nicæa and which constituted the corruptions of the Roman branch of the Church; Anglicanism was truly catholic; Romanism was sectarian.

But Newman's logical mind soon found this position as difficult to hold as that of Bible Protestantism which he had so summarily rejected.

For, after all, what is the essential difference between clinging to one particular book as the sole depository of faith and accepting the books of a determined period? The Fathers and Councils must be interpreted, and selection must be made among their various sayings, by the individual reason just as in the case of the Bible. The distinction is one of magnitude only, not of kind. Against this need of interpreting the Bible or a closed set of books, Rome upheld the institution of the Church, as a living voice having divine authority to answer the questions of men as they arise and to develop the faith in accordance with the growth of human knowledge. Grant Newman's unshakable demand for a distinct verbal revelation, grant his demand for a rigidly logical and external authority, and the path would seem to be step by step to Rome.

Yet I confess I have never been able to follow him in his course without a feeling of uneasiness, and that feeling has been deepened into something like distress by reading the authoritative record of his life.[1] The very plan of Mr. Ward's work is of a sort to raise disquieting questions. It gives only a single chapter to the events of Newman's life down to and including his conversion, and devotes the remainder of two bulky volumes to his experiences in the

[1] *The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman:* Based on His Private Journals and Correspondence. By Wilfrid Ward. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

Roman Church. For this outrageous disproportion Mr. Ward is not altogether responsible. The story of the early years and conversion has already been related by Newman himself in the *Apologia*, and this has been supplemented by the two volumes of his letters edited by Miss Mozley. It was Newman's own desire that nothing should be added to those records by his present official biographer. Mr. Ward's work, therefore, should properly be read, not as a complete and independent memoir, but as a continuation of Miss Mozley's record. I am bound to say, however, that, even with this reservation, the present volumes err somewhat in proportion. Newman was seldom at his best as a letter-writer, and a good deal of the correspondence now printed is neither necessary to an understanding of Newman's character nor entertaining in itself. For the rest, Mr. Ward's difficult task has been admirably and courageously carried through. When he himself takes the pen in hand his narrative and characterization are clear, succinct, and interesting.

But with all Mr. Ward's tact and despite his good faith as a Catholic, one cannot close these two volumes without feeling that Newman's surrender to the appeal of Rome was a pathetic mistake. It was as if the convert, by altering his direction, had suddenly brought himself face to face with a stone wall. To every plan he

broached for new activity came the benumbing reply, *Non possumus*. He was hemmed in, barked at by opposition on every side, beaten down by exasperating distrust and envy. Mr. Ward tells with valiant honesty all the plans of the convert that were balked in one way or another. The difficulties that beset him as editor, as rector of the Irish Catholic University, and as promoter of a propaganda in Oxford to influence the intellectual life of England, are typical of his career. In the end, when his active years were past and he could no longer disturb those in authority, he received due recognition in the Cardinalate, and his closing days were, we like to believe, crowned with a great peace. It is true also that more than once in his bitter years, with a tone of conviction it would be dishonourble to doubt, he repudiated the suggestion of regret over his move. In his saddest moment he could write — *ex animo*, as he said — "that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions." He could distinguish clearly between the Church and its rulers:

> To-day is the 20th anniversary of my setting up the Oratory in England, and every year I have more to thank God for, and more cause to rejoice that He helped me over so great a crisis. — Since A.B. obliges me to say it, this I cannot omit to say: — I have found in the Catholic Church abundance of courtesy, but very little sympathy, among persons in high place, except a few — but there is a depth and a power in the Catholic

religion, a fulness of satisfaction in its creed, its theology, its rites, its sacraments, its discipline, a freedom yet a support also, before which the neglect or the misapprehension about oneself on the part of individual living persons, however exalted, is as so much dust, when weighed in the balance. This is the true secret of the Church's strength, the principle of its indefectibility, and the bond of its indissoluble unity. It is the earnest and the beginning of the repose of heaven.

Yet it is true nevertheless that he resented keenly and sometimes denounced sharply not only the thwarting of his personal ambitions, but also the limitations imposed upon his intellectual and spiritual mission. He who felt himself born to be a leader of his people found himself suddenly thrust into ignoble obscurity. To his beloved Ambrose St. John he wrote, in 1857: "To the rising generation, to the sons of those who knew me, or read what I wrote fifteen or twenty years ago, I am a mere page of history. . . . It was at Oxford, and by my Parochial sermons, that I had influence — all that is past." And three years later, in the intimacy of his diary, he could exclaim: "O my God, I seem to have wasted these years that I have been a Catholic. What I wrote as a Protestant has had far greater power, force, meaning, success than my Catholic works, and this troubles me a great deal." It is not strange that his inner vision was at times perturbed, his faith almost touched. "As years go on," he records in his diary, "I have less sensi-

ble devotion and inward life." He even notes a change in his physical expression: "Till the affair of No. ninety and my going to Littlemore, I had my mouth half open, and commonly a smile on my face — and from that time onwards my mouth has been closed and contracted, and the muscles are so set now, that I cannot but look grave and forbidding." Inevitably, as this feeling of failure and loneliness deepened, he contrasted the poverty of the present with the actual power and richer promise of his Oxford career. There is a pathetic letter written in 1863 to Keble, who had started on the path with him, or even before him, but had drawn back at the edge of the precipice — a letter whose closing words are, as it were, the revelation of a great and hidden tragedy:

I have said all this, knowing it will interest you. Never have I doubted for one moment your affection for me, never have I been hurt at your silence. I interpreted it easily — it was not the silence of others. It was not the silence of men, nor the forgetfulness of men, who can recollect about me and talk about me enough, when there is something to be said to my disparagement. You are always with me a thought of reverence and love, and there is nothing I love better than you, and Isaac, and Copeland, and many others I could name, except Him Whom I ought to love best of all and supremely. May He Himself, Who is the over-abundant compensation for all losses, give me His own Presence, and then I shall want nothing and desiderate nothing, but none *but* He *can* make up for the loss of those old familiar faces which haunt me continually.

It would be easy to exaggerate, possibly the tone of Mr. Ward's narrative tempts one to exaggerate, the sadder aspect of Newman's life in the Catholic Church. It must not be forgotten that his *Apologia*, which contains some of the most beautiful religious writing of the age, his *Idea of a University*, and other works which will not be forgotten, were written after his conversion. Yet withal it is hard to avoid the conclusion that in a purely literary way something was lost to him when he severed himself from the tradition in which his imagination and feelings were so deeply rooted. The mere physical change from the glories and haunting memories of the colleges of Oxford to the crudeness of the Oratory at Edgbaston took away one of the props of his imagination. The knowledge that he no longer belonged to the faith of the great body of his countrymen, but was regarded by them, whether rightly or wrongly, as one of a sect, deprived him of that support of sympathy which was necessary to the full unfolding of his genius. And the loss was not Newman's alone, but ours and all men's. At the close of the chapter which includes the conversion Mr. Ward quotes the beautiful words of Principal Shairp on the effect of what seemed to Anglicans an act of apostasy:

> How vividly comes back the remembrance of the aching blank, the awful pause, which fell on Oxford

when that voice had ceased, and we knew that we should hear it no more. It was as when, to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still. To many, no doubt, the pause was not of long continuance. Soon they began to look this way and that for new teachers, and to rush vehemently to the opposite extremes of thought. But there were those who could not so lightly forget. All the more these withdrew into themselves. On Sunday forenoons and evenings, in the retirement of their rooms, the printed words of those marvellous sermons would thrill them till they wept "abundant and most sweet tears." Since then many voices of powerful teachers they may have heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like his.

With no desire to intrude into the debate between Anglican and Roman, with interest centred rather upon the purely human aspect of the act, one may well feel, even to-day, something of that deep chagrin which Principal Shairp and Matthew Arnold and other contemporaries expressed. Not for Oxford controversialists alone, but for all who draw their spiritual sustenance from English literature, that event was, if not the silencing, at least the muffling, of a magic voice.

Newman, as we have seen, was led to take the fatal step by strictly logical deductions. Grant his premisses, that the human mind is confined to a choice within the circle of religious authority and rationalism, and it is easy to follow him on his path to Rome. But the

question remains whether this circle is indeed the boundary of man's intellectual and spiritual power. Certainly beyond the reach of rationalism, or science, to use its modern equivalent, there lies the purely sceptical habit; and there are those who will maintain that in the other direction, beyond the utmost bounds of dogma and revelation, they have discerned, more or less clearly, a realm of pure religious intuition which is reserved for the mystical eye. Now if we try to determine in what way Newman's inner circle of revelation and science is separated from the outer circle of mysticism and scepticism which he barely touched, we shall find no better mark of distinction than in the attitude of the mind, in one and the other circle, towards the unrelated details of experience. Using this criterion, we shall see that in the circle of revelation and science (philosophical science, that is, as the modern form of rationalism) the mind relaxes its grip to a certain extent on the insistent reality of details or individual moments of experience in order to preserve its belief in the universality of some supposed personal force or of some natural law; whereas in the circle of the mystic and the sceptic the mind never relaxes its grip on the individual detail for such a personal or material law. It may sound somewhat paradoxical to bring revelation and science together in such a bond, and indeed in one sense there is a real

difference between the two, in so far as religion has to do with a spiritual experience while science is concerned with physical or material experience; but in their manner of dealing with these two kinds of experience they are in accord. The man to whom religion means revelation only, holds resolutely to the reality of a personal God, at once Creator and Providence, who reveals himself by the voice of authority, whether written or spoken. It makes no difference to him that creeds have changed from age to age, or that a thousand creeds exist side by side, or that this or that moment of his experience seems to contradict such a belief: his belief abides. And so with the man of science. He holds resolutely to the reality of some infallible natural cause controlling the world, which reveals itself by tradition and experiment. It makes no difference to him that the formulation of this cause has changed from age to age, or that a host of contradictory formulæ exist side by side, or that individual experiments are constantly forcing him to question his scientific belief: his belief abides. Such a definition of the scientific method may seem contrary to what is commonly held, for we are apt to think of science as the habit of mind which searches for and clings to the actual individual fact independently of presupposition or theory and regardlessly of consequence; and science in its positive form may be

of that character. But the rationalistic science of which I speak, the science which really counts and which colours to-day our popular philosophies, is of quite another sort. Take as an illustration the present state of evolutionary biology: what is the actual practice of the leading biologists? They all, or nearly all, start with the presupposition that the whole animate world is developing under some evolutionary cause which has been, or can be, discovered and formulated. To one biologist this cause is the survival of the fit, to another it is Lamarckianism, or othogenesis, or mutation, or kinetogenesis, or metakinesis, or orthoplasy, or — who shall say what? I quote a strange language ignorantly. The theories differ, are indeed often diametrically opposed, but the method of theorizing is always the same. Having observed a certain number of phenomena the biologist proceeds to formulate from them his notion of the evolutionary cause. But to do this he inevitably neglects, it may be by an unconscious absorption or it may be by half dishonest closing of the eyes, all the phenomena that will not fit into his formula. Then comes a brother theorist who takes part of these neglected phenomena and builds up a different formula. The point is that this rationalistic form of science depends on an invincible belief in some universal law of nature, and on a tendency to overlook if necessary the individual phenom-

enon in favour of this law. The various theories "keep and pass and turn again," but the faith in theory, like the Brahma of the poem, abides unshaken:

> I am the doubter and the doubt.

I cannot see that the method differs one whit from that of the dogmatist in religion: the one, maintaining his faith in an unvarying cause, and untroubled by refractory details, formulates his experience with material phenomena into a scientific hypothesis; the other, holding fast to his faith in God's revelation of himself to the human soul, expands his inner experience into a mythology, unconcerned by individual facts that cannot be reconciled to his creed. And just as these two methods agree together, so they differ in the same way from the habit of mind of the sceptic and mystic. As a confirmation of this agreement and difference you will find that the dogmatist, whose religion is confined to revelation, and the rationalistic man of science may in the long run come together, are actually coming together today. It is a notable fact that Newman's doctrine of development is taken by the modernists as a substantial bond between revelation and evolution. Both dogmatist and scientist avert their faces from the outer ring of the mystic and the sceptic. On the other hand, it was perfectly easy for a sceptic like Sainte-Beuve to en-

ter into the mind of a mystic such as Pascal, while Pascal himself avowed explicitly his supreme scepticism.

The genuine sceptic is very rare, but his characteristics may be known by comparing such a mind as Sainte-Beuve's with Taine's. Both men wrote much on literature, but they approached the subject in utterly different ways. Taine believed that an absolute law could be found for determining why a particular sort of writing should appear at any time. Given a complete knowledge of an author's race, environment, and epoch, his works could be analyzed as accurately as a chemist analyzes the ingredients of sugar or vitriol. This is the famous formula on which he based his *History of English Literature;* it is, as you see, the extreme application of the scientific or rationalistic method, and Taine is properly regarded as the father of scientific criticism. In his essay on Taine's *History*, Sainte-Beuve observes that such a formula, however interesting it may be, errs in leaving out of account the inexplicable and unpredictable personal equation of the writer himself. Here was the individual fact which no extent of knowledge could bring under scientific rule, but which must be held and considered in itself. And exactly here lies the distinction between the scientific and the sceptical attitude of mind — on the one side the dominating desire to correlate individual facts by means of

a general cause, on the other side the grasp of the individual fact at all hazards and through all losses. Sainte-Beuve liked to think of himself as a scientific investigator, and so far as that phrase applies to laborious painstaking he is justified; but his interest clung always to the individual phenomenon and not to the general cause, and in this respect he was, I think, the most perfect example of the sceptic in modern times. Whither his scepticism led him may be known by reading the great and melancholy confession which he wrote down at the end of his long labours on the *Port-Royal*. There, too, he calls himself a servant of science and a man of truth, as indeed he was; yet he continues —

> But even that, how little it is! how limited is our view! how quickly it reaches an end! how it resembles a pale torch lighted for a moment in the midst of a vast darkness! and how he who desires most earnestly to know his subject, who is most ambitious to seize it and has most pride in depicting it, feels himself impotent and unequal to his task, on that day when, in the presence of the finished work and the result obtained, the intoxication of his energy passes away, when the final exhaustion and the inevitable distaste come over him, and when he, too, perceives that he is only a fleeting illusion in the bosom of the infinite Illusion.

That is the confession of a mind not essentially scientific but sceptical, the certain sad conclusion of one who grasps each experience as it arises, who will not relax his hold at the bidding

of any command or authority or inner need, and who sees nothing in life but these unrelated experiences. And at the other extreme, beyond the believer in authority and revelation in whatsoever form, is the mystic, who, like the sceptic, keeps a firm grip on phenomena as they appear and sees in them only illusion and no ruling of Providence or of a definable law, but who, unlike the sceptic, knows within himself an infinite something, unnamed, indefinable, the one absolute reality. I scarcely know where to turn in modern times for an example of the perfect mystic. Tennyson in some of his utterances crossed the dark border, but Tennyson's mind was too much concerned also with the dominant theories of his day to afford the desired model. Certainly Newman, essentially religious as his temper was in some respects, stopped short of this last step. In my study there hang side by side the portraits of the great Cardinal and the great critic, and I often compare their faces as types of two of the master tendencies of the nineteenth century. In the firm, sinuous line of Sainte-Beuve's mouth, in the penetrating, self-contained glance of the eyes, and in the smooth capaciousness of the brow with the converging furrows of concentration over the nose, I see the supreme expression of an intelligence that saw all, and comprehended all, and retained every detail, surrendering nothing of itself; but of faith or reli-

gious submission I discover no look or mark. And then I turn to the other portrait. Cardinal Newman, as we have seen, speaks of the contraction of his features under the stress of his new life. The word, to one who examines the engraving of Timothy Cole after the painting by Ouless, does not seem quite precise. The marks of struggle are visible enough, but signs of contraction, in the sense of hardening or strengthening, I do not see. The mouth is strong, but the lines are a little relaxed; the eyes are veiled and look wistfully beyond what is immediately before them to some visionary hope; the brow is high and wrinkled transversely from the perplexity of an inner conflict. Something has gone out of this face, the contact with individual facts has been broken, and in its place has come the sweetness of self-surrender, the submissive pride of one who has given up much that he may find all — if haply he has found.

This, in the end, must be our reservation in the praise due to Newman's beautiful life, that he stopped short of the purest faith. He was born a man with deep religious needs and instincts, a man to whom the spiritual world was the absorbing reality, beside which the material world and its appearances were but as shadows gathered in a dream. But he was born also in an age when the old faith in an outer authority based on an exact and unequivocal revelation could be main-

tained only by doing violence to the integrity of the believer's mind. That was his dilemma, and there lay the tragedy of his choice. Two ways were open to him. On the one hand, he might have accepted manfully the sceptical demolition of the Christian mythology and the whole fabric of external religion, and on the ruins of such creeds he might have risen to that supreme insight which demands no revelation and is dependent on no authority, but is content within itself. Doing this he might possibly, by the depth of his religious nature and the eloquence of his tongue, have made himself the leader of the elect out of the long spiritual death that is likely to follow the breaking-up of the creeds. Or, if that task seemed impossible or fraught with too great peril, he might have held to the national worship as a symbol of the religious experience of the people, and into that worship and that symbol he might have breathed the new fervour of his own faith, waiting reverently until by natural growth his people were prepared, if ever they should be prepared, to apprehend with him the invisible truth without the forms. It is written: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." But in the hour of need his heart failed him, and he demanded to see with his eyes and feel with his hands. He was not strong enough to hold fast to the actual discords of life and to discern his vision of peace apart from their illu-

sory sphere, but found it necessary to warp the facts of spiritual experience so as to make them agree with a physical revelation. There is a sentence in a letter of Cardinal Wiseman which comes naturally to memory when one thinks of the agony through which the later prelate was to pass. Speaking of his own struggle as a young man in Rome, Wiseman wrote:

> I was fighting with subtle thoughts and venomous suggestions of a fiendlike infidelity which I durst not confide to any one, for there was no one that could have sympathized with me. This lasted for years; but it made me study and think, to conquer the plague — for I can hardly call it danger — both for myself and for others. . . . But during the actual struggle the simple submission of faith is the only remedy. Thoughts against faith must be treated at the time like temptations against any other virtue — put away.

There is the quick of the matter: *thoughts against faith must be treated at the time like temptations against any other virtue — put away.* The sentiment, it must be admitted, recalls a little the original metaphor of Hobbes: "For it is with the mysteries of our religion as with wholesome pills for the sick, which, swallowed whole, have the virtue to cure, but, chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect." The same idea occurs over and over again in Newman's writings, is, in fact, the very basis of his *Grammar of Assent* and of his logical system. If we look closely into the reasoning by which he was driven

step by step from Anglicanism to complete surrender to the authority of Rome, we shall see that his logic rests on an initial assumption which implies a certain lack of the highest faith and of that sceptical attitude towards our human needs upon which faith must ultimately rest. No doubt the same charge might in a way be laid against all those who from the beginning have professed a definite religious belief. Certainly this weakness, if we may so call it, is almost inextricably bound up with the Christian conception of the deity and of salvation; and one might retort that, if the religious course of Newman can be condemned as a defection from the purest insight, the same condemnation must apply to the great writers of the seventeenth century. We may admit the retort, and yet see a difference. The very fact that the central idea of a definite revelation had not yet been completely undermined permitted the men of that earlier age to accept it more naïvely, so to speak, and without so grave a surrender of their mental integrity. If the writings of such men as Henry More and the other Platonists of the seventeenth century give us a sense of freedom and enlargement which we cannot quite get from Cardinal Newman, it is because these earlier theologians, notwithstanding their apparent dogmatism, were in reality akin to the mystics of all ages who find their peace in a faith that needs no surrender. Pascal was in a

sense one of the forerunners of modern romanticism, and there is unquestionably a taint of morbidness in his practices; yet, withal, Pascal was saved by his scepticism, and beneath his apology for a fading mythology one may penetrate to the depths of the purest spiritual faith. For me, at least, there is a change in passing from these men to Newman. Say what one will, there was something in Newman's conversion of failure in duty, a betrayal of the will. In succumbing to an authority which promised to allay the anguish of his intellect, he rejected the great mission of faith, and committed what may almost be called the *gran rifiuto*. In the agony of his conversion and in his years of poignant dejection there is something of the note of modern romanticism intruding into religion. His inability to find peace without the assurance of a personal God answering to the clamour of his desires is but another aspect of that illusion of the soul which has lost its vision of the true infinite and seeks a substitute in the limitless expansion of the emotions. It has happened to me sometimes, while reflecting on Newman clothed in the cardinal and crowned with ecclesiastical honours, that, as by a trick of the imagination, I have been carried back to the vast hall to which Vathek came at the end of his journey, and that, looking intently and reverently at the sublime figure on his throne, I have "discerned through his bosom,

which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames." I have turned away in sadness and awe from the face of one who had perhaps the finest religious nature of the age, yet failed his country at her hour of greatest need.

But it would be presumptuous to end in such a strain. As we think of the many forces that were shaping the thoughts and ambitions of the century from which we have just emerged, of its dark materialism, its intellectual pride, its greed of novelty, its lust of change, its cruel egotism and blind penance of sympathy, its wandering virtues and vices, its legacy of spiritual bewilderment — as we think of all these, then let us remember also how the great convert surrendered these things and counted them as dust in the balance beside the vision of his own soul face to face with God. It may be that his seclusion in the Oratory at Edgbaston was not unrelated to the almost inevitable inability of the romantic temperament to live in harmony with society; but it sprang also from a nobler discontent. Who will be brave to assert that his prayers and penance were wasted? We of to-day need his example and may be the better for it, and life will be a little darker when his struggle and conquest are forgotten. Criticism may well stand abashed before that life. More than that, it would be uncritical not to remember that the *Oxford University Sermons*, however they may point forward to

what we were bound to regard as an act of defection, contain in themselves perhaps the noblest appeals in the English tongue to the hazard of the soul. They may well stand preëminent among those witnesses to "the victory of Faith over the world's power" which their author has so passionately celebrated:

To see its triumph over the world's wisdom, we must enter those solemn cemeteries in which are stored the relics and the monuments of ancient Faith — our libraries. Look along their shelves, and every name you read there is, in one sense or other, a trophy set up in record of the victories of Faith. How many long lives, what high aims, what single-minded devotion, what intense contemplation, what fervent prayer, what deep erudition, what untiring diligence, what toilsome conflicts has it taken to establish its supremacy! This has been the object which has given meaning to the life of Saints, and which is the subject-matter of their history. For this they have given up the comforts of earth and the charities of home, and surrendered themselves to an austere rule, nay, even to confessorship and persecution, if so be they could make some small offering, or do some casual service, or provide some additional safeguard towards the great work which was in progress.

WALTER PATER

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My own experience with Pater may be given as typical, I believe, of the various feelings his work arouses in different readers. As a very young man, immersed in the current of romanticism that ran even stronger then than it does now, I was quite dazzled by the glamour of Pater's style and by the half-mystical sensuousness of his philosophy. Later, when a little more knowledge of books and men had shown me the mischief that the romantic ideas had caused and were still causing to literature and to life, there came a violent revulsion, and for years I was unable to look into one of Pater's books without a feeling of irritation. His slowly manipulated sentences seemed to me merely meretricious, and I could not dissociate his Epicureanism from the intellectual and moral dissolution which from the beginning had been so insidiously at work in the romantic school, and from which, as I thought, I had myself so barely escaped. Still later came another change. With the tolerance of maturity and of that scepticism, perhaps, which comes to most of us with looking too intently into the tangle of things, I grew able to distinguish between the good and the bad. It seemed to me now, as before, that what Pater really stood for was in the

last analysis false and dangerous, but at the same time I was attracted to him because, after all, he did stand for something distinct and consistent. And I learned to appreciate his style, because his words were so deliberately and cunningly chosen for a known purpose. Some one has expressed repugnance to him because he wrote English as if it were a dead language; on the contrary, I came to see that no language is really dead, however censurable it may be in other respects, so long as it has a definite and deeply implicated emotional content and can convey to others the same emotion with calculated precision.

Whatever else one may say of Pater, however one may like or dislike him, he stands in the complex, elusive nineteenth century as a clear sign of something fixed and known. But he performs this office not as a critic, as he is commonly reckoned; indeed, of the critical mind, exactly speaking, he had little, being at once something more and something less than this. The hardest test of the critic, in the exercise of his special function, is his tact and sureness in valuing the productions of his own day. But in that tact and sureness, which come only with the last refinement of self-knowledge, Pater was never an adept. Take, for instance, his reviews of contemporary books collected under the title of *Essays from the Guardian;* they contain no doubt a good deal that is worth reading, but they lack discrimin-

ation and leave in the mind no sense of finely estimated values; their very language, as showing the uncertainty of the author's mental procedure, falls at times into the most awkward involutions.

Nor was his power of discrimination any firmer when dealing with the past. It is of course a perfectly legitimate, perhaps the higher, function of criticism to take the expression of life as it comes to us in literature, and to develop therefrom a philosophy and vision of the critic's own; and this was the deliberate intention of Pater. Such an aim is entirely justifiable, but it is not justifiable to misunderstand or falsify the basis on which the critic's own fabric is to be raised. If he is true critic his first concern must be the right interpretation of the documents before him, and whatever else he may have to offer must proceed from primary veracity of understanding. Just here Pater faulted, or defaulted. He has much to say that is interesting, even persuasive, about the great leaders and movements of the past, but too often his interpretation, when the spell of his manner is broken, turns out to be fundamentally wrong, springing not from a desire to see the facts and fit them into his argument, but from a purely literary ambition to illustrate and authorize a preconceived theory of life. There is, beneath much erudition and a certain surface accuracy, no search for *la vraie*

vérité, to use one of his own phrases; and this disregard of the truth passes inevitably into his own superimposed philosophy, is indeed its keynote.

This may seem a harsh judgement to pass on a writer who has been one of the main influences in later nineteenth-century literature, but it can be easily substantiated. In his three greatest works — *Plato and Plantonism*, *Marius the Epicurean*, and *The Renaissance* — he has dealt with three spiritual crises of history; and in each case he has, gravely, though with varying degrees, falsified the reality. *Plato and Platonism* is a book that every student of Greek and of life should read; it is in itself a meticulously wrought work of art in which each detail is fitted into its place to create a total designed effect; but that effect, presented as an interpretation of Plato, is of a kind, it can scarcely be said too emphatically, that differs absolutely from what Plato himself meant to convey in his dialogues, and is nothing less than a betrayal of critical trust. In one of his chapters Pater gives a picture, based ostensibly on Karl Otfried Müller, of the Doric life in Lacedæmon as the actuality which Plato had in mind when he conceived his ideal city-state. It is a picture of cool colours and deliciously subdued harmonies, an idyl beautiful in itself, and not without lessons for the youth of to-day in its insistence on the sheer loveliness

and exquisite pleasures that may flow from calculated renunciation and self-suppression. It has its own wisdom, shown especially in the development of the text, suggested by Müller, to the effect that "in a Doric State education was, on the whole, a matter of more importance than government." But it has one grave defect: it is not true to the facts. This city, as the portrait finally arranges itself, is simply not the cold, hard Sparta that lay on the banks of the Eurotas, but some glorified Auburn wafted into an Arcadia of the imagination. At the end of the chapter, after giving a brave account of the training, or *askêsis*, by which the Lacedæmonian youth were drilled for life, Pater represents an Athenian visitor as asking: "Why this strenuous task-work, day after day; why this loyalty to a system, so costly to you individually, though it may be thought to have survived its original purpose; this laborious, endless education, which does not propose to give you anything very useful or enjoyable in itself?" The question is apt, and Pater puts the answer into the mouth of a Spartan youth: "To the end that I myself may be a perfect work of art, issuing thus into the eyes of all Greece." — The discipline of Lycurgus, that is to say, was to the end that the young men of Sparta might be "a spectacle, æsthetically, at least, very interesting" (the words are Pater's) to the rest of Greece! Really, a more complete perversion of

history has not often been conceived. What the institutions of Sparta actually stood for may be known in a word from the opinion of the Lacedæmonian in Plato's *Laws;* they were ordered to the end that Sparta might conquer the other States in war, nothing more nor less — ὥστε πολέμῳ νικᾶν τὰς ἄλλας πόλεις. Not the indulgence of vanity, however chastely controlled, but the need of self-preservation and the terrible law of the survival of the fittest made the Lacedæmonian men and women the comeliest of Hellas; they were warriors and the mothers of warriors, not æsthetes.[1]

And this same misrepresentation runs through much of Pater's direct analysis of Platonism. Pater saw, as all who study Plato are forced to see, that the heart of Plato's doctrine lay in his conception of ideas, in his use and enforcement of dialectic or the process of passing intellectually from particulars to generals. But Pater could not help feeling also that there was something in this dialectical procedure that did not accord with his particular notion of æsthetics, and he was bound if he accepted Platonism — as it was his desire to assimilate all the great movements of history — to interpret Platonic ideas in his own way. The

[1] A critic of this essay has accused me of misrepresenting Plato. It is true that the Athenian Stranger, who speaks for the author in the *Laws*, sees a higher meaning in the institution of Lycurgus than is admitted by the Lacedæmonian; but certainly, whatever may have been the bye-product, so to speak, of the Spartan constitution, self-preservation and conquest were its first and main object.

result is a striking passage in the chapter on *The Doctrine of Plato:*

To that gaudy tangle of what gardens, after all, are meant to produce, in the decay of time, as we may think at first sight, the systematic, logical gardener put his meddlesome hand, and straightway all ran to seed; to *genus* and *species* and *differentia*, into formal classes, under general notions, and with — yes! with written labels fluttering on the stalks, instead of blossoms — a botanic or "physic" garden, as they used to say, instead of our flower-garden and orchard. And yet (it must be confessed on the other hand) what we actually see, see and hear, is more interesting than ever. . . .

So it is with the shell, the gem, with a glance of the eye; so it may be with the moral act, with the condition of the mind, or a feeling. . . . Generalization, whatever Platonists, or Plato himself at mistaken moments, may have to say about it, is a method, not of obliterating the concrete phenomenon, but of enriching it, with the joint perspective, the significance, the expressiveness, of all other things beside. What broadcast light he enjoys! — that scholar, confronted with the sea-shell, for instance, or with some enigma of heredity in himself or another, with some condition of a particular soul, in circumstances which may never precisely so occur again; in the contemplation of that single phenomenon, or object, or situation. He not only sees, but understands (thereby only seeing the more) and will, therefore, also remember. The significance of the particular object he will retain, by use of his intellectual apparatus of notion and general law, as, to use Plato's own figure, fluid matter may be retained in vessels, not indeed of unbaked clay, but of alabaster or bronze. So much by way of apology for general ideas — abstruse, or intangible, or dry and seedy and wooden, as we may sometimes think them.

Now in criticizing this apology of Pater for Plato's dialectic I would not fall, as some have fallen, into the opposite and no less erroneous extreme. To represent Plato as an enemy of the decent and comely things of life, as an iconoclast of art and poetry and music in themselves, would be to forget some of the great passages in his *Republic* and other dialogues, in which the practical effect of beautiful things upon conduct is largely recognized, and in which beauty in the abstract is placed by the side of the true and the good in the supreme trinity of ideas. I would even admit that much of what Pater says in regard to Plato's conception of beauty is sound and worthy of emphasis. He has done well in drawing out the element of discipline in the Platonic æsthetics — the value of the capacity for correction, of patience, of crafty reserve, of intellectual astringency, which Plato demanded of the poet and the musician and of every true citizen of the ideal Republic. Plato, as Pater rightly observes, was of all men faithful to the old Greek saying, *Beauty is hard to attain.* These aspects of art and of beautiful living never more than to-day needed to be recognized and inculcated. But withal Pater's final interpretation of Plato in these matters is fundamentally wrong, and ends in a creed which Plato would have rejected with utter indignation. To recommend the pursuit of ideas for the sake of lending

piquancy to the phenomenal, to use the intellectual apparatus in order to enhance the significance of the particular object, to undergo philosophical discipline for the purpose of adding zest to sensuous pleasure, in a word to make truth the servant of beauty, and goodness the servant of the body, is to uphold a doctrine essentially and uncompromisingly the contrary of everything that Plato believed and held sacred. To follow such a course, however purely and austerely beauty may be conceived, is, as Plato says, to be ἥττων τῶν καλῶν, the subject of beautiful things and not their master. Plato taught that the perception of beauty in the particular object was one of the means by which a man might rise to contemplation of the idea of beauty in the intellectual world, and wherever he saw the danger of inverting this order, as Pater and many other self-styled Platonists have inverted it, he could speak of art with all the austerity of a Puritan. There is no sentence in the dialogues that cuts more deeply into the heart of his philosophy than the foreboding exclamation: "When any one prefers beauty to virtue, what is this but the real and utter dishonour of the soul?"

From the consideration of *Plato and Platonism* we turn naturally to the greatest of Pater's works, *Marius the Epicurean*, and here again we are confronted by a false interpretation of one of the critical moments of history. The theme of

Marius, I need scarcely say, is the life of a young Italian who, in the age of Marcus Aurelius, is searching for some principle of conduct amid the dissolution of all traditional laws, for the peace which his troubled heart craves and cannot discern. He sees the world about him, the world at least that has outgrown the ancestral belief in the gods and has not sunk into frivolity or sullen scepticism, divided between the two sects of the Epicureans and the Stoics, and the larger part of the story is really a disquisition on the effect of these opposed philosophies upon the human soul. Much of this is subtly conceived, and especially the adaptation of the legend of *Cupid and Psyche* from the *Golden Book* of Apuleius, and the long discourse of Marcus Aurelius contrived with delicate adjustment from the *Meditations*, are among the rare things of literature; although even here there is a certain taint, an insinuating betrayal of the truth, in the factitious charms lent to these philosophies. Apuleius may have been, in a sense, decadent, but he was not languorous as Pater presents him in translation, and Marcus Aurelius is in expression crabbed and scholastic and very far from the smooth periods of his imitator. In his hesitancy between these two philosophies Marius is revolted by the indifference of the Emperor to the sufferings of the world, and leans towards a kind of sentimental and chastened Epicureanism. At the last, however,

he is introduced into the home of a Christian family living outside of Rome, is fascinated by the purity and decorum of their lives, and is himself in the way of conversion, when, after the manner of romantic heroes, he fades out of existence:

> The people around his bed were praying fervently — *Abi! Abi! Anima Christiana!* In the moments of his extreme helplessness their mystic bread had been placed, had descended like a snow-flake from the sky, between his lips. Gentle fingers had applied to hands and feet, to all those old passage-ways of the senses, through which the world had come and gone for him, now so dim and obstructed, a medicinable oil.

So he dies the death of the soul that is naturally Christian, finding in the grace of these tender ministrations the peace so long desired and missed. In this choice of Epicureanism instead of the harsher Stoic creed as a preparation for Christian faith, Pater, I think, shows a true knowledge of the human heart. Pascal, it will be remembered, found himself fifteen centuries later face to face with the same contrasted tenets of Epicurus and Zeno which were dividing the minds of Europe, which are indeed the expression of the two main tendencies not of one time but of all times of those who attempt to stop in a religious philosophy just short of religion; and Pascal, too, saw that the step from Epicureanism to Christianity was easier than from Stoicism. For the mind that craves unity and the resting-place of some event-

ual calm may be deceived by the naturalistic pantheism of the Stoic creed and, so to speak, benumbed into a dull acquiescence, whereas from the desolation of the Epicurean flux it is more likely to be driven into the supernatural unity of religion, while holding the world as a place of illusory mutation. So far Pater, in his account of the relation of the Pagan philosophies and Christianity, was psychologically right; but his portrayal of Christianity itself one is compelled to condemn in the same terms as his portrayal of Platonism. Read the story of Marius at the home of the Christian Cecilia and at the celebration of the mass, and you will feel that here is no picture of a militant faith in preparation for the conquest of the world, of a sect at death grips with a whole civilization and girding itself for moral regeneration, but the report of a pleasant scene where the eye is charmed and the ear soothed by the same chaste and languid loveliness that seemed to Pater to rule in Sparta and the ideal city of Plato. "Some transforming spirit was at work," he writes of the Christian life, "to harmonize contrasts, to deepen expression — a spirit which, in its dealing with the elements of ancient life, was guided by a wonderful tact of selection, exclusion, juxtaposition, begetting thereby a unique effect of freshness, a grave yet wholesome beauty." And in his dreams Marius is represented as conjuring up the "nights of the beautiful

house of Cecilia, its lights and flowers, of Cecilia herself moving among the lilies." No doubt it would be false, as Pater asserts it would be, to set over "against that divine urbanity and moderation the old error of Montanus" (Montanism, it may be observed by the way, was at that date quite young, but no matter, in the romantic convention everything must be "old") — it would be false, I say, to set up as the complete Christian ideal the "fanatical revolt" of Montanus, "sour, falsely anti-mundane, ever with an air of ascetic affectation, and a bigoted distaste in particular for all the peculiar graces of womanhood." It is well to avoid extremes in either direction. Yet if choice had to be made between the sweet voluptuousness of religion as it appeared to Marius and the moral rigour of Tertullian, the great Montanist preacher who was contemporary with Marius, it would not be hard to say on which side lay the real Christianity of the second century. Against Pater's "elegance of sanctity," as he calls it, a Christian might exclaim with Tertullian that "truth is not on the surface but in the inmost heart (*non in superficie est sed in medullis*)." Pater, borrowing the phrase from Tertullian, describes the death of Marius as that of a soul naturally Christian. Beside that picture of a soul daintily dreaming itself into eternity it is enlightening to set the original apostrophe of Tertullian himself to the *anima naturaliter Christiana:*

> But I summon thee, not such as when formed in schools, trained in libraries, fed in Attic academies and porches, thou blurtest forth wisdom — I address thee simple, and rude, and uncultured, and untaught, such as they possess who possess thee and nothing else; the bare soul from the road, the street, the weaver's shop.

The simple fact is that in *Marius* we have no real conversion from Epicureanism to religion, no Christianity at all as it would have been recognized by St. Paul or St. Augustine, but only another manifestation of that æstheticism which Pater sucked from the romantic school of his century and disguised in the phraseology of ancient faith. To write thus was to betray Christianity with a kiss.

In the third of Pater's major works, *The Renaissance*, there is again a reading of Paterism into the past, but without the perversion of spirit and without the offensiveness that some may feel in his treatment of Platonism and Christianity. Not a little of the romanticism from which Pater drew his philosophy may be traced back to the Italy of Botticelli and Leonardo da Vinci; but the tone, the energy, the *êthos*, are changed. The nature of the change cannot be better displayed than in the famous description of La Gioconda, which, if it may seem too familiar for quotation, is too characteristic of Pater to be omitted; as indeed the whole essay on Leonardo may be taken as the subtlest expression of his genius:

La Gioconda [he writes of the portrait now, alas, lost] is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece. . . . We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that circle of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. . . . The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.

Now I shall not criticize this famous passage for its treatment of plain facts. Any one who cares to see how far Pater has departed from the

inconveniences of history may consult the monograph of M. Salomon Reinach in Number 2 of the *Bulletin des Musées de France* for 1909. And after all Pater was not dealing with facts, but with emotions; as a "lover of strange souls," to use his own phrase, he was analyzing the impression made upon him by this picture, and trying to reach through it a definition of the chief elements of Leonardo's genius. Yet viewed even in that light the description rings false — not so false as his interpretations of Platonism and Christianity, but still subtly perversive of the truth. It may be true in a way that the genius of Leonardo, as Goethe said, had "thought itself weary (*müde sich gedacht*)"; but the deadly and deliberate langour that trails through the lines of Pater — not, I admit, without its own ambiguous and troubling beauty — is something essentially different from even the most ambiguous forms of Leonardo's art. And whatever may have been the sins of Leonardo in the flesh, and whatever may have been his intellectual wanderings or indifferences, I doubt if he would have understood that strange and frequent identification among the romantics of the soul and disease. Into the face of Mona Lisa, says Pater, "the soul with all its maladies has passed!" as if health were incompatible with the possession of a soul. One suspects that the maladies which Pater had in mind — and he echoes the repeated boasting of his school that

their weakness and impotence were a sign of spiritual preëminence — one suspects that these romantic maladies had quite another source than excess of soul. This again is Paterism masquerading under a great name of the past.

The simple truth is that Pater was in no proper sense of the word a critic. He did not on the one hand from his own fixed point of view judge the great movements of history and the great artists in their reality; nor on the other hand did he show any dexterity in changing his own point of view and entering sympathetically into other moods than his own. To him history was only an extension of his own Ego, and he saw himself whithersoever he turned his eyes. The result may be something greater than criticism — though this I should myself deny — it is certainly something different from criticism. To form any just estimate of Pater's work, then, we must forget the critical form in which so much of his writing is couched and regard the substance of his own philosophy apart from any apparent relation to the period or person to which it is transferred. And here we are aided by the singular consistency of his nature. There is no need with Pater, as happens with most other men, especially with those who treat their themes historically, to distinguish between what is his own and what he has taken up from other sources; nor is the problem complicated by any change in

point of view as he passed from one period of his career to another or from influence to influence. All is of a piece, and all is the perfectly logical outgrowth of a single attitude towards the world.

And this we see in his life itself as clearly as in his writings. Walter Horatio Pater was born at Shadwell, between Wapping and Stepney, in 1839. His father, a physician who had been born in America, died while Walter was a young child, and the family moved to an old house with a large garden at Enfield — the pleasant suburb where just a few years earlier the Clarkes describe "the most enchanting walks" which Charles and Mary Lamb used to take with them "in all directions of the lovely neighbourhood," but where Lamb called himself whimsically "a stubborn Eloisa in this detestable paraclete." There is a delicately wrought study of Pater's, called *The Child in the House*, which shows, if we may accept it as partly autobiographical, the influences that surrounded these years and the temperament of the man already marked in the boy. He speaks of the rapid growth in him "of a certain capacity of fascination by bright colour and choice form — the sweet curvings, for instance, of the lips of those who seemed to him comely persons, modulated in such delicate unison to the things they said or sang, — marking early the activity in him of a more than customary sensu-

ousness, 'the lust of the eye,' as the Preacher says, which might lead him, one day, how far!" All these impressions are subdued in his memory to a passive alertness, and such they no doubt were actually in the boy's experience. "So he yielded himself to these things, to be played upon by them like a musical instrument, and began to note with deepening watchfulness, but always with some puzzled, unutterable longing in his enjoyment, the phases of the seasons and of the growing or waning day, down even to the shadowy changes wrought on bare wall or ceiling." The rapture of the elusive moment, the economical indulgence of the senses, the feeling and thought finely responsive to the fair things of the world, were, it should seem, born in him; and in the end these were his deliberate philosophy.

In 1858 Pater went up to Oxford, and at Oxford, except for a period of eight years in London, he resided until his death in 1894. He first entered Queen's College, but in 1864 was elected to a Fellowship at Brasenose, with which college he was henceforth identified, although he had also a home outside of the collegiate walls. His existence now took on the colour it was to maintain until the end. Brasenose itself is described by Mr. A. C. Benson, from whom I have taken most of these details of Pater's life, as "one of the sternest and severest in aspect of Oxford colleges":

It has no grove or pleasaunce to frame its sombre antiquity in a setting of colour and tender freshness. Its black and blistered front looks out on a little piazza occupied by the stately mouldering dome of the Radcliffe Library; beyond is the solid front of Hertford, and the quaint pseudo-Gothic court of All Souls. To the north lies a dark lane, over the venerable wall of which looms the huge chestnut of Exeter, full in spring of stiff white spires of heavy-scented bloom. To the south a dignified modern wing, built long after Pater's election, overlooks the bustling High Street. To the west the college lies back to back with the gloomy and austere courts of Lincoln. There is no sense of space, of leisureliness, of ornament, about the place; it rather looks like a fortress of study.

Something of the austere character of the college passed into Pater's own ways of living. His rooms were small and furnished with a taste that might be called parsimoniously æsthetic. They were "painted in greenish white, and hung with three or four line-engravings." A few Greek coins were his chief delight, and he used also to keep before him a vase of dried rose-leaves for their colour and scent. His habits were singularly quiet and regular. Although he was always easily approached, and to greet a guest would rise from the midst of one of his most complicated sentences without the least irritation, yet he mixed little in general society and took small part in the college routine. As tutor and lecturer he performed his duties punctiliously, but with personal reserve and without enthusiasm. So far as

he shared in the discipline of the institution he was strict and even excitable, and the story is told that once, having to quell a bit of undergraduate rowdyism, he turned the hose into the offender's bedroom to such good effect that he had afterwards to allow the inmate to sleep out of bounds. With strangers he was precise and reserved, not without a leaven of paradox in his conversation which often led to misunderstandings; but it may be observed here emphatically that the rumours of his morbid immorality are entirely unfounded. In the society of intimate friends he showed a sense of humour and an interest in trivial things which would not be expected from his manner of writing. Blithe is one of his favourite words, and those who knew him well speak of a certain blitheness — "blitheness and repose" — in his manner; yet withal the last impression he seems to have made was that of a man a little fatigued. "Could he have foreseen the weariness of the way!" he said of one of his heroes, and that feeling of weariness, of futility in the hopes and acquisitions of life, lay always, one thinks, at the bottom of his heart. "The only attitude I ever observed in Pater," wrote a friend, "the only mood I saw him in, was a sort of weary courtesy with which he used to treat me, with somehow a deep kindness shining through." This, too, was the picture he presented to those who saw him walking, with bowed head and, in

later years, a slight hesitation in his steps. He is said to have had the appearance of a retired military officer, but his complexion is described as having the pallor of old ivory.

He was not a laborious scholar; he was not even a great reader of books, and in later years he confined himself almost exclusively to Plato and the Bible and the few other masterpieces which gave him the intellectual and artistic sustenance he craved. His own writing was slow and painful; it was his habit to write on alternate lines of ruled paper, leaving space for revision, and often copying out a composition more than once and even having it privately set up in type so that he might judge better its effect. His work in fact was only one aspect or expression of that art of life which he seems to have practised from youth, whether it was in its origin a deliberate mental choice or, more likely, the instinctive prompting of his temperament which was afterwards reinforced by reading and observation — an art made up of timidity and persistence and lucid self-interrogation, seeking its exquisite satisfactions more in what it renounced than in what it appropriated from the world's ambiguous gifts and pleasures.

If we search for the sources of his philosophy, apart from the original character of the man himself, we shall find them without difficulty. He was one of those on whom Goethe's ideal of

an artistically rounded culture early imposed itself, and to this model he later added the enthusiasm and the "divinatory power over the Hellenic world" of Goethe's master, Winckelmann. Among English writers he himself would probably have ascribed the chief influence upon him to Ruskin, but as a matter of fact I suspect that the more dominating personal influence came from another and more insinuating mind — from one who meets us at every turn as we attempt to trace the artistic impulses of the later nineteenth century, and who was, perhaps, the most perfect type that England has known of the romantic temperament turned purely to art. I do not certainly know that Pater ever met Rossetti in the flesh, but he recognized that great and sad genius as one of his teachers. William Sharp ("Fiona Macleod") knew Rossetti as well as he knew Pater, and he once wrote to Pater in regard to these subtle relationships:

> Years ago, in Oxford, how often we talked these matters over! I have often recalled one evening, in particular, often recollected certain words of yours: and never more keenly than when I have associated them with the early work of Rossetti, in both arts, but preeminently in painting: "To my mind Rossetti is the most significant man among us. More torches will be lit from his flame — or torches lit at his flame — than perhaps even enthusiasts like yourself imagine."

But however Pater may seem to have lighted his torch at Rossetti's flame, we must not over-

look the strong impersonal influence that emanated from the memories and the very stones of Oxford. We all know Matthew Arnold's apostrophe to the "home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties"; to the dream-city that "lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages." The call of Oxford is, as her lover says, to beauty and to higher ideals; but there is an aspect of her appeal which is not without its fascinating danger. From the beginning she has been the home of secluded causes as well as lost causes; she has stood always as a protest against the coarse and ephemeral changes of civilization, but she has maintained this centre of calm too much by a withdrawal from life rather than by strong control. Hers at her origin was the ideal of monasticism and of faith fleeing the world; her loyalty to the king was strongest when loyalty meant a separation from the great powers of political expansion; her religious revival in the nineteenth century not only was the desire of resuscitating an impossible past, but sought also to sever the forms of worship entirely from the influence of the State and of the people. Certainly much good has come out of this pride of seclusion and waves of spiritual force have continually emanated from this reservoir of memory; but it is true also that these influences have

sometimes ended in sterility or have tended to widen rather than close up the unfortunate gap between the utilitarian and the sentimental phases of English life. In a word, they have been too often a reinforcement to the romantic ideal of the imagination as a worship of beauty isolated from, and in the end despised by, the real interests of life, and too seldom a reinforcement of the classical ideal of the imagination as an active power in life itself. The very contrast of the enchanted towers of Oxford with the hideous chimneys of one of England's great manufacturing towns seems to give to the university an atmosphere of æsthetic unreality. Ideas do not circulate here as they do in a university like that of Paris, situated at the heart of the national life, and in too many of the books that now come from Oxford one feels the breath of a fine traditional culture that has somehow every excellent quality except vitality. And so it was not strange to see the Oxford Movement, especially so-called, depart further and further from practical and intellectual realities and lose itself in an empty and stubborn ritualism. Thought is the greatest marrer of good looks, said Oscar Wilde, and that is why there are so many good-looking young curates in England. The æstheticism of William Morris and Burne-Jones was a conscious revolt from the vapidity of the later stages of the Oxford Movement to a pure and Pagan sensuousness. Ros-

setti gave body and passion to the revolt, and Pater, following in their steps, lent a scholastic authority to their artistic achievements. Paterism might without great injustice be defined as the quintessential spirit of Oxford emptied of the wholesome intrusions of the world — its pride of isolation reduced to sterile self-absorption, its enchantment of beauty alembicated into a faint Epicureanism, its discipline of learning changed into a voluptuous economy of sensations, its golden calm stagnated into languid elegance.

In judging Pater, then, we must not come to him for interpretive or constructive criticism, constructive, that is, as based on a correct insight into the material he pretends to use, but for his own philosophy of life. And in this judgement two things are to be taken into account: on the one hand, how consistent and clear he was in the expression of this philosophy of life, and on the other hand, what the value of this philosophy is in itself. For the first the answer is all in his favour. From the beginning to the end, as we have seen, there is scarcely a discordant note in his writing; whether he was posing as an interpreter of Plato or early Christianity or the Renaissance, he was in reality exhibiting only himself. It is true that in his essays on Wordsworth and one or two other modern writers he seems for a while to escape from the magic circle of him-

self, but the escape is more apparent than real. So much for his consistency, and his clearness is no less complete. More than once he gives direct expression to his philosophy, nowhere else so explicitly as in the conclusion to his volume on *The Renaissance*. The motto of that chapter is the famous saying of Heracleitus, *All things are in a state of flux and nothing abides*, and the chapter itself is but a brief exhortation to make the most of our human life amidst this endless and ceaseless mutation of which we are ourselves an ever-changing element:

> The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit, is to rouse, to startle it to a life of constant and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive to us, — for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?
>
> To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite

passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend.

That is the sum of Pater's philosophy as it is everywhere implicitly expressed in critical essay or fiction: the admonition to train our body and mind to the highest point of acuteness so as to catch, as it were, each fleeting glimpse of beauty on the wing, and by the intensity of our participation to compensate for the insecurity of the world's gifts; in a word, the admonition to make of life itself an art. Now we ought, I think, to be grateful first of all to any one who recalls to us and utters in manifold ways this lesson of grace within answering to grace without. Perhaps no other philosophy to-day has so completely passed out of the general range of vision as this doctrine of the art of living, which has been one of the guiding principles of the greatest ages of the past. This is not to say that our lives are therefore necessarily aimless. Exacting ambitions and high purposes we may follow with unflagging zeal; it is possible that never before in history has the individual man striven more keenly for some goal which he saw clearly at the end of his path — some possession of wealth or power or learning or virtue — but how rarely in our society one meets the man who to his other purposes adds the design

of making his life itself a rounded work of art, ordering his acts and manners and thoughts and emotions to this conscious and noble end! We are too hurried for this, a little too unbalanced between egotism and a sentimental humanitarianism, a little too uncertain, despite much optimistic brag, of any real and immediate values in life. And so I repeat that we owe gratitude to Pater for recalling us, if we will listen, to this lost ideal. And there is much also to commend in the method he proposes. If he teaches that the art of life is to train our emotional nature, like a well-trimmed lamp, to burn always with a hard, gem-like flame, he also endlessly reiterates the lesson that this joy of eager observation and swift response can be made habitual in us only by a severe self-discipline and moderation. Only when the senses have been purified and sharpened by a certain chastity of use, only when the mind has been exercised by a certain rigidity of application, do we become fit instruments to record the delicate impacts of evanescent beauty. In his essay on Raphael, one of the soundest of his critical estimates, Pater refers to the saying that the true artist is known best by what he omits; and this, he adds, is "because the whole question of good taste is involved precisely in such jealous omission." No one has seen more clearly than Pater that virtue is not acquired by a rebound from excess, but is the exquisite flower of the habit

of moderation; and in this sense the words that he puts into the mouth of Raphael might be applied to himself: "I am utterly purposed that I will not offend."

Yet withal the account with Pater cannot stop here, nor, if we consider the fruit of his teaching in such men as Oscar Wilde, can we admit that it was altogether without offence. His error was not that he inculcated the art of life at all seasons, but that his sense of values was finally wrong; his philosophy from beginning to end might be called by a rhetorician a kind of hysteron-proteron. And this was manifest in his attitude to the three great moments of history. Thus in his interpretation of Plato we have seen how he falsified Plato's theory and use of facts by raising beauty, or æsthetic pleasure, above truth as the goal to be kept in sight. Now this may seem a slight sin, when in extolling the one nothing is intentionally taken away from the honour of the other. Pater would even say that as truth and beauty are the same it makes no difference which of them you set before your gaze; and in this he would have the authority of many eminent predecessors. Are we not all fond of quoting the great words of Keats? —

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Perhaps in some high philosophical realm that is

the case; but it happens that in practice in this mundane sphere the ways of truth and beauty are by no means always identical, and it makes a world of difference where you come out according as you take this or the other for your guide. I have been struck by a passage in one of the recently published Japanese letters of Lafcadio Hearn — certainly no foe to romantic beauty. "They all [the romanticists] sowed a crop of dragon's teeth," he says. "Preaching without qualification the gospel of beauty — that beauty is *truth* — provoked the horrible modern answer of Zolaism: 'Then truth must be beauty!'" Hearn was right: the sure end of this innocent-seeming theory was decadence; the inevitable follower of Pater was Oscar Wilde. In misinterpreting Plato, Pater also misinterpreted life.

In like manner, when Pater in his treatment of Christianity placed emotional satisfaction before religious duty, he really missed the goal of happiness he was aiming at. The old Scotch preacher Blair pronounced the sure answer to such an error many years before Paterism existed: "To aim at a constant succession of high and vivid sensations of pleasure, is an idea of happiness altogether chimerical. . . . Instead of those fallacious hopes of perpetual festivity, with which the world would allure us, religion confers upon us a cheerful tranquillity." Nor was Pater's fault in regard to the Renaissance essentially different

in its consequences; it may even be that here where his temperament would seem to be most at home, his subtle inversion of the facts, in making beauty and pleasure the purpose of life instead of holding them the reward or efflorescence of right living, is the most instructive of all. Read Pater's exquisitely refined pages on Leonardo da Vinci, with their constant implication that beauty is a kind of malady of the soul, and then recall the strong young soul of the Renaissance as it speaks, for instance, in the ringing lines of Chapman:

> Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
> Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind. . . .
> There is no danger to a man that knows
> What life and death is —

recall the whole magnificent passage, and you will see why Pater's philosophy leads on inevitably to weariness, and satiety, and impotence.

This exaltation of beauty above truth, and emotional grace above duty, and fine perception above action, this insinuating hedonism which would so bravely embrace the joy of the moment, forgets to stay itself on any fixed principle outside of itself, and, forgetting this, it somehow misses the enduring joy of the world and empties life of true values. It springs, at least as we see it manifest in these latter years, from the sense of an exasperated personality submerged in the ceaseless ebb and flow of things, and striving desperately to cling to the shadows as they speed by

and thus to win for itself an emotion of power and importance. In Platonism and Christianity and, to a certain extent, in the Renaissance, the beauty and joy of the flux of nature were held subordinate to an ideal above nature, the everlasting Spirit that moves and is not moved. Because Pater had lost from his soul this vision of the infinite, and sought to deify in its place the intense realization of the flux itself as the end of life, for that reason he failed to comprehend the inner meaning of those great epochs, and became instead one of the leaders of romantic æstheticism. Thus it is that we cannot finally accept Pater's philosophy of the art of life, notwithstanding all that may be said in its favour; that even his lesson of moderation and self-restraint, much as that lesson is needed to-day and always, seems at last to proceed from some deep-seated taint of decaying vitality rather than from conscious strength. So intimately are good and evil mingled together in human ideals.

FIONA MACLEOD

FIONA MACLEOD

THE writer who concealed himself under the name of Fiona Macleod has just been brought into prominence by the publication of a complete edition of his works and by an admirable biography from the hand of his wife.[1] He may seem out of place among the greater forces of romanticism, yet his position as one of the leaders of revolt against certain aspects of our civilization gives him some significance, and there is, or at least was, a mystery about his double and epicene personality which piques attention and renders him curiously symbolical of the movement he represented. For twelve years, until his death in 1905 permitted the revelation, his identity with the woman of the Highlands was kept secret by the small circle to whom it was known. The situation had a comical element when William Sharp, as chairman of the Stage Society, brought out one of the plays of his supposed friend, Fiona Macleod, at the Globe Theatre, and during the rehearsals chatted with his Celtic fellows about play and author. When the secret of Fiona's existence was ended there rose in its place the question of Mr. Sharp's double activity — for all

[1] *The Writings of "Fiona Macleod."* Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. Seven volumes. New York: Duffield & Co. 1909–10.
William Sharp (Fiona Macleod): A Memoir. Compiled by his Wife, *Elizabeth A. Sharp*. New York: Duffield & Co. 1910.

through the twelve years he had purposely continued his critical writing under his own name — and certain amateur psychologists began to spread the rumour of a mysterious dual personality in the man, as if he had really possessed two souls, one masculine and Saxon, the other feminine and Gaelic. Mrs. Sharp, in her biography, rather fosters this impression, and it is evident that Sharp liked to puzzle himself and his friends by the presumption of an extraordinary inspiration. As a matter of fact there is nothing at all supernatural or even very strange in the matter. The wistful, ghostly vein that runs through the works of Fiona Macleod was marked in William Sharp from a child, and if most of his writing before he assumed the Gaelic name shows the ordinary qualities of Anglo-Saxon London, that was simply because he wrote for the market what the market demanded.

William Sharp was born at Paisley in 1855, and was in childhood very delicate. By his Highland nurse, Barbara, he was initiated into the vague legends and superstitions of the Gael, which later were to form the speech of Fiona Macleod, and to these he added the dreams and adventures of his own brooding, half-nurtured soul. Mrs. Sharp tells of hearing him speak often of a gentle White Lady of the Woods who appeared to him in his childhood, and he himself in a letter wrote once of this haunting vision, thus:

For I, too, have my dream, my memory of one whom as a child I called Star-Eyes, and whom later I called "Baumorair-na-mara," the Lady of the Sea, and whom at last I knew to be no other than the woman who is in the heart of women. I was not more than seven when one day, by a well, near a sea-loch in Argyll, just as I was stooping to drink, my glancing eyes lit on a tall woman standing among a mist of wild hyacinths under three great sycamores. I stood, looking, as a fawn looks, wide-eyed, unafraid. She did not speak, but she smiled, and because of the love and beauty in her eyes I ran to her. She stooped and lifted blueness out of the flowers, as one might lift foam out of a pool, and I thought she threw it over me. When I was found lying among the hyacinths dazed, and, as was thought, ill, I asked eagerly after the lady in white, and with hair all shiny-gold like buttercups, but when I found I was laughed at, or at last, when I passionately persisted, was told I was sun-dazed and had been dreaming, I said no more — but I did not forget.

Pretty much all of Fiona Macleod's poetry and philosophy is in that brief paragraph — the symbolic vision that is impressive because it really symbolizes nothing; the notion that one becomes spiritual by becoming abstract, as in lifting blueness instead of something blue; the half-conscious eroticism in the merging together of nature and the woman who is in the heart of women. There is no reason to suppose that some dream of the kind did not actually visit the delicate and lonely child, whose brain was filled with the inarticulate stories of an old and wandering superstition. In later years vacations

passed in the western Highlands and on the Hebridean islands reinforced his imagination with the nature myths that still haunted those remote and then almost untravelled places. He evidently had unusual powers of sympathy which unlocked the hearts of ancient women and Gaelic-speaking fishermen, who, in the evenings before the smouldering peat-fires or in herring-boats on the mist-haunted seas, told him legends of Pagan gods still secretly feared and loved amid the practices and faith of Christianity, and of the poets and seers who had strange kinship with the forces of nature.

In particular he came to love the island of Iona, with its traditions of the great Columba who had sailed thither from Ireland, bringing the Gospel of Christ not as an enemy but as a friend of the older religion. There he heard from a young Hebridean priest and from others the prophecy of the days when Iona should once more be the centre of a regenerating force which was to sweep not over Scotland alone but over the world, descending this time as "the Divine Womanhood upon the human heart," and bringing the long-desired consummation of peace. At times he writes of this prophecy as if he accepted it almost literally, though one suspects he was thinking chiefly of the "great and deep spiritual change," as he calls it, which the new school of Celtic writers were to introduce into civilization by

their confessedly feminine use of the imagination.

On that island he also became acquainted with an old fisherman, Seumas Macleod, who took the child of seven on his knee one day and made him pray to "Her," the spirit woman at the heart of the world. Elsewhere he tells of coming once as a boy of sixteen upon the old man at sunrise, standing with his face to the sea and with his bonnet removed from his long white locks. When the boy spoke to Seumas (seeing he was not "at his prayers"), the old man replied simply, in Gaelic, of course: "Every morning like this I take my hat off to the beauty of the world." It was, one suspects, the glancing light on the waves and the wind-blown mists about Iona, more than the legendary lore of the spot, that affected the boy. There is a story of a " man who went [from Iona] to the mainland, but could not see to plough, because the brown fallows became waves that splashed noisily about him. The same man went to Canada, and got work in a great warehouse; but among the bales of merchandise he heard the singular note of the sandpiper, and every hour the sea-fowl confused him with their crying." Something like that is the history of William Sharp himself.

When the boy was twelve years old his parents moved to Glasgow, and he was sent to the Academy in that city. In 1871 he was enrolled as a

student at the Glasgow University, where he remained for two years, leaving without taking a degree. At this time, and indeed all through his life, he had a voracious but unsystematic appetite for books, for night after night reading "far into the morning hours literature, philosophy, poetry, mysticism, occultism, magic, mythology, folk-lore." The result was to turn him from the orthodox Presbyterianism, in which he had been brought up, to a vague faith in some truth glimpsed fitfully beneath all the creeds and cults of religion. On leaving college he entered the office of a firm of Glasgow lawyers. Here for two years he is said to have allowed himself only four hours out of the twenty-four for sleep, burning away his strength, not on the law, it may be supposed, but on more seductive studies. His health, always precarious, broke under the strain, and he was shipped off to Australia. The new world did not satisfy him, and he was soon back in Scotland, where he spent a year of idleness. In 1878 he came to London and took a place in a bank; but literature still lured him, and after a while he threw himself on his pen for support and gradually, through many hardships and moments of despair, won for himself a profitable hold on the publishers. Naturally, as a servant of the press he wrote what the readers of magazines and popular biographies desired, hiding close in his heart the wayward mysticism and grandiose phil-

osophy he had learned from nature. Yet those hidden springs of inspiration were never forgotten, and in his intimate letters we hear continually of great projected epics and other poems that were to solve the riddles of life. From the specimens of these suppressed masterpieces given by Mrs. Sharp in the biography, we conjecture that their loss to the world is not deplorable. For example:

> There is in everything an undertone . . .
> Those clear in soul are also clear in sight,
> And recognise in a white cascade's flash,
> The roar of mountain torrents, and the wail
> Of multitudinous waves on barren sands,
> The song of skylark at the flush of dawn,
> A mayfield all ablaze with king-cups gold,
> The clamour musical of culver wings
> Beating the soft air of a dewy dusk,
> The crescent moon far voyaging thro' dark skies,
> And Sirius throbbing in the distant south,
> A something deeper than mere audible
> And visible sensations; for they see
> Not only pulsings of the Master's breath,
> The workings of inevitable Law,
> But also the influences subordinate
> And spirit actors in life's unseen side.
> One glint of nature may unlock a soul.

No doubt the youthful bard and his confidante thought he was uttering some startling spiritual truth and, as is the way with youthful bards and their accomplices, cursed the world for its obstinate deafness. As a matter of fact that sort of pantheistic revery was exasperatingly easy then,

and now; Wordsworth and Shelley and a little contempt for reason are the formula responsible for a stream of that kind of thing that trickles clammily through the nineteenth century. For whatever solid basis there is in the work of Fiona Macleod we must thank the hard prosaic experience of William Sharp, which gave him some discipline in common sense and kept his aspirations in long abeyance.

Two friendships in these early years should not be forgotten. As a boy he had fallen in love with his cousin Elizabeth, and, after years of waiting and despite some family opposition, they were married. If she was not precisely the muse of Fiona Macleod, for that honour belongs to an unnamed woman with whom he became acquainted later in life, she cherished his ambitions and responded sympathetically to his dreams of a Celtic revival. Another friend, who influenced him profoundly, was the figure that looms so large in all the literary history of the day, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, then a broken man secluding himself in the stealthy, heavy-aired retreat he had made for himself at 16, Cheyne Walk, but still the *deus præsens* in the imaginative world in which Swinburne and Watts-Dunton and Walter Pater and Philip Bourke Marston and other scented souls were breathing dim or gorgeous hopes. The first book that brought general recognition to Sharp was his

study of Rossetti, and years afterwards, in a dedication to Walter Pater of a projected new edition, which, however, he never finished, he expressed what Rossetti meant to them:

> We are all seeking a lost Eden. This ideal Beauty that we catch glimpses of, now in morning loveliness, now in glooms of tragic terror, haunts us by day and night, in dreams of waking and sleeping — nay, whether or not we will, among the littlenesses and exigences of our diurnal affairs. It may be that, driven from the Eden of direct experience, we are being more and more forced into taking refuge within the haven guarded by our dreams. To a few only is it given to translate, with rare distinction and excellence, something of this manifold message of Beauty — though all of us would fain be, with your Marius, "of the number of those who must be made perfect by the love of visible beauty." Among these few, in latter years in this country, no one has wrought more exquisitely for us than Rossetti.

The dominance of Rossetti's vision of artificial beauty must not be forgotten when we read the works of Fiona Macleod.

By the year 1892, when Sharp was thirty-seven, he was in a position to command his own time to a certain extent, and with his wife he settled down for a while in a little cottage at Rudgwick, Sussex. His first ambition was to edit a magazine which should be unhampered by any policy save his own whims and ambitions, and he actually wrote and printed one issue of the *Pagan Review*. Fortunately he carried that fantastic pro-

ject no further. Then came the inspiration of Fiona Macleod. He himself in a letter to Mrs. Thomas Janvier, who was one of the few in the secret, explained why he assumed this disguised personality:

> I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed I could not do so if I were the woman Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity....
>
> This rapt sense of oneness with nature, this *cosmic ecstasy* and elation, this wayfaring along the extreme verges of the common world, all this is so wrought up with the romance of life that I could not bring myself to expression by my outer self, insistent and tyrannical as that need is.... My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life and joys and sufferings, thoughts, emotions and dreams, *must* find expression, yet I cannot save in this hidden way.

There is, as I have said before, not quite so much mystery in this whole proceeding as Mr. Sharp and some of his friends would have us believe — the mystery in fact is mainly of that sort of mystification which has pleased so many other romantic writers, and which has its roots in the rather naïve desire to pose as the prophetic instrument of some vast renovation of ideas, when really the prophet's mind, instead of labouring with ideas, is floating in a shoreless sea of revery and tossing with indistinguishable emotions. Nor is it at all strange that Sharp should have taken a woman's name. He had for one thing

the inspiration of his lately found friend in Rome, of whom we get only tantalizing glimpses in the biography and in his dedications — the woman who stood to him as the personification of the *Anima Celtica*, the Celtic Soul still brooding, as he describes it, in the "Land of Promise whose borders shine with the loveliness of all forfeited, or lost, or banished dreams and realities of Beauty." Moreover, the feminine element, the *Ewig-Weibliche*, has always been prominent in the ideals of romantic *Schwärmerei*, and it was natural that this latest incarnation of the old hopes and visions should have appeared in the guise of a feminine form. The particular name is easily accounted for. The two strongest impressions seem to have been made on the boy by the island of Iona and the old man Macleod; Fiona is the nearest girl's appellation to Iona, and so the name is made. The earliest book to appear under the new signature was *Pharais*, published in 1894; *The Mountain Lovers*, which with *Pharais* forms the first volume of the collected works, came out in 1895, and thereafter, for the ten remaining years of Sharp's life, there was a succession of stories, sketches, essays, poems, and dramas, making in the complete edition seven fair-sized volumes. *Pharais* caught the attention of the discerning at once, and the interest in the unknown writer never flagged. She became a cult with some, and with others a

recurring escape from the world and from thought.

With advancing years the restlessness that from childhood had been characteristic of Sharp's temperament grew to what can only be described as feverish excess. The first glimpse we have of him as a baby is in the form of a runaway storming a make-believe castle in fairy-land, and at the end, until held in the leash by ill-health, we see him still drifting, or rather running, from place to place, seeking febrile exhilaration from the sea or unearthly peace from the hills, always in a wild haste to overtake some vanishing impalpable goal of the heart's desire. He who boasted valiantly that his soul knew its home in nature was, like so many of his tribe, a victim in fact of an incurable nostalgia. He died in Sicily in 1905, beloved and regretted. Over his grave an Iona cross was raised, and on it were cut the inscriptions chosen by himself:

> Farewell to the known and exhausted,
> Welcome the unknown and illimitable —

and

> Love is more great than we conceive, and Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions.

I cannot at all agree with Mr. Sharp's estimates of the works of Fiona Macleod. He apparently valued most the later writings in which the human motives disappear in a haze of disorganized symbolism, whereas the normal reader is

likely to find his interest centring, with some minor exceptions, in the tales of *Pharais* and *The Mountain Lovers*. In these the discipline Sharp had acquired from long apprenticeship to the press kept him within the bounds of reason, while the new freedom and the Celtic imagery added a note of strange and fascinating beauty. There is more of passion in *The Mountain Lovers;* the scenes about the lonely haunted pool, the terrible unrelenting love and madness of the blind old man, the elfish fear and wisdom of the dwarf, the yearning of the girl Oona that a soul may be born in her wild worshipper — the whole tissue of emotions in this solitude where the influences of forgotten gods are more numerous than the human beings, has the sombreness and awe of real tragedy. But on the whole *Pharais*, with its quieter beauty and subtler pathos, seems to me the more memorable work; Fiona Macleod never equalled that first lovely creation. The story of *Pharais*, briefly stated, is of a fair young woman on one of the lonely outer isles; of her husband upon whom the mind-dark, that is to say the clouding forgetfulness of melancholy, has fallen; and of their child who is born to them blind. The elements of the tale may sound depressingly gloomy, but in fact they are so lost in brave human sympathies, so mingled with the symbolic sadness of the winds and especially of the infinite voices of the encompassing sea, that the

effect is not depression but the elevation of the finer romantic art. When the little child is buried, and the mourners return home, the voices are filled with tragic lamentation:

... The island lay in a white shroud. At the extreme margin, a black, pulsating line seemed to move sinuously from left to right.

Suddenly a deeper sound boomed from the sea, though no wind ruffled the drifts which already lay thick in the hollows. Till midnight, and for an hour beyond, this voice of the sea was as the baying of a monstrous hound.

None in the homestead slept. The silence, broken only by that strange, menacing baying of the waves as they roamed through the solitudes environing the isle, was so intense that sometimes the ears echoed as with the noise of a rush of wings, or as with the sonorous suspensions between the striking of bell and bell in monotonously swung chimes.

Then again, suddenly, and still without the coming of wind, the sea ceased its hoarse, angry baying, and, after lapse within lapse till its chime was almost inaudible, gave forth in a solemn dirge the majestic music of its inmost heart.

And at the last, when the husband carries the lifeless burden of his wife out into the white shroud of the new-fallen snow, and, for a moment recovering his reason, knows his loss and the mystery of life, the human emotions are again involved in the vision and sound of the sea:

Idly he watched a small, grey snow-cloud passing low above the island.

A warm breath reached the heart of it, and set the myriad wings astir. Down, straight down above the isle and for a few fathoms beyond it, they fluttered waveringly.

The fall was like a veil suspended over Ithona: a veil so thin, so transparent, that the sky was visible through it as an azure dusk; and beneath it, the sea as a blue-flowing lawn whereover its skirts trailed; while behind it, the rising sunfire was a shimmer of amber-yellow that made every falling flake glisten like burnished gold. . . .

The sea lay breathing in a deep calm all around the isle. But, from its heart that never slumbers, rose as of yore, and for ever, a rumour as of muffled prophesyings, a Voice of Awe, a Voice of Dread.

Having found his public in these two tales, Mr. Sharp, I think, a little abused its good-nature. A few of the shorter stories have a weird beauty not without some relation to human experience, and some of the nature-essays, written at the very end of his life and brought together under the title of *Where the Forest Murmurs*, display an intimate union of symbolism and real observation such as many in these latter days have attempted but few have achieved. He never, for instance, did anything better in its way than *The Hill Tarn*, which tells how an old gillie climbed one mid-winter day to a solitary pool in the mountains, and what strange sight there met his eyes:

. . . He started before dawn, but did not reach the lochan till a red fire of sunset flared along the crests. The tarn was frozen deep, and for all the pale light that dwelled upon it was black as basalt, for a noon-tempest

had swept its surface clear of snow. At first he thought small motionless icebergs lay in it, but wondered at their symmetrical circle. He descended as far as he dared, and saw that seven wild-swans were frozen on the tarn's face. They had alit there to rest, no doubt: but a fierce cold had numbed them, and an intense frost of death had suddenly transfixed each as they swam slowly circlewise as is their wont. They may have been there for days, perhaps for weeks. A month later the gillie repeated his arduous and dangerous feat. They were still there, motionless, ready for flight as it seemed.

How often in thought I have seen that coronal of white swans above the dark face of that far, solitary tarn: in how many dreams I have listened to the rustle of unloosening wings, and seen seven white phantoms rise cloud-like, and like clouds at night drift swiftly into the dark; and heard, as mournful bells through the solitudes of sleep, the *honk-honk* of the wild-swans traversing the obscure forgotten ways to the secret country beyond sleep and dreams and silence.

Take away the conventional inanity of that last phrase and you have here a passage which contains an image at once rare and actual and in itself suggestive of the most romantic interpretation. If Mr. Sharp had written always, or even often, in that vein, he would have accomplished something memorable and large in English letters; but too frequently the symbolism runs quite away with him and leaves one vaguely wondering whether he really had anything in his mind to symbolize. Many of the old Gaelic traditions and legends which he has attempted to revivify strike one in his rendering as mere

empty vapouring. Though he never united himself unreservedly with the so-called Celtic movement and deprecated its too common hostility to prosaic sense and to everything Saxon, even bringing upon himself the obsecrations of some of the fiercer enthusiasts, yet in his inability to distinguish between an idea or even a genuine emotion and the fluttering of tired nerves he fell again and again into meaningless rhetoric that makes the loosest vapourings of "A. E." or Mr. W. B. Yeats seem solid and compact of reason. His two plays based on old Irish legends are frankly in the school of the so-called Psychic Drama, which is the ambition of many young writers for the stage in other countries as well as in Ireland. The ultimate aim of this *théâtre de l'âme*, he says in the introduction to one of these plays, is "to express the passion of remorse under the signal of a Voice lamenting, or the passion of tears under the signal of a Cry, and be content to give no name to these protagonists." He has not, indeed, gone quite to this extreme of inanity in his actual production, but he has gone far enough to empty his characters of all individuality, and in making them the mere mouthpieces of the vaguest bubbles of revery has left them passionless nonentities. Compare his work in this kind with that of Mr. Synge, who died just recently. Mr. Synge had too much feeling for his audience and too strong a grasp on

personal emotion to lose himself utterly in this shadow-world, and his characters, for all his Celtic twilight, have some of the blood of real life in them. The simple fact is that Mr. Sharp, having got the trick of this sort of symbolic writing, found it delightfully easy and indulged in it without restraint. Possibly he deceived himself into believing that to write without thought is to write with inspiration; in reality he was abusing an outworn convention. Take a stanza of his poems — almost any stanza will do:

Oh, fair immaculate rose of the world, rose of my dream, my Rose!
Beyond the ultimate gates of dream I have heard thy mystical call:
It is where the rainbow of hope suspends and the river of rapture flows —
And the cool sweet dews from the wells of peace for ever fall.

Now it is quite possible that these phrases — "rose of my dream," "ultimate gates of dream," "rainbow of hope," "river of rapture," "wells of peace" — it is quite possible that these phrases when first struck out corresponded to some yearning for an ideal clearly conceived and strongly imaged, but as they are used and endlessly reiterated by Mr. Sharp, and by others of his school, they become a pure poetic convention emptier of specific content than the much-abused *clichés* of the pseudo-classical poets. They require no effort on the part of the poet, and convey no

shock of meaning to the reader. You remember the Grand Academy of Lagado which was once visited by a certain Mr. Gulliver, and the pleasant device of the academicians to produce literature without waste of brain. Well, something like that might seem to be the method employed in turning out a good deal of this late romantic prose and verse. All you need do is to have a frame of shifting blocks on which are inscribed severally the conventional phrases, and then by the turn of a crank to throw them into new combinations, and, presto, the thing is done. Dr. Johnson said the last word on this sort of composition when he demolished Ossian: "Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it."

In fact there is in all this literature a double misunderstanding, as must be pretty clear from what has been already said about it. Sharp and those who were working with him believed that they were faithfully renewing the old Celtic idealism, and they believed also that in this revival there was the prophecy of a great spiritual and imaginative renovation for the world; whereas in simple truth their inspiration came essentially from a source that had nothing to do with any special character of the Celts, and so far from being heralds of youth they are the fag end of a movement that shows every sign of expiring. Now it is well not to exaggerate on either side.

Something of the ancient Celtic imagination has undoubtedly been caught up by these young enthusiasts. There is to begin with in the writings of Fiona Macleod a good deal of the actual legendary matter, taken in part from written records and in part from the fragmentary and fast-disappearing tradition among the Gaelic-speaking people of the Highlands and the Western Islands. The mere use of the names and myths of a time is likely to carry with it something of the emotional content that has become associated with them. The new and the old schools of the Celt have thus certain traits in common — the sense of fateful brooding, the feeling of dark and bright powers concealed in nature and working mysteriously upon human destiny, the conception of passions as forces that have a strange life in themselves and come into the breasts of men as if they were ghostly visitants, the craving for unearthly but very real beauty, the haunting belief in a supernatural world that lies now far away in the unattainable West, and now buried beneath our feet or just trembling into vision, the mixture of fear and yearning towards that world as a source of incalculable joys or dark forgetful madness to those who break in upon its secret reserve. All these things, more or less explicit, you will find in the saga literature of Ireland as it has been paraphrased by Lady Gregory in her *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* or translated

more literally by Miss Hull and other scholars; and you will find them in the books of Fiona Macleod and Mr. Yeats. But withal the essential spirit of the sagas is quite different from that of these imitators — as different as tremendous action is from sickly brooding. The light in the old tales is hard and sharp and brilliant, whereas our modern writers rather like to merge the outlines of nature in an all-obliterating grey. The heroes in the sagas are men and women that throb with insatiable life, and their emotions, whatever mysticism may lie in the background, are the stark, mortal passions of love and greed and hatred and revenge and lamentable grief; whereas it is the creed of the newer school, fortunately not always followed, to create a literature, which, instead of dealing with the clashing wills of men, shall, in the words of Fiona Macleod, offer "the subtlest and most searching means for the imagination to compel reality to dreams, to compel actuality to vision, to compel to the symbolic congregation of words the bewildering throng of wandering and illusive thoughts and ideas." What Fiona Macleod meant by this "theatre of the soul" can be made clear by a single comparison. There is in the book of Lady Gregory a version of the *Fate of the Sons of Usnach*, being an account of the marvellous loveliness of Deirdre and of the ruin it wrought, which, in spite of some incoherence, is one of

the unforgettable stories of the world. When Deirdre is born a Druid comes to the house, and sees the child, and utters this vision of the future:

O Deirdre, on whose account many shall weep, on whose account many women shall be envious, there will be trouble on Ulster for your sake, O fair daughter of Fedlimid.

Many will be jealous of your face, O flame of beauty; for your sake heroes shall go to exile. For your sake deeds of anger shall be done in Emain; there is harm in your face, for it will bring banishment and death on the sons of kings. . . .

You will have a little grave apart to yourself; you will be a tale of wonder for ever, Deirdre.

Now Mr. Sharp has adopted the story of *The House of Usna* for his theatre of the soul, and this is what he has to say in a song of Deirdre:

Dim face of Beauty haunting all the world,
Fair face of Beauty all too fair to see,
Where the lost stars adown the heavens are hurled
There, there alone for thee
May white peace be.

For here, where all the dreams of men are whirled
Like sere, torn leaves of autumn to and fro,
There is no place for thee in all the world,
Who drifted as a star,
Beyond, afar.

Between the very woman Deirdre of the saga and this "dim face of Beauty" a whole civilization has passed; the force that is moving Fiona

Macleod is in its essential quality not from the Celt or Gael, but, as the phrase adopted by her implies, from the *théâtre de l'âme* of Maeterlinck, and far behind him from the whole romantic movement of Europe. We have seen the earlier grandiose schemes of William Sharp melted down in practice to a commonplace imitation of Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats; these later productions of Fiona Macleod, though they show more literary skill and take much of their glamour from reminiscences of Celtic legend, are essentially drawn from the same failing well from which in its abundance those poets drew their sturdier dreams of pantheism. Here is the twilight and not the dawn of a great movement.

I have not made myself understood if I have conveyed the idea that there is nothing of loveliness in this late manifestation of romanticism. And I know well its plea of justification. Relaxation, one says, has its place as well as strenuous intention. It is wholesome at times to withdraw from the struggle of existence and wander by the lonely shores, where the sharpness of life's outlines is blurred by floating mists, and the voices of the world are lost in the lisp and clamour of the tides; where the hard sense of our individual personality dissolves into the flux of vague impersonal forces, and the difficulties of thought and the pangs of unattained desire are soothed into inconsequential revery. Especially when

the heart is fatigued by the harsh intrusions of science and a scientific philosophy it is good to seek refuge in surrender to an impressionism that acknowledges no law of control. I would not even say that this opposition to science — and at bottom modern romance is an attempt to escape from the circle of scientific necessity — has no specious argument on its side. For, after all, if we must interpret nature in terms of human comprehension, why have not the emotions as good a right as reason to dictate the symbols of the formula? If Sir George Darwin is justified in elaborating a mathematical equation which shall express the action of the tides in the pure language of man's intellect, why may not the romantic poet express them in the speech of pure emotion? In the one case we are enabled to predict the recurrence of phenomena and so to enlarge the sphere of rational life; in the other case we add new realms to our emotional life. In either case we are dealing with symbols only and are brought not one step nearer to a realization of the sheer fact of nature; nor is it easy to see how one set of symbols has more reality in its influence on conduct and practice than the other.

The fault of this pantheistic romance, in truth, lies not in its opposition to science, but in the illusory character of that opposition, and in its inability at the last to lift the imagination out of the very field in which science also moves. They

are both the children of naturalism, and grew up together. There are gleams of magic beauty in this romance; there is a momentary relief in flinging one's self from the purely intellectual absorption in nature to the purely emotional, from rationalism to revery; but the change is no more than a change in attitude towards the same master, and the desired liberation is not here. Rather, as the divergence between science and romance is widened, the bounds within which they are both confined press more harshly upon the imagination, and the mind, vacillating restlessly from one extreme to the other, ends in a state of futile irritation. These glimpses of illusory beauty and this offer of freedom leave us in the end a more helpless prey of the unlovely tyranny from which we thought to escape.

NIETZSCHE

NIETZSCHE

If the number of books written about a subject is any proof of interest in it, Nietzsche must have become one of the most popular of authors among Englishmen and Americans. Besides the authorized version of his Works appearing under the editorial care of Dr. Levy,[1] every season for the past three or four years has brought at least one new interpretation of his theories or biography of the man. Virtually all of these books are composed by professed and uncritical admirers, but we can, nevertheless, see the figure of Nietzsche beginning to stand out in its true character. He was not quite the Galahad of philosophy that he appeared to his sister,[2] yet neither was he the monster of immorality which frightened us when first his theories began to be bruited abroad. The stern, calculating Superman turns out on inspection to be a creature of quivering nerves and of extreme sensitiveness to the opinion of his fellows, though with a vein of dauntless resolution through it all.

[1] *The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche.* The first complete and authorized English translation. Edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. London: T. N. Foulis; New York: The Macmillan Co. 18 volumes.

[2] *Das Leben Friedrich Nietzsche's.* Von Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche. Leipzig. 1895, 1897, 1904. — The best biography in English is *The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche,* by Daniel Halévy; translated [from the French] by J. M. Hone. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1911.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, to give his full baptismal name, was born in the little village of Röcken, October 15, 1844. His father, a Lutheran clergyman of scholarly and musical tastes, suffered a severe fall when the child was four years old, and died after a short period of mental aberration. In 1850 the widow went with her son and her daughter Elisabeth to live with her husband's mother and sister in Naumburg-an-der-Saale. There Friedrich grew to be a solemn, thoughtful boy, nicknamed by his comrades "the little pastor." With his sister and one or two friends he raised about himself a fantastic world of the imagination, in which he played many heroic rôles. Yet always he felt himself alone and set apart. "From childhood," he wrote in his boyish journal, "I sought solitude, and found my happiness there where undisturbed I could retire into myself."

At the age of fourteen he received a scholarship at the school of Pforta, situated on the Saale about five miles from Naumburg. In this cloistered institution, where the ancient discipline of the Cistercian founders still prevailed over its Protestant curriculum, Nietzsche acquired that thorough grounding in the classics which served him later in his philological studies, and for a while he felt in his heart the influence of the religious, almost monastic, life. But the spirit of weariness and rebellion soon supervened. "The

existence of God," he wrote in an exercise for a literary society, "immortality, the authority of the Bible, Revelation, and the like, will forever remain problems. I have attempted to deny everything: ah, to destroy is easy, but to build up!" And further: "Very often submission to the will of God and humility are but a covering mantle for cowardly reluctance to face our destiny with determination." — So early was the boy preluding to the life-work of the man.

At Pforta, Nietzsche had become intimate with Paul Deussen (afterwards the eminent Oriental scholar and disciple of Schopenhauer), and with Deussen and another friend he began his university career at Bonn. But from his comrades there he soon fled, "like a fugitive," he says, and went to Leipzig. Here he came under the influence that was to shape his whole literary career. Chancing one day at a bookshop on a copy of *The World as Will and Representation*, he heard as it were a dæmon whispering in his ear: "Take the book home with you." This was his *Tolle, lege;* the message had found him. Rebel as he might in later years against Schopenhauer's pessimistic doctrine of blind, unmeaning will; try as he might to construct a positive doctrine out of that blank negation, he never got the poison out of his blood. Much of the pose and lyric misanthropy of *Zarathustra* is really an echo of what he read in his room on that fateful

day. It is probable, too, that his careful use of language is partly due to the influence of Schopenhauer. In Leipzig also he met the man who was to be the great joy and the great torment of his life. One memorable evening, at the house of a friend, he was introduced to Wagner, heard him play from the *Meistersinger*, and learnt that the "musician of the future" was a disciple of Schopenhauer.

Meanwhile he had not neglected his classical studies and had already published several philological essays in the *Rheinisches Museum*. In 1869, through the recommendation of his master and friend, Ritschl, he was appointed Professor of Philology in the University of Basle, and took up his residence in the Swiss town, not without misgivings over his youth and his unfitness for the routine of teaching. Nevertheless, he threw himself into the task with zeal and was, in the beginning at least, highly successful with the students.

At that time Richard and Cosima Wagner were living in seclusion at Triebschen on the lake of the Four Cantons, not far from Lucerne, while the master was completing his great tetralogy. Here Nietzsche renewed the acquaintance which had been begun at Leipzig, and was soon deeply absorbed in Wagner's ideas and ambitions. "I have found a man," he wrote in a letter after his first visit to Triebschen, "who more than any

other reveals to me the image of what Schopenhauer calls 'genius,' and who is quite penetrated with that wonderful, fervent philosophy. . . . No one knows him and can judge him, because all the world stands on another basis and is not at home in his atmosphere. In him rules an ideality so absolute, a humanity so profound and moving, an earnestness of life so exalted, that in his presence I feel myself as in the presence of the divine." Under the sway of this admiration Nietzsche wrote and published his first book, *The Birth of Tragedy*, in which he broke lance with the pedantic routine of philology as then taught in the universities, and held up the Wagnerian opera as a reincarnation of the spirit of Greek tragedy and as the art of the future. "Anything more beautiful than your book I have never read! all is noble!" was the comment of the complaisant master. Nietzsche always maintained that those were the happiest days of his life; for a little while he was excited out of imprisoning egotism and caught up into another egotism greater than his own. But the cause of his happiness was also the cause of its instability. No doubt the scandalous rupture between the two friends was due in part to philosophical differences, for in the Wagnerian opera Nietzsche came later to see all the elements of romantic idealism which were most abhorrent to him. But deeper yet lay the inevitable necessity that two

personalities, each of which sought to absorb the world into itself, should separate with fire and thunder. In his last days Nietzsche insinuated that there had been love between him and Cosima, but this was no doubt a delusion of madness. The friendship and quarrel are easily explained as a tragic and humorous incident of romanticism.

But to return to Basle. The routine of university life soon became irksome to Nietzsche. He felt within him the stirring of a new philosophy, to develop which he needed leisure and independence. His health, too, began to alarm him. In one of the recesses of his Leipzig years he had been drafted into a Prussian regiment of artillery, despite his exemption due to short sight, and had served reluctantly but faithfully, until released on account of an injury caused by falling from his horse. His strength was never the same after that, though the seat of his disease was deeper than any accidental hurt. Especially at Basle he began to suffer severely from insomnia and various nervous ailments, and at last, in 1879, he broke his connection with the university, and went out into the world to seek health and to publish his new gospel.

For a while he lived with his sister, and projected with her great schemes for a kind of monastic seminary, wherein a few noble spirits, dissatisfied with the world and, needless to add, devoted

to himself, should dwell together and from their studious seclusion pour out a stream of philosophy to regenerate society. After his sister left him — they parted not on the best of terms — he passed his time in Italy and Switzerland. He was always a lover of the mountains, and especially in the pure air of the Engadine he found temporary relief for the ills of the body and refreshment of spirit after contact with unsympathetic mankind. He walked much, and his later books — with the exception of *Zarathustra*, which possesses some thread of composition — are not much more than miscellaneous collections of *pensées* jotted down as they came to him by the way. A flattering portrait of him in these lonelier years was drawn by his enthusiastic disciple, Madame Meta von Salis-Marschlins, in her *Philosoph und Edelmensch*. Not all was yet cloud and gloom about his brooding soul, and the Superman was still capable of gay comradeship and of the most approved German revery over the beauties of nature. His conversation, when he felt at ease, was copious and brilliant. But he was slipping more and more into bitter, self-consuming solitude. "I have forty-three years behind me," he wrote one day, "and am as alone as if I were a child."

The end was unrelieved darkness. With the neglect or vilification of his books, with the alienation of one friend after another, and with the

growth of the taint in his blood, his self-absorption developed into fitful illusions and downright megalomania. His last work he called *Ecce Homo*, and to Brandes, the well-known critic, he wrote: —

> FRIEND GEORGE, — Since you have discovered me, it is not wonderful to find me: what is now difficult is to lose me.
>
> THE CRUCIFIED.

After lingering some time in imbecility under the care of his sister at Weimar, he died on the 25th of August, 1900.

One may begin the perusal of the life of Nietzsche with a feeling of repulsion for the man, — at least that, I confess, was my own experience, — but one can scarcely lay it down without pity for his tragic failures, and without something like admiration for his reckless devotion to ideas. And all through the reading one is impressed by the truth which his ardent worshipper, Madame von Salis-Marschlins, has made the keynote of her characterization: "He — and this is the salient point — condemned a whole class of feelings in their excess, not because he did not have them, but just because he did have them and knew their danger." That truth is as important for judging the man as for understanding his philosophy. He was a man terribly at war with himself, and in this very breach in his nature lies the attraction — powerfully felt but not always

clearly understood — of his works for the modern world. No doubt, if we look into the causes of his growing popularity, we shall find that a considerable part of his writing is just the sort of spasmodic commonplace that enraptures the half-cultured and flatters them with thinking they have discovered a profound philosophical basis for their untutored emotions. But withal he cannot be quite so easily disposed of. He may be, like Poe, "three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths mere fudge"; but the inspired part of him is the provocative and, it might be said, final expression of one side of the contest between the principles of egotism and sympathy that for two centuries and more has been waging for the polity and morals of the world. We cannot rightly understand Nietzsche unless we find his place in this long debate, and to do this we must take a rapid glance backward.

The problem to which Nietzsche gives so absolute an answer was definitely posed in the eighteenth century but its peculiarity is best shown by comparing it with the issue as seen in the preceding age. To the dominant moralists of the seventeenth century the basis of human nature was a pure egotism. La Rochefoucauld gave the most finished expression to this belief in his doctrine of *amour-propre*, displaying itself in a vanity that takes pleasure in the praise of ourselves and a jealousy that takes umbrage at the praise of

others. In England the motive of egotism had already been developed by Hobbes into a complete philosophy of the State. "In the first place," said Hobbes, "I put forth, for a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death." The natural condition of mankind, therefore, is that every man's hand should be against every other man, and society is the result of a compact by which individuals, since each is unable to defend himself alone against the passions of all others, are driven to mutual concessions. The contrary principle of natural sympathy was involved in the political theories of Grotius and his followers. It is even more fully implied in the vagaries of certain of the sects commonly called Levellers, underlying, for example, the protest of the fanatic company of Diggers who, when arrested for starting a communistic settlement in Surrey, declared that "the time of deliverance was at hand; and God would bring His People out of slavery, and restore them to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the Earth.... That their intent is to restore the Creation to its former condition.... That the times will suddenly be, when all men shall willingly come and give up their lands and estates, and submit to this Community of Goods."

In this opposition between Hobbes's notion of the natural condition of man as one of warfare,

and the humble effort of the Diggers to restore mankind to a primitive state of equality and fraternity, one may see foreshadowed the ethical theories of self-interest and benevolence which were to be developed in the next century. But there was an element in the theorizing of the seventeenth century which separates these men from their successors. Above the idea of nature hovered, more or less distinctly, the idea of a supernatural power. Even Hobbes, though he was repudiated by his own party as an atheist, and though his philosophy was in itself one of pure naturalism, was led by the spirit of the age to complete his conception of the civil commonwealth dependent on the law of nature with a Christian commonwealth based on supernatural revelation and the will of God. So, on the other hand, the political schemes of fraternity were almost universally subordinate to notions of theocratic government. Of purely natural sympathy, as it was later to be developed into the sole source of virtue, the epoch had comparatively little thought. This distinction is of the utmost importance in the history of ethics, and may be rendered more precise by consideration of a few lines from that erudite scholar, but crabbed poet, Dr. Henry More. In his *Cupid's Conflict* the great Platonist becomes almost lyrical when this theme is touched:

When I my self from mine own self do quit
And each thing else; then an all-spreaden love
To the vast Universe my soul doth fit,
Makes me half equall to All-seeing Jove.
My mightie wings high stretch'd then clapping light
I brush the starres and make them shine more bright.

Then all the works of God with close embrace
I dearly hug in my enlarged arms,
All the hid paths of heavenly Love I trace
And boldly listen to his secret charms.

The same idea occurs more than once in the mystical doctor's prose, which was, if truth be told, a good deal more poetical than his verse. "And even the more Miserable Objects in this present Scene of things," he somewhere writes, "cannot divest him of his Happiness, but rather modifie it; the Sweetness of his Spirit being melted into a kindly compassion in the behalf of Others: Whom if he be able to help, it is a greater Accession to his Joy; and if he cannot, the being Conscious to himself of so sincere a compassion, and so harmonious and suitable to the present State of things, carries along with it some degree of Pleasure, like Mournful Notes of Musick exquisitely well fitted to the Sadness of the Ditty."

It is clear that this sense of compassion is a motive utterly different in kind from the sympathy which meant so much to the next age; to pass from one to the other a great principle had to be eliminated from the philosophy of human conduct, and this principle was manifestly the sense

of the divine, of the infinite which stood apart from mortal passions and of which some simulacrum resided in the human breast. The man who finally effected this revolution, partly by virtue of his own genius and partly as spokesman of his time, was John Locke, whose *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, published in 1690 as the result of eighteen years of reflection, became the bible, so to speak, of the next century. Locke did not expressly deny the existence of a supernatural world. To explain our sense of morality he still had recourse to a law of God imposed upon man by decree and without any corresponding law in nature; and he began his philosophical discussion by a kind of apology, declaring that "God having endued man with those faculties of knowing which he hath, was no more obliged by his Goodness to plant those innate notions in his mind, than that, having given him reason, hands, and materials, He should build him bridges or houses." But, having thus apologetically cleared the field, Locke proceeded to elaborate a theory of sensations and ideas which really leaves no place in the human soul for anything outside of the phenomenal laws of nature. It was his task to give a clear psychological basis to a philosophy which had been struggling for existence through the seventeenth century.

One of the first and strangest fruits of this new naturalism was Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*,

which undertakes to show by the apologue of a hive of bees that the welfare of a State is the result of the counterbalancing of the passions of its individual citizens, that, in a word, private vices are public virtues:

> Thus every Part was full of Vice,
> Yet the whole Mass a Paradise.

The poem in itself was not much more than a clever *jeu d'esprit*, but the *Remarks* and the *Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue*, which he published in defence of his thesis, are among the acutest psychological tracts of the age. "I believe man," he says, "(besides skin, flesh, bones, etc., that are obvious to the eye) to be a compound of various passions, that all of them, as they are provoked and come uppermost, govern him by turns, whether he will or no." The passions which produce the effect of virtue are those that spring from pride and the sense of power and the desire of luxury. "Pity," he adds, "though it is the most gentle and the least mischievous of all our passions, is yet as much a frailty of our nature, as anger, pride, or fear. The weakest minds have generally the greatest share of it, for which reason none are more compassionate than women and children." Such a theory of the passions is a legitimate, if onesided, deduction from the naturalistic philosophy as it left the hands of Locke; the ethical conclusions, it will be observed, have

a curious similarity with the later system of Nietzsche. The theory of Mandeville was too violently in opposition to the common sense of mankind to produce much direct influence, but it remained as a great scandal of letters. It brought the author an indictment before the grand jury of Middlesex for impiety; and as late as 1765 Diderot, in his criticism of a large and inartistic painting, could be understood when he exclaimed: "What shall we do with such a thing? You who defend the *Fable of the Bees* will no doubt say to me that it brings money to the sellers of paints and canvas. To the devil with sophists! With them good and evil no longer exist!"

The real exegete of Locke's Scripture, he who made naturalism current by finding within it, without recourse to any extrinsic law, a sufficient principle of moral conduct, was David Hume. Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*, published in 1739 and 1740, fell dead from the press, and was in part repudiated when in 1751, he put forth his shorter *Inquiry into the Principles of Morals*. Yet there is in reality no fundamental difference between his earlier and later theories, and the doctrines which passed to Rousseau and Kant were fully and definitely pronounced in the *Treatise* written before the author had completed his twenty-ninth year. Those doctrines had been foreshadowed, so to speak, by Shaftesbury, but Shaftesbury, though one of the leading influences

of the age, was too confused or indolent a thinker to clear his ideas of the gorgeous rhetoric that involved them. With Hume rhetoric was supplanted by an insatiable desire of analysis. He begins by resolving the world into an absolute flux, wherein the only reality for us is a succession of sensations, beyond which all is a fiction of the imagination. I enter a room and perceive a certain chair; if after an interval of time I return to the room and perceive the same chair, the feeling that this object of perception and the former are identical is merely created by my "propensity to feign." Our notion of cause and effect is likewise a fiction, due to the fact that we have perceived a certain sequence of phenomena a number of times, and have come to associate them together; we have no real assurance that a similar sequence will happen another time. And human nature is equally a flux, without any element of unity or identity. An idea is nothing more than a reproduced and fainter sensation, and all knowledge is nothing more than probability. There is no persistent self, but only a "succession of related ideas and impressions, of which we have an intimate memory and consciousness." In this flood of sensations pleasure and pain alone can be the motives of action, and to pleasure and pain alone our notion of virtue and vice must be ultimately reduced.

In his analysis of the moral sense Hume begins

with the conception of property, upon which he raises the superstructure of society. Self-interest is fundamentally opposed to admitting the claims of others to possession, but the only way I can be assured of retaining what I possess is by allowing my neighbour to retain what he possesses. Justice, then, is a mutual concession of self-interests for the advantage of each. A just act is an act that is useful at once to society and the individual by strengthening the security of property. But a just act is not in itself virtuous; the sense of virtue is the agreeable emotion, or passion, as Hume calls it, that comes to us when we perceive a man perform an act of justice which, by the power of throwing ourselves sympathetically into the position of others, we feel to be indirectly useful to ourselves. The pleasurable emotion of self-interest is the motive of just action, the pleasurable emotion of sympathy with an act of justice in which we are not immediately concerned is the sense of virtue. Besides this passion of justice which is necessary for the very existence of society, Hume recognized certain minor passions, such as benevolence, which are not instigated by mutual self-interest, but spring directly from the inherent tendency of man to sympathize with his fellows. Manifestly there are serious difficulties in this reduction of virtue and vice to agreeable and disagreeable passions. It leaves no motive for virtue when the individual

has become conscious of the basis of justice in the mutual concessions of self-interest, and asks why he should not foster this concession by the appearance of surrendering his native rights while secretly grasping all in his power; it furnishes no clear difference between the passions which actuate the hero and the *gourmet*, between a Nathan Hale uttering his regret that he had only one life to give for his country and a Talleyrand saying placidly, "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined." The lacunæ point to some vital error in Hume's philosophy, but his theory of self-interest and sympathy was none the less the first clear expression of a revolutionary change in thought and morals.

Twenty years after the date of Hume's *Treatise* his friend Adam Smith published *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, in which the doctrine of sympathy was carried a long step forward. Utility is still the measure of virtue and vice, but a man now not only has the sense of virtue from sympathy with an act of justice, but is himself led to act justly through a sense of sympathy with the feelings that his conduct will arouse in others. Furthermore, through the habit of reflection we come to harbour a kind of impersonal sympathy with, or antipathy to, our own acts similar to that which we feel for the acts of others. "It is not," says Smith, "the love of our neighbour, it is not the love of mankind, which upon many occasions

prompts us to the practice of those divine virtues. It is a stronger love, a more powerful affection which generally takes place upon such occasions; the love of what is honourable and noble, of the grandeur, and dignity, and superiority of our own characters." Thus in the system of Adam Smith sympathy becomes the actuating cause of virtue and is even able to transform self-love into a motive wearing the mask of absolute virtue.

Not the least significant feature of the advance from Hume's philosophy is the introduction of the word "sentiment" into the title of Adam Smith's treatise, for during the remaining years of the century the chief development of the doctrine of sympathy in England is found in the novelists of the sentimental school. "*Sentimental!* what is that?" is the record in Wesley's Journal after reading Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. "It is not English: he might as well say *Continental*. It is not sense. It conveys no determinate idea; yet one fool makes many. And this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is become a fashionable one!" The hypercritical evangelist might have been told that if the word conveyed no determinate idea, it at least represented a very definite force and had a perfectly clear origin. It was nothing else but the logical outcome of Hume's and Adam Smith's theory of sympathy entirely dissevered from any supernatural principle as the source of virtue. From 1760 to 1768

Sterne was issuing the successive volumes of *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*, in which this virtue of sentimental sympathy, reduced to pure sensibility, if not to morbidly sensitive nerves, and utterly freed from reason or character or the law of cause and effect, appears full-blown. Whatever practical moral these books may have is to be found in the episode of my Uncle Toby tenderly letting the buzzing fly out of the window or in the tears of the pilgrim over the carcass of a dead ass. If Sterne's sentiment was apt to grow a trifle maudlin, that of his contemporary, Henry Brooke, was a constant downflow of soul. "This is a book of tears," says a modern editor of Brooke's *Fool of Quality;* "but they are tears that purge and purify with pity and compassion." I am inclined to think the purging for many readers to-day would come more from ridicule than from pity; but the book is notable as an attempt to depict a life made completely virtuous by the new sentiment of sympathy for all mankind. Hearken for a minute to one of the sermons of the pious Mentor of the story to his youthful charge:

> I once told you, my darling [he says], that all the evil which is in you belongs to yourself, and that all the good which is in you belongs to your God. . . .
>
> Remember, therefore, this distinction in yourself and all others; remember that, when you feel or see any instance of selfishness, you feel and see the coveting,

grudging, and grappling of the creature; but that, when you feel or see any instance of benevolence, you feel and see the informing influence of your God. All possible vice and malignity subsists in the one; all possible virtue, all possible beauty, all possible blessedness, subsists in the other.

Now two things are remarkable in this passage, and would stand out even more plainly if I should quote at greater length. First, we have got completely away from the utilitarian theory of social virtue as a mutual concession of self-interests, which was propounded by Hobbes and essentially retained by Locke and Hume and Adam Smith, though gradually overlaid by the modifying power of sympathy. In Brooke's philosophy self-interest and benevolence are finally and absolutely sundered: the one is all vice, the other is all virtue. And, secondly, we may see here how far this newer notion of sympathy is removed from the compassion of Hobbes's Platonizing contemporary; the contrast is even more vivid from the fact that Brooke gives a thoroughly Christian turn to the expression of the "eternal law of benevolence," as he calls it. In Henry More the "kindly compassion" for the world is entirely subsidiary to the rapture of a spirit caught up in celestial contemplation, whereas in *The Fool of Quality* love is indeed planted in us by a divine hand as a force contrary to what Brooke calls "the very horrible and de-

testable nature of Self," but its total meaning and effect are in a sentimental dissolution of man's self in the idea of humanity. We have reached, that is to say, the genuine springs of humanitarianism.

Meanwhile the doctrine of sympathy had passed in France into the pen, if not into the heart, of one whose genius was to give it a new colour and a power sufficient to crush and remould societies. It is not necessary to go at large into well-known theories of Rousseau. In his *Discourse on Inequality* (1755) and his *Social Contract* (1762) he, like his English predecessors, starts with the motives of self-interest and sympathy, but soon gives them a different direction. He saw, as did Hobbes and Hume, that property depends on the mutual concessions of self-interest, but he saw further that on this basis alone society and traditional morality were in a condition of unstable equilibrium, were in fact founded on injustice and not on justice at all. He perceived no relief from this hazardous condition except through counteracting self-interest by the equally innate and human force of sympathy, which was somehow to be called into action as the *volonté générale*, or mystical will of the people, embracing and absorbing the wills and desires of individuals into one harmonious purpose.

One step more and we shall have ended this preliminary history of the growth of sympathy as

the controlling principle of morals. From Rousseau it passed into Germany and became one of the mainsprings of the romantic movement. You will find its marks everywhere in that literature: in the peculiarly sentimental attitude towards nature, in the impossible yearning of the *schöne Seelen* for brotherhood, in the whole philosophy of feeling. I am not sure that it does not lurk in Kant's fundamental rule of morality: "Act on a maxim which thou canst will to be law universal"; it certainly lives and finds its highest expression in Schleiermacher's attempt to reunite the individual with the infinite by dissolving the mind in sympathetic contemplation of the flowing universe of things. And in this heated, unwholesome atmosphere of German romanticism sprang up and blossomed our modern ethics of humanitarianism. The theories of socialism are diverse and often superficially contradictory; they profess to stand on a foundation of economic law and the necessity of evolution, but in reality they spring from Rousseau's ideal of sympathy working itself out as a force sufficient in itself to combine the endless oppositions of self-interest in the *volonté générale*, and from the romantic conception of the infinite as an emotion obtained from surrender of self to the universal flux. From the former come the political schemes of humanitarianism; from the latter its religious sanction and fanatical intolerance.

This survey of the growth of self-interest and sympathy may seem a long parenthesis in the study of Nietzsche, but I do not see how otherwise we can understand the problem with which he struggled, or the meaning of his proposed solution. Now, Nietzsche's writing, as I have said, is too often in a style of spasmodic commonplace, displaying a tortured effort to appear profound. But it is in places also singularly vivid, with a power of clinging epithet and a picturesque exaggeration or grotesqueness that may remind one of Carlyle. Consider, for example, part of the chapter of *Zarathustra* entitled *Redemption:*

As Zarathustra one day passed over the great bridge, he was surrounded by cripples and beggars, and a hunchback spake thus to him:

"Behold, Zarathustra, even the people learn from thee, and acquire faith in thy doctrine; but for these to believe fully in thee, one thing is yet needful — thou must first of all convince us cripples." . . .

Then answered Zarathustra unto him who so spake: . . . Yet is this the smallest thing to me since I have been amongst men, that one man lacks an eye, another an ear, a third a leg, and that others have lost their tongue, or their nose, or their head.

I see and have seen a worse thing and diverse things so monstrous that of all I might not speak and of some I might not keep silence: I have seen human beings to whom everything was lacking, except that of one thing they had too much — men who are nothing more than a big eye, or a big mouth, or a big belly, or something else big — reversed cripples I name such men.

And when I came out of my solitude and for the first

time passed over this bridge, then I could not trust my eyes, and looked, and looked again, and I said at last: "That is an ear! an ear as big as a man!" I looked still more attentively; and actually there did move under the ear something that was pitiably small and poor and slim. And in truth this immense ear was perched on a small thin stalk — and the stalk was a man! With a glass before your eyes you might even recognize further a tiny envious countenance, and also that a bloated soullet dangled at the stalk. The people told me, however, that the big ear was not only a man, but a great man, a genius. But I never believed the people when they spake of great men — and I hold to my belief that it was a reversed cripple, who had too little of everything and too much of one thing....

Verily, my friends, I walk amongst men as amongst the fragments and limbs of men!

This is the terrible thing to mine eye, that I find men broken up and scattered as on a field of battle and butchery.

And when mine eye fleeth from the present to the bygone, it findeth always the same: fragments and members and fearful chance — but no men!

The present and the bygone upon earth — alas, my friends, that is to me the intolerable; and I should not know how to live were I not a seer also of that which must come.

A seer, a willer, a creator, a future itself, and a bridge to the future — and, alas, also as it were a cripple upon this bridge: all that is Zarathustra....

To redeem what is past, and to transform every "It was" into "Thus would I have it!" — that alone I call redemption....

To will liberateth; but what is that named which still putteth the liberator in chains?

"It was" — so is named the Will's gnashing of teeth

and loneliest tribulation. Impotent before the thing that has been done, of all the past the Will is a malicious spectator.[1]

That is not only an example of Nietzsche's vivid and personal style at its best, but it also contains the gist of his message to the world. For there is this to be observed in regard to Nietzsche's works: to one who dips into them at random, they are likely to seem dark and tangled. His manner of expressing himself in aphorisms and of uttering half-truths in emphatic finality gives to his writing an appearance of complexity and groping uncertainty; but a little persistence in reading will show that his theory of life, though never systematized, was really quite simple, and that he had in fact a few master ideas which he repeated in endlessly diversified language. It soon becomes easy to disentangle this main current of his ideas from the sporadic observations on life and art, often sound and extremely acute, which have no relation to it. Any one of his major works will afford a fairly complete view of his central doctrine: it will be found in *Human All-Too-Human* to implicate pretty fully the Bergsonian philosophy and two or three other much-vaunted philosophies of the self-evolving flux; in *Beyond Good and Evil* the eth-

[1] The quotations from Nietzsche in this essay are for the most part based on the authorized translations of his works, but I have had the German text before me and have altered the English at times considerably.

ical aspects of the new liberty are chiefly considered; in *Zarathustra*, on the whole the greatest of his works, he writes in a tone of lyrical egotism and prophetic brooding on his own destiny; in *The Will to Power* there is an attempt to reduce his scattered intentions to a logical system, but unfortunately that work was never finished, and is printed largely from his hasty notes. What probably first impresses one in any of these books is Nietzsche's violent antipathy to the past — "'It was' — so is named the Will's gnashing of teeth and loneliest tribulation. Impotent before the thing that has been done, of all the past the Will is a malicious spectator." In this apparently sweeping condemnation of tradition all that has been held sacred is denounced in language that sounds occasionally like the fury of a madman. So he exclaims: "To the botching of mankind and the allowing of it to putrefy was given the name 'God'"; and to our long idealization of the eternal feminine he has only the brusque reply: "Thou goest to women? Forget not thy whip!"

But as we become better versed in Nietzsche's extreme manner of expression, we find that his condemnation of the past is by no means indiscriminate, that in truth his denunciations are directed to a particular aspect of history. In the classical world this distinction takes the form of a harsh and unreal contrast between the Diony-

siac principle of unrest and growth and creation for which he expresses the highest regard, and the Apollonian principle of rest and renunciation and contraction for which, as Platonism, he has the deepest aversion. The same distinction really holds in his attitude towards religion, although here his feelings are not so clearly defined. For the Old Testament and its virile, human poetry, for instance, he admits great reverence, reserving his spleen for the New Testament and its faith. In one of the aphorisms of his virulent attack on Christianity, entitled appropriately *Antichrist*, he writes:

> One does well to put on gloves when reading the New Testament. The neighbourhood of so much impurity almost forces one to do so. . . . I have searched the New Testament in vain for a single sympathetic trait; there is nothing in it that could be called free, kind, frank, upright. Humanity has not taken its first steps in this book — instincts of *purity* are lacking. There are only bad instincts in the New Testament; and there is not even the courage of these bad instincts. All is cowardice in it, all is closed eyes and self-delusion. Any book is pure after one has read the New Testament; for example, immediately after St. Paul, I read with delight that charming wanton mocker, Petronius, of whom one might say what Domenico Boccaccio wrote about Cesare Borgia to the Duke of Parma: *è tutto festo.*

To understand these diatribes we must remember that there were two elements in Christianity as it developed in the early centuries: on

the one hand, the strong aspiring faith of a people in the vigour of youth and eager to bring into life fresh and unworn spiritual values, and, on the other hand, the depression and world-weariness which haunted the decadent heterogeneous people of Alexandria and the East. Now it is clear that for the former of these Nietzsche had no understanding, since it lay quite beyond his range of vision, whereas for the latter he had a very intimate understanding and a bitter detestation. Hence his almost unreserved rejection of Christianity as a product of corruption and race impurity.

It is a mistake [he says in *The Will to Power*] to imagine that, with Christianity, an ingenuous and youthful people rose against an old culture. . . . We understand nothing of the psychology of Christianity, if we suppose that it was the expression of revived youth among a people, or of the resuscitated strength of a race. It is rather a typical form of decadence, of moral softening, and of hysteria, amid a general hotchpotch of races and people that had lost all aims and had grown weary and sick. The wonderful company which gathered round this master seducer of the populace, would not be at all out of place in a Russian novel: all the diseases of the nerves seem to give one another a rendezvous in this crowd.

And elsewhere he says, more generally:

Long pondering over the physiology of exhaustion forced upon me the question: to what extent the judgements of exhausted people had percolated into the world of values.

> The result at which I arrived was as startling as it could possibly be — even for one like myself who was already at home in many a strange world. I found that all prevailing valuations — that is to say, all those which had gained ascendancy over humanity, or at least over its tamer portions, could be traced back to the judgement of exhausted people.

Now all this is the perfectly correct statement of a half-truth, as any one must admit who is familiar with the religious history of the early centuries; it is largely correct also as regards the romantic revival of Alexandrianism, which in Nietzsche's eyes made up the whole of modern Christianity. The fact is that his mind was really concerned with certain aspects of society as it existed about him, and his hostility to the past was not to the dead centuries in themselves, but to what remained over from them in the present — for what, after all, is there for any man in the past to hate or fear, except as it lives and will not be put away? In the sickness of his soul Nietzsche looked abroad over the Western world, and saw, or thought he saw, everywhere futility and purposelessness and pessimistic uncertainty of the values of life. An ideal, as he sees it, is embraced only when a man's grip on the real world and its good has been weakened; in the end such supernatural ideals, as they are without foundation in fact, lose their hold on the human mind, and mankind, having sacrificed its sense of actual

values and having nursed the cause of decay, is left helpless and joyless. This condition he calls Nihilism. "People have not yet seen what is so perfectly obvious," he says, — "namely, that Pessimism is not a problem but a *symptom* — that the term ought to be replaced by 'Nihilism'; that the question, 'to be or not to be' is itself an illness, a sign of degeneracy, an idiosyncrasy." And in the first part of *The Will to Power* he unfolds this modern disease in all its hideousness. The restless activities of our life he interprets as so many attempts to escape from the gloom of purposelessness, as so many varieties of self-stupefaction. No one can read his list of these efforts without shuddering recollection of what decadent music and literature and painting have produced:

In one's heart of hearts, not to know, whither? Emptiness. The attempt to rise superior to it all by means of emotional intoxication: emotional intoxication in the form of music, in the form of cruelty, in the tragic joy over the ruin of the noblest, and in the form of blind, gushing enthusiasm over individual *men* or distinct *periods* (in the form of hatred, etc.). The attempt to work blindly, like a scientific instrument; to keep an eye on the many small joys, like an investigator, for instance (modesty towards one's self); ... the mysticism of the voluptuous *joy* of eternal emptiness; art "for art's sake" ("le fait"), "immaculate investigation," in the form of narcotics against the disgust of one's self; any kind of incessant work, *any* kind of small foolish fanaticism.

The attempt to maintain Christianity amidst a nihilistic society which has lost even its false ideals, can have only one result. As these supernatural ideals were evoked by the weaker mass of the race to cover its subjection to the few stronger individuals, so when belief in the other world has perished, the only defence that remains is the humanitarian exaltation of the humble and common and undistinguished in itself as a kind of simulacrum of Christianity, the unideal sympathy of man for man as a political law, the whole brood of socialistic schemes which are based on the notion of universal brotherhood. These, the immediate offspring of Rousseauism and German romanticism, are, as Nietzsche saw, the actual religion of the world to-day; and against these, and against the past as the source of these, his diatribes are really directed. His protest is against "sympathy with the lowly and the suffering as a *standard* for the *elevation of the soul*."

> Christianity [he exclaims] is a degenerative movement, consisting of all kinds of decaying and excremental elements. . . . It appeals to the disinherited everywhere; it consists of a foundation of resentment against all that is successful and dominant: it is in need of a symbol which represents the damnation of every thing successful and dominant. It is opposed to every form of *intellectual* movement, to all philosophy; it takes up the cudgels for idiots, and utters a curse upon all intellect. Resentment against those who are gifted, learned, intellectually independent: in all these it suspects the elements of success and domination.

All this is merely Nietzsche's spasmodic way of depicting the uneasiness of the age, which has been the theme of innumerable poets of the nineteenth century — of Matthew Arnold, to take an instance, in his gloomy diagnosis of the modern soul. And to a certain point the cause of this nihilism, to use Nietzsche's word, is the same for him as for Arnold. They both attribute it to the shattering of definite ideals that had so long ruled the world, and especially to the waning of religious faith. But here the two diagnosticians part company. Arnold looked for health to the establishing of new ideals and to the growth of a fresh and sounder faith in the Eternal, though he may have failed in his attempt to define this new faith. Nietzsche, on the contrary, regarded all ideals and all faith as themselves a product of decadence and the sure cause of deeper decay. "Objection, evasion, joyous distrust, and love of irony," he says, "are signs of health; everything absolute belongs to pathology." Nihilism, as the first consequence of the loss of ideals, may be a state of hideous anarchy, but it is also the necessary transition to health. If, instead of relapsing into the idealistic source of evil, the eyes of mankind are strengthened to look boldly at the facts of existence, then will take place what he calls the Transvaluation of all Values, and truth will be founded on the naked, imperishable reality. There is no eternal calm at the centre of this mov-

ing universe; "all is flux"; there is nothing real "but our world of desires and passions," and "we cannot sink or rise to any other 'reality' save just the reality of our impulses' — for thinking itself is only a relation of these impulses to one another." So be it! When a man has faced this truth calmly and bravely and definitely, then the whole system of morality which has been imposed upon society by those who regarded life as subordinate to an eternal ideal outside of the flux and contrary to the stream of human desires and passions — then the whole law of good and evil which was evolved by the weak to protect themselves against those who were fitted to live masterfully in the flux, crumbles away; that man has passed Beyond Good and Evil.

Mankind is thus liberated from the herd-law, the false values have been abolished, but what new values take their place? The answer to this question Nietzsche found by going to Darwinism and raising the evolutionary struggle for existence into new significance; he would call it, not the Schopenhauerian will to live, but the Will to Power. He thus expresses the new theory in the mouth of Zarathustra:

> Wherever I found a living thing, there found I Will to Power; and even in the will of the servant found I the will to be master....
>
> And this secret spake Life herself unto me. "Behold," said she, "I am that which must ever surpass itself."...

He certainly did not hit the truth who shot at it the formula: "Will to Existence"; that will — doth not exist!

For that which is not, cannot will; that, however, which is in existence — how could it still strive for existence!

Only where there is life, is there also will: not, however, Will to Life, but — so teach I thee — Will to Power!

This is Nietzsche's transvaluation of all values, the change from the morality of good and evil depending on supernatural rewards to the non-morality of the purely natural Will to Power. And as the former idealism resulted in the suppression of distinction and in the supremacy of the feeble, so the régime of the Will to Power must bring back into society the sharp division of those who have power and those who have it not, of the true philosophers who have the instinct to surpass and the slaves whose function it is to serve and obey. The philosopher, to use Nietzsche's famous term, is the Superman, the *Uebermensch*. He has passed beyond good and evil, and Nietzsche often describes him in language which implies the grossest immorality; but this is merely an iconoclast's way of emphasizing the contrast between his perfect man and the old ideal of the saint, and it would be unfair to take these ebullitions of temper quite literally. The image of the Superman is, in fact, left in the hazy uncertainty of the future; the only thing certain

about him is his complete immersion in nature, and his office to raise the level of society by rising on the shoulders of those who do the menial work of the world. At the last analysis the Superman is merely a negation of humanitarian sympathy and of the socialistic state of indistinguished equality.

Nietzsche's conception of the Will to Power may seem to have brought us back by a long circuit to Hobbes's definition of human nature as "a perpetual and restless desire of power after power that ceaseth only in death"; but in reality there is a whole world between the two. In the levelling principles against which Hobbes directed his theory of government there was little of that notion of sympathy which is rooted in Locke's naturalism and has its flower in German romanticism; nor, on the other hand, is there in the Hobbian picture of the natural state of mankind as a warfare of self-interests any touch of that morbid exaltation of the Ego which developed as an inevitable concomitant of romantic sympathy.

At the heart of Nietzsche's philosophy there is, in fact, a colossal self-deception which has no counterpart in Hobbism, and to which we shall find no key unless we bear in mind the long and regular growth of ideas from Locke to the present day. Nietzsche looked upon himself as at least an imperfect type of what the Superman was to

be, if not the actual Superman; he thought of his rebellion as an exemplification of the Will to Power; whereas the hated taint of decadence had struck deep into his body and mind, while his years of philosophizing were one long fretful disease. He has himself, with the intermittent clairvoyance of the morbid brain, pointed to the confusion of phenomena which has led his followers to admire his intellectual productivity as a proof of fundamental health. "History," he observes, "discloses the terrible fact that the exhausted have always been *confounded* with those of the most abundant resources. . . . How is this confusion possible? When he who was exhausted stood forth with the bearing of a highly active and energetic man (when degeneration implied a certain excess of spiritual and nervous discharge), he was *mistaken* for the resourceful man. He inspired terror."

By a similar illusion Nietzsche regarded the self-assertive Superman as a true reaction against the prevalent man of sympathy and as a cure for the disease of the age. That much of Nietzsche's protest against the excesses of humanitarianism was sound and well directed, I for one am quite ready to admit. He saw, as few other men of our day have seen, the danger that threatens true progress in any system of education and government which makes the advantage of the ordinary rather than the distinguished man its first object.

He saw with terrible clearness that much of our most admired art is not art at all in the higher sense of the word, but an appeal to morbid sentimentality. There is a humorous aspect to his quarrel with Wagner, which was at bottom caused by the clashing of two insanely jealous egotisms. Nevertheless, there is an element of truth in his condemnation of Wagner's opera as typical of certain degenerative tendencies in modern society; and many must agree with him in his statement that Wagner "found in music the means of exciting tired nerves, making it thereby sick." Not without cause did Nietzsche pronounce himself "the highest authority in the world on the question of decadence." But the cure Nietzsche proposed for these evils was itself a part of the malady. The Superman, in other words, is a product of the same naturalism which produced the disease it would counteract; it is the last and most violent expression of the egotism, or self-interest, which Hume and all his followers balanced with sympathy as the two springs of human action. Sympathy, as we saw, gradually usurped the place of self-interest as the recognized motive of virtue and the source of happiness, but here this strange thing will be observed: where sympathy has been proclaimed most loudly in theory, self-interest has often been most dominant in practice. Sympathy first came to excess in the sentimental school, and the sentiment-

alists were notorious for their morbid egotism. There may be some injustice to Sterne in Byron's sneering remark that he preferred weeping over a dead ass to relieving the want of a living mother, but in a general way it hits exactly the character of which the author of the *Sentimental Journey* was a type. I came by chance the other day upon a passage in an anonymous book of that age, which expresses this contrast of theory and practice in the clearest terms:

> By this system of things [that is, the sentimental system] it is that strict justice is made to give way to transient fits of generosity; and a *benevolent* turn of mind supplants rigid integrity. The sympathetic heart, not being able to behold misery without a starting tear of compassion, is allowed, by the general suffrage, to atone for a thousand careless actions, which infallibly bring misery with them. In *commercial* life, the rich oppress the poor, and contribute to hospitals; a monopolizer renders thousands and tens of thousands destitute in the course of traffic; but cheerfully solicits or encourages subscriptions to alleviate their distress.[1]

As for Rousseau, the great apostle of humanity, it is notorious that the principal trait of his disposition was an egotism which made it impossible for him to live at peace with his fellowmen. "Benevolence to the whole species," said Burke, having Rousseau in mind, "and want of feeling for every individual with whom the professors

[1] *John Buncle, Junior, Gentleman.* 2 volumes. London, 1776, 1778. The hero is supposed to be the son of Amory's *John Buncle.*

come in contact, form the character of the new philosophy." No one who has read the annals of the romantic group of Germany need be told how their pantheistic philosophy was contradicted by the utterly impractical individualism of their lives. Nor is the same paradox absent from the modern socialistic theories that have sprung from romanticism; it would be possible, I believe, in many cases to establish from statistics a direct ratio between the spread of humanitarian schemes of reform and the increase of crime and suicide.

The truth is, this inconsistency is inherent in the very principles of naturalism. In a world made up of passions and desires alone, the attempt to enter into the personal emotions of others will react in an intensifying of our own emotions, and the effort to lose one's self in mankind will be balanced by a morbid craving for the absorption of mankind in one's self. The harsh contrast of sympathy and egotism is thus an inevitable consequence of naturalism become romantic, nor is it a mere chance that Tolstoy, with his exaltation of Rousseauism and of absolute non-resistance and universal brotherhood, should have been the contemporary of a philosopher who made Napoleon his ideal and preached war and the Superman as the healthy condition of society. Nietzsche himself, in one of his moments of insight, recognizes this coexistence

of extremes as a sign of decadence. That they spring from the same source is shown by the unexpected resemblance they often display beneath their superficial opposition. Perhaps the book that comes closest to *Zarathustra* in its fundamental tone is just the *Leaves of Grass*, which in its avowed philosophy of life would seem to stand at the remotest distance. Nietzsche denounces all levelling processes and proclaims a society based frankly on differences of power; Walt Whitman, on the contrary, denies all differences whatsoever and glorifies an absolute equality: yet as both start from the pure flux of naturalism, so they both pass through a denial of the distinction of good and evil based on the old ideals, and end in an egotism which brings aristocrat and democrat together in a strange and unwilling brotherhood.

To any one caught in this net, life must be a onesided fanaticism or a condition of vacillating unrest. The great tragedy of Nietzsche's existence was due to the fact that, while he perceived the danger into which he had fallen, yet his struggles to escape only entangled him more desperately in the fatal mesh. His boasted transvaluation of all values was in reality a complete devaluation, if I may coin the word, leaving him more deeply immersed in the nihilism which he exposed as the prime evil of modern civilization. With Hume and the romantic naturalists he

threw away both the reason and the intuition into any superrational law beyond the stream of desires and passions and impulses. He looked into his own heart and into the world of phenomena, and beheld there a ceaseless ebb and flow, without beginning, without end, and without meaning. The only law that he could discover, the only rest for the mind, was some dimly foreseen return of all things back into their primordial state, to start afresh on the same dark course of chance — the Eternal Recurrence, he called it. "No doubt," he once wrote, "there is a far-off, invisible, and prodigious cycle which gives a common law to our little divagations: let us uplift ourselves to this thought! But our life is too short, our vision too feeble; we must content ourselves with this sublime possibility." At times he sets up the ability to look undismayed into this ever-turning wheel as the test that distinguishes the Superman from the herd. And this is all Nietzsche could give to mankind by his Will to Power and his Transvaluation of Values: the will to endure the vision of endless, purposeless mutation; the courage to stand without shame, naked in a world of chance; the strength to accomplish — absolutely nothing. At times he proclaims his creed with an effrontery of joy over those who sink by the way and cry out for help. Other times pity for so hapless a humanity wells up in his heart despite himself; and

more than once he admits that the last temptation of the Superman is sympathy for a race revolving blindly in this cycle of change — "Where lie thy greatest dangers? In compassion." As for himself, what he found in his philosophy, what followed him in the end into the dark descents of madness, is told in the haunting vision of *The Shadow* in the last section of *Zarathustra:*

"Have I — yet a goal? A haven towards which *my* sail is set?

"A good wind? Alas, he only who knoweth *whither* he saileth, knoweth also what wind is good and a fair wind for him.

"What still remaineth to me? A heart weary and flippant; a wandering will; fluttering wings; a broken spine.

"This seeking for my home: ah, Zarathustra, knowest thou well, this seeking hath been my home-sickening; it devoureth me.

"Where is — *my* home? For it I ask and seek and have sought, but have not found it. Oh eternal everywhere, oh eternal nowhere, oh eternal — in-vain!"

Thus spake the Shadow, and Zarathustra's countenance grew longer at his words. "Thou art my Shadow!" said he at last, with sadness.

The end of it all is the clamour of romantic egotism turned into horror at its own vacuity and of romantic sympathy turned into despair. It is naturalism at war with itself and struggling to escape from its own fatality. As I leave Nietzsche I think of the ancient tragedy in which Hera-

cles is represented as writhing in the embrace of the Nessus-shirt he has himself put on, and rending his own flesh in a vain effort to escape its poisonous web.

HUXLEY

HUXLEY

In a world that is governed by phrases we cannot too often recur to the familiar saying of Hobbes, that "words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools"; and so to-day, when the real achievements of science have thrown a kind of halo about the word and made it in the general mind synonymous with truth, the first duty of any one who would think honestly is to reach a clear definition of what he means when he utters the sanctified syllables. In this particular case the duty and difficulty are the greater because the word conveys three quite different meanings which have correspondingly different values. Positive science is one thing, but hypothetical science is another thing, and philosophical science is still another; yet on the popular tongue, nay, even in the writings of those who pretend to extreme precision, these distinctions are often forgotten, to the utter confusion of ideas.

By positive science I mean the observation and classification of facts and the discovery of those constant sequences in phenomena which can be expressed in mathematical formulæ or in the generalized language of law; I mean that procedure which Huxley had in mind when he

said that science is "nothing but trained and organized common sense, differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit: and its methods differ from those of common sense only so far as the guardsman's cut and thrust differ from the manner in which a savage wields his club." Now for such a procedure no one can feel anything but the highest respect — respect which in the lay mind may well mount to admiration and even to awe. He has but a poor imagination who cannot be stirred to wonder before the triumphs over material forces gained by methods of which he can confess only humble ignorance; and beyond these visible achievements lies a whole region of intellectual activity open to the man of science, but closed and forever foreign to the investigator in other kinds of ideas. I am bound to insist on the fact that I have no foolish desire to belittle the honours of science in its practical applications, and that I can in a way estimate its rewards as an abstract study, however far the full fruition of the scientific life may lie beyond my reach.

Positive science, thus defined as that trained observation which brings the vision of order out of disorder, system out of chaos, law out of chance, might seem splendid enough in theory and useful enough in practice to satisfy the most exorbitant ambition. But it must be remembered that a law of science, however wide its

scope, does not go beyond a statement of the relation of observed facts and tells us not a word of what lies behind this relationship or of the cause of these facts. Now the mind of man is so constituted that this ignorance of causes is to it a constant source of irritation; we are almost resistlessly tempted to pass beyond the mere statement of law to erecting a theory of the reality that underlies the law. Such a theory is an hypothesis, and such activity of the mind is hypothetical science as distinguished from positive science. But we must distinguish further. The word hypothesis is used, by the man of science as well as by the layman, in two quite different senses. On the one hand, it may mean the attempt to express in language borrowed from our sensuous experience the nature of a cause or reality which transcends such experience. Thus the luminiferous ether is properly an hypothesis: by its very definition it transcends the reach of our perceptive faculties; we cannot see it, or feel it in any way; yet it is, or was, assumed to exist as the cause of known phenomena and its properties were given in terms of density, elasticity, etc., which are appropriate to material things which we can see and feel. On the other hand, the word hypothesis is often taken to signify merely a scientific law which belongs to the realm of positive science, but which is still to be established. Confusion would be avoided if we employed the

term scientific conjecture for this second, and proper, procedure, and confined the use of the term hypothesis to the former, and as I think improper, procedure. To make clear these distinctions let me give an illustration or two. The formula of gravitation merely states the regularity of a certain group of known phenomena from the motion of a falling apple to the motion of the planets about the sun. When this formula first dawned on the mind of Newton, it was a scientific conjecture; when it was tested and proved to conform to facts, it became an accepted scientific law. Both conjecture and accepted law are strictly within the field of positive science. But if Newton, not content with generalizing the phenomena of gravitation in the form of a law, had undertaken to theorize on the absolute nature of the attraction which caused the phenomena of gravitation,[1] he would have passed from the sphere of positive science to that of hypothetical science. So when Darwin, by systematizing the vast body of observations in biology and geology, showed that plants and animals develop in time and with the changes of the earth from the simplest forms of animate existence to the most complex forms now seen, and thus gave precision to the law of evolution, he was working in the field of positive science: he changed what had been a conjectured law to a generally ac-

[1] On this point compare Berkeley, *Siris*, §§ 245–250.

cepted law. But when he went a step further and undertook to explain the cause of this evolution by the theory of natural selection or the survival of the fit, he passed from positive to hypothetical science.

In my essay on Newman I found it convenient to classify the minds of men figuratively in an inner and an outer group. In the outer group I placed the two extremes of the mystic and the sceptic, and in the inner group the non-mystical religious mind and the non-sceptical scientific mind. These two classes of the inner group differ in their field of interest, the one being concerned with the observation of spiritual states, the other with the observation of material phenomena; but they agree in so far as the former passes from the facts of his spiritual consciousness to the belief in certain causes conceived as mythological beings and known by revelation, while the latter passes from the facts of his material observations to the belief in certain causes conceived as hypotheses and known by inference. Hypotheses, in other words, are merely the mythology, the *deus ex machina*, of science, and they are eradicated from the scientific mind only by the severest discipline of scepticism, just as mythology is eradicated from the religious mind by genuine mysticism. I am aware of the danger of inculcating such an eradication. As for most men to take away the belief in their gods as known

realities would be to put an end to their religion, so, it may be objected, to take away these hypotheses would be to endanger the very foundations of science. Yet, even if scientific hypotheses, in consideration of human frailty, may have their use just as mythologies have their use, I still protest that they are not necessary to scientific discovery, as is proved by the great example of Newton. I believe, though my temerity may only be equalled by my ignorance, that they have oftener introduced confusion into pure science than they have aided in the discovery of new laws or in the broadening of known laws; and I am confirmed in this belief by the present state of biology. Darwin's law of evolution has remained virtually unshaken and has, I suppose, been the instigation of innumerable discoveries; but, so far as I may judge from my limited reading in the subject, Darwin's hypothesis of natural selection and the survival of the fit has on the one hand been seriously and widely questioned as a cause sufficient to account for evolution, and on the other hand has led to speculation to find a substitute for it which in wildness of theorizing and in audacity of credulousness can only be likened to the intricacies of religious scholasticism.

The condemnation of hypothetical science as dangerous to integrity of mind is no new thing. Even in the seventeenth century Joseph Glan-

vill saw how surely the enthusiasm engendered by the foundation of the Royal Society would lead to vain hypotheses. In his *Scepsis Scientifica* he sets forth their nature and forestalls Hume's destructive analysis of our notion of causality, with strong warning that the man of science should not "build the *Castle* of his intellectual security, *in the Air of Opinions*. . . . Opinions [he adds, meaning hypotheses] are the Rattles of immature intellects. . . . *Dogmatizing* is the great disturber both of our *selves* and the *world* without us." In the next age Bolingbroke, in his *Essays Addressed to Mr. Pope*, argued the question of the limits of human knowledge and the fallacies of hypothetical theorizing with a clearness and penetration which would have made that work one of the bulwarks of English philosophy, were it not for my Lord's disdain of the rules of composition and the tediousness of his endless repetitions, and were it not above all for his own inconsistency in urging the most colossal of all hypotheses, that of universal optimism. In particular he takes up, more than once, the common plea that hypotheses are useful, whether true or not.

> It will be urged, perhaps, as decisive in favor of hypotheses [he observes], that they may be of service, and can be of no disservice to us, in our pursuit of knowledge. An hypothesis founded on mere arbitrary assumptions will be a true hypothesis, and therefore of service

to philosophy, if it is confirmed by many observations afterwards, and if no one phænomenon stand in opposition to it. An hypothesis that appears inconsistent with the phænomena will be soon demonstrated false, and as soon rejected.

In reply he shows by example how hypotheses have kept men from the right path of investigation and how they have been maintained (what rich and even ridiculous examples he might have produced from our age) after they have been proved inconsistent with facts and common sense. "The fautors of hypotheses would have us believe that even the detection of their falsehood gives occasion to our improvement in knowledge. But the road to truth does not lie through the precincts of error." Now, it is true that neither Glanvill nor Bolingbroke distinguished between the legitimate use of scientific conjecture and the illegitimate use of hypotheses, but they had chiefly in mind, I think, not the mere formulation of law but the attempt to penetrate into ultimate causes.

The chief fault of hypotheses, however, lies not in the entanglement of pure science among perilous ways and in the lifting up of the scientific imagination to idolatrous worship, as it were, of the *chimæra bombinans in vacuo*, but in the almost irresistible tendency of the human mind to glide from hypothetical science into what I have called philosophical science, meaning thereby the en-

deavour to formulate a philosophy of life out of scientific law and hypothesis. An hypothesis may be proclaimed by the man of science as a purely subjective formula for a group of phenomena, and as a confessedly temporary expedient for advancing a little further in the process of bringing our observations under the regularity of law; the man of science may pretend verbally to a purely sceptical attitude towards his transcendental definitions, but in practice this scepticism almost invariably gives way to a feeling that the formula for causes is as real objectively as the law of phenomena which it undertakes to explain, and to a kind of supercilious intolerance for those who maintain the sceptical attitude practically as well as verbally, or for those who build their faith on hypotheses of another sort than his own. Hence the hostility that has constantly existed between those who base their philosophy of life on intuition and the humanities and those who base it upon scientific law and hypothesis. At the very beginning of the modern scientific movement this antagonism made itself felt, and, as religion had then the stronger position in society, took the form of apologetics on the part of science. In what may be called the authorized *History of the Royal Society*, Bishop Sprat undertook to allay the suspicions that had immediately arisen against the chartered organization of experimental science. With specious sophistry he

argued that the "new philosophy" would never encroach on the established system of education in the humanities. He admitted the natural alliance between science and industry against the feudal form of government, but asserted that science in this was only a handmaid of the times.

> Nor ought our *Gentry* [he declares] to be averse from the promoting of *Trade*, out of any little Jealousy, that thereby they shall debase themselves, and corrupt their Blood: For they are to know, that *Trafic* and *Commerce* have given Mankind a higher Degree than any Title of *Nobility*, even that of *Civility* and *Humanity* itself. And at this time especially above all others, they have no reason to despise *Trade* as below them, when it has so great an influence on the very *Government* of the World. In former Ages indeed this was not so remarkable.

Primarily, however, Sprat, as a prelate in good standing, contended that religion stood in no danger from the deductions of the new philosophy:

> I do here, in the beginning, most sincerely declare, that if this Design [of the Royal Society] should in the least diminish the *Reverence*, that is due to the *Doctrine of Jesus Christ*, it were so far from deserving *Protection*, that it ought to be abhorr'd by all the *Politic* and *Prudent;* as well as by the devout Part of Christendom. . . . With these Apprehensions I come to examine the *Objections*, which I am now to satisfy: and having calmly compar'd the Arguments of some devout Men against *Knowledge*, and chiefly that of *Experiments;* I must pronounce them both, to be altogether inoffensive. I did before affirm, that the *Royal Society* is abundantly cau-

tious, not to intermeddle in *Spiritual Things*. . . . So true is that Saying of my Lord *Bacon, That by a little Knowledge of Nature Men become Atheists; but a great deal returns them back again to a sound and religious Mind.* In brief, if we rightly apprehend the Matter, it will be found that it is not only Sottishness, but Prophaness, for Men to cry out against the understanding of *Nature;* for that being nothing else but the Instrument of *God*, whereby he gives Being and Action to *Things:* the *Knowledge* of it deserves so little to be esteem'd impious, that it ought rather to be reckon'd as *Divine.*

It may seem a little illogical in the good Bishop first to apologize for science as having no finger in *Spiritual Things* and then to exalt it as a bulwark against atheism, but such an inconsistency is very human, and it is an example of the almost irresistible tendency of the mind to use its own specific form of knowledge as a criterion of all knowledge. The vacillation between apology and presumption introduced by the historian of the Royal Society has persisted to this day, and in essay after essay of Huxley's you will find the modern president of the Society maintaining on one page the self-limitations of positive science and on another page passing from hypothesis to a dogmatic philosophy, here rebuking those who confound the domains of scientific and spiritual law and there proclaiming science as a support of what he deems true religion. Much that he wrote was directed to temporary questions, and to open his volumes may seem even now to

breathe the dust of battles fought long ago and rendered meaningless by the advance of time; but in reality, though their outer form may change, the disputes in which he engaged have not yet been settled as he so fondly believed they were, and can never be settled unless a sullen apathy be taken for assent.

Certainly Huxley, looking back from his quiet retirement at Eastbourne over his long and belligerent career, might be justified in thinking that victory was altogether the reward of his laborious life. He had had no other regular instruction than what he received for a couple of years in the semi-public school at Ealing of which his father was assistant master, and what he gained from lectures in Sydenham College, London, and at Charing Cross Hospital. In 1846, at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* which was bound for a long surveying cruise in the Torres Straits. After four years in the Far East he returned to England, with a large experience in zoölogical and ethnological work, and with no immediate prospects of advancement. His first experience in London was embittered by governmental delays and neglect, but in 1851 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, receiving the Gold Medal the next year, and in 1854 he was appointed professor of natural history at the School of Mines. After that honours and offers came to him in rapid succession.

He could not be tempted to leave London, where he felt himself at the centre of things, but in 1872 he accepted the position of Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, since this office afforded him an opportunity of exerting an influence on national education without giving up his residence in the capital. In 1883 he was chosen president of the Royal Society, and in 1892, in lieu of a title which he would not accept, he was raised to the Privy Council. It is not insignificant of his position in England that, on the occasion of kissing hands with the other Councillors at Osborne, when he snatched an opportunity for obtaining a close view of the Queen, he found Her Majesty's eyes fixed upon himself with the same inquisitiveness.

But the most sensible triumphs were no doubt those that came to him in public as the recognized spokesman of the new philosophy, and of these, two of a personal sort, gained at Oxford, the very citadel of the forces leagued against him, must have been peculiarly sweet. Every one knows of his famous tilt with Wilberforce at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860. It was just after the publication of *The Origin of Species*, and the Bishop of Oxford thought it a proper occasion to demolish the rising heresy with argument and ridicule. The lecture-room was crowded, the clergy being massed in the centre of the audience, and the very windows being packed with ladies who encouraged the champion

of religion with their fluttering handkerchiefs. The Bishop spoke for an hour, assuring his hearers that there was nothing in the idea of evolution, and then, turning "with a smiling insolence" to Huxley who was sitting on the platform, "begged to know, was it through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed his descent from a monkey." At this Huxley is said to have struck his hand upon his knee, and to have exclaimed to his neighbour, "The Lord hath delivered him into mine hands." Then, as the event was described in *Macmillan's Magazine*, he "slowly and deliberately arose. A slight, tall figure, stern and pale, very quiet and very grave, he stood before us and spoke those tremendous words — words which no one seems sure of now, nor, I think, could remember just after they were spoken, for their meaning took away our breath, though it left us in no doubt as to what it was." According to Huxley's son and biographer the most accurate report of the concluding words is in a letter of John Richard Green:

> I asserted — and I repeat — that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling it would rather be a *man* — a man of restless and versatile intellect — who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the

real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice.

Again, at another meeting of the British Association at Oxford, in 1894, Huxley appeared as a champion of Darwinism against the insinuations of Lord Salisbury, who, in his speech as president, spoke with delicate irony "of the 'comforting word, evolution,' and, passing to the Weismannian controversy, implied that the diametrically opposed views so frequently expressed nowadays threw the whole process of evolution into doubt." [1] But things were not what they had been. The ready and vociferous applause was for the prophet of Darwinism, and Huxley, instead of repelling sarcasm with invective, now conscious of his triumphant position and of the courtesy due to one who as Prime Minister had only two years before honoured him with the Privy Councillorship, was compelled to veil "an unmistakable and vigorous protest in the most gracious and dignified speech of thanks." It was his last public appearance on any important occasion, a proper and almost majestic conclusion to his long warfare. He died on June 29 of the following year, having just completed his threescore and ten. By his direction three lines from a poem by his wife were inscribed on his tomb-stone:

[1] Professor H. F. Osborn in *Transactions of the N. Y. Acad. Sci.*, vol. xv.

> Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;
> For still He giveth His belovèd sleep,
> And if an endless sleep He wills, so best.

Better, if he could have known them, would have been the words spoken only the other day by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge at the great dinner given at the university on the occasion of Darwin's centenary:

> I claim as a theologian — and I see representatives of law, music, and letters, and many other sciences and arts present — that only one spirit animates us all, and I should beg that we might be included in the term "naturalists."

Now to Huxley more than to any other one man in England is due this victory, seeming to some so complete and final; he more than any other one man stood in the nineteenth century for the triple power of positive and hypothetical science and of philosophical science in the form of naturalism. Of his work in positive science I am incompetent to speak, but I can at least say that it was important enough to give him honourable standing among investigators and to clothe his popular utterances with authority. His great opportunity came with the publication of *The Origin of Species* when he was thirty-four years old, and for the remaining thirty-six years of his life he was the valiant and aggressive champion of evolution and the Darwinian hypothesis against all comers, whether they were mighty men of the Church or

of Parliament. He was, so to speak, the Plato to the Socrates of the new philosophy, applying its premisses to every department of life. His power in this field was conditioned by his knowledge of science and of philosophy, but it depended also on his consummate skill in the use of language. To read his essays, which deal so magnificently with old disputes and forgotten animosities, is to feel — at least a literary man may be pardoned for so feeling — that here is one of the cunning artificers lost to letters, an essayist who, if he had devoted his faculties to the more permanent aspect of truth, might have taken a place among the great masters of literature. Certainly in sarcasm and irony he had no superior, unless it was Matthew Arnold, whom, indeed, he in many superficial respects resembles. He had, no doubt, easy material in the bishops, and the epithet *episcopophagous*, which he pleasantly coined for himself, tells the story of that contest in a word. Better material yet was afforded by Gladstone when, rushing in where bishops feared to tread, he undertook to uphold the cosmogony of Genesis as scientifically correct. Whatever one's attitude towards philosophical science may be, one can acknowledge a feeling of unreserved glee in seeing that flabby, pretentious intellect pricked and slashed in such masterly fashion. Satire like the following is never old:

In particular, the remarkable disquisition which

covers pages 11 to 14 of Mr. Gladstone's last contribution [to the *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1886] has greatly exercised my mind. Socrates is reported to have said of the works of Heraclitus that he who attempted to comprehend them should be a "Delian swimmer," but that, for his part, what he could understand was so good that he was disposed to believe in the excellence of that which he found unintelligible. In endeavouring to make myself master of Mr. Gladstone's meaning in these pages, I have often been overcome by a feeling analogous to that of Socrates, but not quite the same. That which I do understand has appeared to me so very much the reverse of good, that I have sometimes permitted myself to doubt the value of that which I do not understand.

That is the true joy of battle, that keeps the wrangling of ancient days forever young:

> Full of the god that urged their burning breast,
> The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.

In the case of Huxley himself there is no question of what we understand and what we do not understand. All in his writing is of that peculiarly lucid quality which is an argument in itself, for we are prone to accept the canon that what is clear must be true. Yet there is a distinction. Though, so far as regards the end immediately in view, Huxley is always a master of logical precision, one discovers, in reading him largely, that his ends are not always the same, and that in the total effect of his works there lies concealed an insoluble ambiguity. So it is that, though in one

sense his strongest intellectual trait was, as his son says, "an uncompromising passion for truth," yet in the sum of his thinking he was one of the master sophists of the age. And the tracks of his sophistry lead straight to that confusion of positive science and hypothetical science and philosophical science which is, perhaps, the most characteristic mark of the last century.

Agnosticism, according to Huxley's own definition of the word which he invented to sum up his intellectual procedure, is neither scepticism nor dogmatism; it "is not properly described as a 'negative' creed, nor indeed as a creed of any kind, except in so far as it expresses absolute faith in the validity of a principle, which is as much ethical as intellectual, . . . that it is wrong for a man to say that he is certain of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty." Agnosticism, then, is merely the honest adherence to evidence. Now no state of mind could be more exemplary than that of the agnostic when so defined. It has only one weakness, that, if we could accept their own opinion, it includes all men, and so *defines* nothing. Huxley, indeed, contrasts the procedure of the agnostic with theology, and declares that "agnosticism can be said to be a stage in its evolution, only as death may be said to be the final stage in the evolution of life." Really, the whole argument, for one so

keen as Huxley, is rather naïve. Does he suppose that Cardinal Newman, for instance, would admit that his theological hypothesis was any less supported by evidence than the evolutionary hypothesis? As a matter of fact Newman might retort that he had with him the evidence of ages, whereas Huxley was depending at bottom on the evidence of only a few decades of time. The difference between them does not lie in their loyalty or disloyalty to evidence *per se*, but in the kind of evidence from which they start; nor has Huxley, so far as I know, ever shown, or even seriously tried to show, that the inner evidence which gives us the sense of moral liberty and responsibility, of sin and holiness, is less logically trustworthy than the evidence of the eye and the ear.

That is the weakness of agnosticism as defined by its inventor, but it has a compensating advantage. As actually used by him it is at once a sword of offence and a buckler of safety; permitting the most truculent dogmatism when the errors of an enemy are to be exposed and the most elusive scepticism when the enemy charges in return. Indeed, an agnostic might briefly and not unfairly be defined as a dogmatist in attack and a sceptic in defence, which is but another way of calling him a sophist. With what dexterity Huxley wielded this double weapon may be seen in his use of the great question of scientific

law. More than once (*e.g.*, *Science and Christian Tradition*, p. 134), when certain deductions from the rigid application of law are brought home to him, he takes refuge in a sceptical limitation of law to the mere formulation of objective experience in a world which is ultimately moved by forces beyond the reach of man's perceptive faculties. And against the preacher who rashly invades the scientific field he can declare that "the habitual use of the word 'law,' in the sense of an active thing, is almost a mark of pseudo-science; it characterizes the writings of those who have appropriated the forms of science without knowing anything of its substance." Yet in the same essay, when he opens the attack upon those who would retreat into a region beyond scientific law, he avows boldly "the fundamental axiom of scientific thought," "that there is not, never has been, and never will be, any disorder in nature. The admission of the occurrence of any event which was not the logical consequence of the immediately antecedent events, according to these definite, ascertained, or unascertained rules which we call the 'laws of nature,' would be an act of self-destruction on the part of science." And elsewhere: "We ignore, even as a possibility, the notion of any interference with the order of Nature." Now when we consider that to regard the act of the will which originates the motion of raising the arm as a force in any way contrary to

the law of gravitation, is in Huxley's mind an unscientific absurdity (*Pseudo-Scientific Realism, passim*), that, in other words, life and the world are to him a pure mechanism, and when we consider further that he identifies the claims of science with the desire of truth (*Universities: Actual and Ideal, passim*), it really should not have seemed to him so grave an error to use the word law for that force which produces the absolute uniformity defined by law. It is Huxley himself in these moments of attack who virtually, if not literally, takes law "in the sense of an active thing," which in his moments of defence he so vigorously repudiates.

Inevitably this ambiguity of attitude becomes even more perplexed when he applies the notion of scientific law to the deeper problems of life. In one place, for instance, he asserts that "there lies in the nature of things a reason for every moral law, as cogent and as well defined as that which underlies every physical law." But in another place he takes what, from his principles, must be regarded as the opposite point of view: "The notion that the doctrine of evolution can furnish a foundation for morals seems to me to be an illusion"; and again he states roundly that "cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature." This ambiguity of his position involves not only morals but the fundamental question of spirit-

uality and materialism. In his freer moments of attack he does not hesitate to fling out the most relentless dogmas of materialism. The actuality of the spiritual world, he declares in one of his prefaces, lies entirely within the province of science — that is to say, is amenable to the undeviating operation of mechanical law; "the materials of consciousness are products of cerebral activity," and are "the result of molecular forces"; "we are," by an extension of the Cartesian theory of the lower animals, "conscious automata, ... parts of the great series of causes and effects which, in unbroken continuity, composes that which is, and has been, and shall be — the sum of existence." That should seem to be the most explicit materialism and necessitarianism; yet hear the same man on the other side! "For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder [this same necessitarianism]. Fact I know; and Law I know; but what is Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?" In other words, when your enemy talks loosely of miracles and spiritual experiences and supernatural freedom, it is easy to crush him with this bludgeon of an unbroken law of mechanical cause and effect; but when your enemy turns on you and begins to draw disagreeable conclusions from this fatal sequence, it is the part of the skilful fencer to denounce as an empty shadow any connection between such a law and necessity!

Further than that, Huxley when hard pressed, instead of abiding manfully by his premisses, was ready to sink into that last sophistry of the scientific mind and deny that there is any distinction between the materialistic and the spiritualistic conception of life. "In itself," he says, "it is of little moment whether we express the phænomena of matter in terms of spirit; or the phænomena of spirit in terms of matter." This view he buttresses (*Science and Morals*) by calmly assuming that St. Augustine and Calvin were at one with him in holding to a fatal determination. Is it necessary to say that St. Augustine and Calvin — whether rightly or wrongly is here not the question — believed in a spiritual power apart from and undetermined by natural law? This power might have its own determinism, but, relatively to natural law, it was spontaneous and incalculable. The difference to philosophy and conduct between holding a spiritual fatalism and holding a mechanical determinism marks the distance between religion and science — or, at least, between the positions of the English bishops and of Huxley. If there is no distinction here, why then all the pother, and what meaning is there in Huxley's cheerful assumption that science was to be the end of the Church and that men of science were to supplant the bishops?

Now these inconsistencies in Huxley are not the result of a progressive change in his views, nor are they infrequent or superficial. They lie at the very foundation of the system of which he was the most distinguished spokesman, and they are more conspicuous in him than in others merely because at any given moment his style is so eminently transparent. They spring, indeed, from a false extension of the procedure of science into a philosophy of naturalism. The fact is simply this: When the matter is squarely faced there can be no science, properly speaking, except in so far as the world appears to us a strictly closed mechanical system, a "block-universe" as William James called it, which contains its end in its beginning and displays the whole in every part. As it has been picturesquely expressed: "Were a single dust-atom destroyed, the universe would collapse." Absolute regularity is the *sine qua non* of scientific law, and the moment any element of incalculable spontaneity is admitted into the system, that moment the possibility of scientific law is so far excluded: there is no law of the individual or the unpredictable; there is no science of the soul unless man, as Taine says, is no more than "a very simple mechanism which analysis can take to pieces like clockwork." This does not mean that any given law is final and embraces the whole content of phenomena; but it does mean that further knowledge, while it may modify a

law or supplant one law by another, still leaves us within the realm of absolute mechanical regularity. Such a closed system is properly called nature; it was clearly conceived and given to philosophy by the great naturalists of the seventeenth century.

Nature, thus conceived as a block-system, is the proper field of positive science, and leads to no embarrassment so long as we do not attempt anything more than the classification of physical phenomena under laws. But there is a tendency in the human mind which draws it almost irresistibly to pass from the formulation of laws to the definition of the force or cause underlying them. This is hypothetical science. Such a procedure already involves a certain violence to scientific evidence, but it does not stop here. Suppose there exists a body of testimony, accumulated through thousands of years, to the effect that a whole world of our inner life lies outside of that block-universe of mechanical determinism: what then is the man of hypothetical science to do? He may deny the validity of any evidence apart from that which leads to scientific law, and having erected this law of mechanical regularity into an active cause governing and controlling the world, he may set it in opposition to the hypothesis of a personal God which Christians have created from the evidence of their inner experience. He may be onesided, but he will be

consistent. In this sense, and with a consequence different from what he intended, Frederic Harrison was justified in saying that "agnosticism as a religious philosophy *per se* rests on an almost total ignoring of history and social evolution." But suppose further that our scholar, having naturally broad interests and sympathies, is still importuned by all that evidence in the moral and political spheres which he could not bring into conformity with his hypothesis: what will he do? In attempting to cling to an hypothesis which is based on the exclusion of half the evidence of life, while at the same time he feels the appeal of the whole range of evidence, he will try to develop that hypothesis into a complete philosophy of life, and in doing so he will necessarily fall into just those inconsistencies which strike us over and over again in Huxley. He will become a victim of that huge self-contradiction which I have called philosophical science.

Now we all know how completely this sophism took possession of England and the world about the middle of the last century. In particular the magnitude of Darwin's work in the field of positive science and the superb simplicity of his explanation of the whole order of existence, including man, as the product of a mechanical law of selection, easily imposed the evolutionary hypothesis as a lawgiver upon education and morals and religion and government. And to the authority of

Darwin was added the persuasiveness of Huxley's masterly skill as lecturer and writer. It seemed to the men who heard his voice as if the long obscurity that had involved human destiny was to be rolled away, as if at last the pathway of truth had been found, and the world's great age was about to be renewed. And however we may now see the inconsistencies and feel what in another man might be called the duplicity that underlay Huxley's method of attack and defence, there was enough of the stuff of positive science in his doctrine to give it a certain moral stiffness and intellectual rigour which must always claim our admiration. But with the passage of years a change has come upon philosophical science. The human mind could not long rest content with a system which was so glaringly at war with itself, and indeed there are signs that Huxley himself was not always satisfied with his position. But where lay the way of escape? These men would not willingly give up the authority which seemed to be derived from the actualities of positive science, yet they began to see that the hypothesis of a block-universe had brought them to an absolute *impasse*. The history of the intellect since the days of Darwin's supremacy, therefore, has been marked by an attempt to preserve the facts of evolution as the basis of a scientific philosophy, but to alter the evolutionary hypothesis so as to bring it into harmony with the spontaneous part

of human nature. The process has widened the distance between positive science and philosophical science; it has introduced a new set of inconsistencies, not to say absurdities, into thought, but it is extremely interesting for the way in which it has finally brought together two currents of the nineteenth century that might have seemed to a superficial observer the very opposites of each other. What appeared in Huxley's time, and still more in the half-century preceding him, to be the very bulwark against those laxer principles and tendencies which may be grouped together as romantic, has gradually thrown off its hard rationalism, until now in our day philosophical science and romanticism are actually merging together and becoming almost indistinguishable. In place of Huxley we have William James and Bergson. The change is significant and worthy of analysis, for the true meaning of a movement is known by its end. So much we may learn from Pragmatism, even while criticizing it.

Nor is it difficult, if we regard the material and moral forces from which science and romanticism respectively take their start, to see how these two apparent enemies have come to join hands in a truce if not in an alliance. We do not often stop to reflect on the world of pain and horror which underlies this surface of things on which we move so comfortably. Only now and then some accident, some physical rebellion as it might be

called, sets loose the pent-up dæmonic powers, and for a moment life is as it would be if in a madhouse the phrensied patients were to break their fetters and overcome their keepers. Each force of nature in itself seems to be limitless in its potential activity, and in so far as it is unchecked or unbalanced by some other force becomes the source of ruin to mankind. Manifestly that orderly subordination which is the condition of our physical well-being depends on some principle of control and balance which is not inherent in the individual forces of nature. Furthermore, if our horror at these calamities, if the physical repugnance that lies always concealed in our breast, have any meaning, it is in the testimony they bear to a certain correspondence on the one hand between our sense of moral evil and the destructive limitlessness of any natural force in itself, and on the other hand between our sense of moral justice and the imposition of order and subordination upon those forces. We are thrust by our emotions into an absolute dualism. Now the point to consider is that pure science deals with these forces in themselves and as unlimited, and without any thought of such human distinctions. A little spark kindles a fire, and instantly the flames sweep over a city, consuming life and property and spreading everywhere destruction and terror. Yet with this terror science has nothing to do; it is concerned with the laws of heat. Again some

movement takes place within the earth; the crust on which we walk is rent and shaken, and the helpless human creatures are killed and mutilated as ruthlessly as the ants in their little mound over which we inadvertently stumble. Yet with this hideous fear science has nothing to do; it is concerned with the laws of motion. Nor is the human body itself free from these incursions of uncontrolled energy. One very close to us, one whose fragile beauty has filled us with a long apprehension of love, is seized by a loathsome disease; those lower forms of life which to our vanity we seem to have trampled down in our progress have suddenly risen up like avenging furies and laid their obscene grip on what was dearest and fairest to us. We look on in an agony of suspense, as if in this precious body the very armies of good and evil were at war. Yet all the while the physician watches with impassive, critical eye, studying symptoms, applying remedies, awaiting calmly the results: his very efficacy as a man of science depends on his freedom from those emotions which are tearing at our heartstrings; he is concerned with the laws of parasitic life.

Science is properly the servant of our emotions and of the corresponding sense of dualism, but in its method of work it not only ignores our emotions, but can perform its true service only so long as it ignores them and deals with the pure

forces of nature. The error and danger arise when it disdains to be a servant and sets itself up as mistress, raising its means into an end and its procedure into a philosophy. Moved by our importunate consciousness of order and disorder, yet bound in its hypothetical explanation of evolution to consider the forces of nature alone, without the admission of any law of control outside of them, it has come gradually to a conception of the world as an entity containing within itself some force of vitalism, some *élan vital*, which by its inherent limitlessness is the source of constant creation, making the sum of things actually greater to-day than it was yesterday and, from our human point of view, more orderly. Sheer expansiveness becomes the law of physical life. The acceptance of this hypothesis of an incalculable energy, whose action to-day can in no wise, or only imperfectly, be predicted from its action yesterday, might seem to evict the very possibility of scientific law; but there are two things to consider. In the first place this hypothesis is just an hypothesis and has little or no relation to the actual work of positive science. And in the second place it seduces the scientific mind by seeming to get rid altogether of that dualism which is ignored in scientific procedure. As a matter of fact it merely changes the character of that dualism by setting the two terms apart at the beginning and end of time instead of re-

garding them as existent together and independent of time.[1]

From this rather slippery hypothesis of a universe in the process of continual self-expansion it is but a step to the modern scientific philosophy of human progress as depending, not on any ideal outside of evolution, but as — what shall I say? — as self-causative. Here precisely enters the point of connection between philosophical science and romanticism;[2] but to understand its full meaning we must look back into the sources of the second member of the alliance.

Now, in attempting to characterize the historic romanticism of the nineteenth century, the first trait that is forced upon our attention is the note of rebellion from the classics. That hostility between romanticism and classicism is fundamental: we cannot escape it. Greek philosophy, as it touches upon human conduct and as it was handed down to the modern world, was summed

[1] The middle term between the hypothesis of a purely mechanical evolution and the hypothesis of evolution as conceived by Bergson may be found in the evolutionary monism of Haeckel, which has been beautifully analyzed and demolished by M. Émile Boutroux in his recent work, *La Science et la Religion dans la philosophie contemporaine.*

[2] This union was clearly foreshadowed in Diderot; it was developed by Comte; but its great authority could not come until after the work of Darwin. In one of his essays Huxley speaks with scorn of Mr. Frederic Harrison's Positivism, and asks: "What has Comtism to do with the 'New Philosophy' [*i.e.*, the philosophy of science]?" Mr. Harrison might easily have retorted. In fact when Huxley boasted that the bishops were to be replaced by the "new school of the prophets [*i.e.*, men of science]" as "the only one that can work miracles," and when he acknowledged that "the interests of science and industry are identical," he was merely repeating Comte's early theory of the supplanting of the priest and the soldier by the man of science and the man of business.

up in the *Nicomachean Ethics*, at the very heart of which lies the classical distinction between the infinite, as the absolute, and the limitless. According to Aristotle the active nature of man is made up of desires, or impulses (ἐπιθυμίαι), which in themselves are incapable of self-restraint and therefore limitless (ἄπειρος γὰρ ἡ τῆς ἐπιθυμίας φύσις, *Pol.*, II, 4; the translation of ἄπειρος in Greek generally as "infinite" instead of "limitless" has been the source of endless confusion of ideas). Furthermore this limitlessness is of the very essence of evil, whereas good in itself may be defined as a limit (τὸ γὰρ κακὸν τοῦ ἀπείρου τὸ δ' ἀγαθὸν τοῦ πεπερασμένου), and the aim of conduct is to acquire that golden mean which is nothing other than a certain bound set to the inherent limitlessness of our impulsive or desiring nature. The determination of this bound in each case is the function of reason, which embraces the whole existence of man as an organism in his environment and says to each impulse as it arises, thus far shalt thou go and no further. But as the basis of practical life is the limitless sway of unrelated impulses, reason, to establish its balance and measure, to find, that is, its norm of unity, must look ultimately to some point quite outside of the realm of impulse and nature. Hence the imposition of the theoretical life, as Aristotle calls it, upon the practical — the contemplation of that absolute unity which

is unmoved amid all that moves. This unity not of nature is the infinite; it is the very opposite of that limitlessness which is the attribute of nature itself; it is not a state of endless, indefinite expansion, but is on the contrary that state of centralization which has its goal in itself (*παρ' αὐτὴν οὐδενὸς ἐφίεσθαι τέλους*).

The revolt from this essential dualism of classical philosophy began in the seventeenth century. That age was notably a time of confused thinking and of reaching out in many directions. But at its beginning, and always in the background, lay a certain mode of regarding life, the orthodox mode of supernaturalism. On the one side was the great flux of nature, embracing in its endless activity the heart of man and the phenomenal world. "The sea itself," says Bossuet, "has not more waves when it is agitated by the winds than are the diverse thoughts that rise from this abyss without bottom, from this impenetrable mystery of the heart of man." Within this chaos of the human breast sat reason as a kind of king or arbiter, by its command bringing order out of disorder. But reason itself, as understood by the characteristic minds of the age, belonged to nature, and was a sufficient guide only so long as it listened to the voice of a restraining power above and outside of nature. The true division was not between reason and instinct or desire, but between all these together, as forces of nature, and

superrational insight. That is to say, the orthodox view of the seventeenth century was the classical dualism which had become involved and obscured in a vast system of Christian mythology and theology. The irremediable fault, default one might say, of the age was that it never attained to a clear and untrammelled definition of the superrational insight upon which its faith was based. Pascal, indeed, approached such a definition when he set the heart over against reason and concupiscence, meaning by heart not so much the desires and emotions, as the contrast with concupiscence plainly shows, but that faculty by which we intuitively apprehend the infinite and eternal. Yet even in Pascal this faculty of intuition was never freed from the bondage of revelation and questionable authority, while in most of his religious contemporaries it was inextricably confused with some external voice of the Bible or the Church. Not many men to-day have the patience to read far in the endless theological literature of that age; and with reason. It is the curse of the Reformation that the search for truth was largely diverted by it into a monstrous and deadening discussion over the particular instrument or institution to which the truth was supposed to be once and for all imparted as a sacred deposit. He who is willing and strong to read those mighty books may be fortified in his own soul by feeling

that the tremendous earnestness of this war over authority must have implied, beneath all the battle of words, an equal earnestness over the truth for which the debated authority was supposed to stand. But the actual result of that debate was to weary and bewilder the mind of contemporary men. Gradually the whole question of traditional authority, and with it the higher intuition which had been so obstinately identified with this authority, begins to lose its hold, and in its place comes the new reign of naturalism.

Now naturalism is precisely the denial of any revealed authority or supernatural intuition whatsoever. For the government of the fluctuating element of nature it looks to reason alone, which it recognizes as but another, if higher, aspect of the same nature. Hence the dominant philosophy of the eighteenth century was a rationalism, which in religion denied, or at least minimized, all that is mysterious and escapes the net of logic, and in science regarded the world as a vast machine which can be perfectly expressed in a mathematical equation. Literature followed the lead and became rational and pseudo-classic. I would not exaggerate the regularity of this development, for, after all, the human mind remains always essentially the same and varies only as one or another element comes uppermost. And in particular any comment on the pseudo-classic literature (which in itself has many comfortable

excellences) should not fail to distinguish the truly Augustan circle of Butler and Johnson and Reynolds and Goldsmith and Burke, whose humanism, like that of Horace, contained, not so much explicitly as in solution, the higher insight which the philosophy of their age was so busily hiding away. They contained, that is to say, some marks of true classicism as contrasted with pseudo-classicism. Nevertheless the main current of the times was evident enough, and on its surface carried religion and science and literature in a compliant brotherhood.

Johnson and his school belonged essentially to the main rationalistic stream of the age, though in some respects they surpassed it. But by their side there was springing up another school, equally a child of naturalism, but hostile to what may be called the official philosophy. Naturalism acknowledged both the reason and the instincts or emotions as belonging to the nature of man, and thus manifestly left the door open to a revolt against the tyranny of one element of nature over the other. Accordingly, almost with the beginning of rationalism we see springing up, timidly and uncertainly at first, various forms of appeal to pure instinct and unrestrained emotion. This voice of insubordination first became clear and defiant and fully self-conscious in Blake; and the message of Blake, repeated in a hundred various notes, now tender and piercingly sweet, now

blurred by strange rumblings of thunderous madness, is everywhere a summons to the perfect freedom of instinct and primitive emotion and a denunciation of the control demanded by reason or by authority of any sort:

> Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place and governs the unwilling.
>
> The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
>
> He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

These epigrams are from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, a book which Swinburne was to rank "as about the greatest produced by the eighteenth century in the line of high poetry and *spiritual speculation*," and which to Mr. Arthur Symons was an anticipation of Nietzsche: "No one can think and escape Nietzsche; but Nietzsche has come after Blake, and will pass before Blake passes." Now Swinburne and Mr. Symons were indubitably right in seeing in such passages as these the very bible of romanticism, and Blake's place as an expositor of that movement, for England at least, is coming to be generally admitted. But in holding up Blake's revolt against reason as *spiritual speculation* they, and others, have fallen into the error which, as it seems to me, has made of romanticism the source of endless illusions.

In the field of the imagination the school of Blake at the last carried victory with a high hand over the pseudo-classic and humanistic writers, and the nineteenth century opens upon a world pretty well divided between the quarrelsome twins of rational science and irrational romanticism. In so far as the romantic imagination yields to the self-sufficiency of instinct and emotion it implies a real revolt from rationalism; it is in a way even more hostile to rationalism than the classic use of the imagination, for classicism never involved a rejection of the reason, though it differed from pseudo-classicism by leaving the door open to an intuition above reason. But the peculiar tone of romantic writing comes not so much from the mere revolt against pseudo-classicism as from *the illusion that this revolt is a return to spiritual insight.* Here I am treading on slippery ground, and it behooves me to walk warily. That all the spiritual aspirations of the nineteenth century were of a bastard birth, only a very ignorant or wilful man would assert. Humanity is larger than any formula, and no age can be limited by a label. In the romantic literature that unfolds from Blake there is much that is simply true, much that is beautiful and magnificent, and there are moments that express the divine awe that belongs to the sudden inflooding of the veritable other-world; but in the most characteristic moods of that literature, when it

expresses most perfectly the main current of the age, there will be found, I believe, a deep confusion of ideas which results from assimilating the rebellion of the lower element of our nature with the control that comes from above nature. For the infinite spirit which makes itself known as a restraining check and a law of concentration within the flux of nature, this new aspiration of liberty would substitute the mere endless expansion which ensues upon the denial of any restraint whatsoever; in place of the higher intuition which is above reason it would commit mankind to the lower intuition which is beneath reason. This illusion of the senses has dazzled the human mind in other ages as well as in the present. It shows itself here and there in the classics of antiquity. It developed a special form in the Alexandrian union of Oriental religion and Occidental philosophy, and was thus passed on to the Middle Ages. It can be found in the seventeenth century beside the true insight. It assumes many disguises and is often extremely difficult to distinguish from the supreme disillusion. The very fact that the same word, romantic, is used to designate the wonder of the infinite and the wonder of the limitless shows how easily we merge together these extreme opposites. But the historic romanticism of the nineteenth century, when it strikes its central note, whether it be the morbid egotism of a Beckford, or the religious defalcation of a Newman,

or the æstheticism of a Pater, or the dregs of naturalistic pantheism seen in a Fiona Macleod, or the impotent revolt from humanitarian sympathy of a Nietzsche — this romanticism is in its essence a denial of classical dualism and an illusory substitution of the mere limitless expansion of our impulsive nature for that true infinite within the heart of man, which is not of nature and whose voice is heard as the inner check, restraining, centralizing, and forming.

If romanticism is thus rightly defined, its point of contact with science is easily marked. Those limitless forces which were raised into the scientific hypothesis of a self-evolving, or rather self-creating, universe are the exact counterpart in outer nature of those limitless desires or impulses in the heart which are the substance of the romantic illusion. They find their union in that very modern philosophy of life which may be called indifferently scientific or romantic. As it is concerned with conduct and the inner life rather than with material phenomena, it may be regarded as the offspring of romanticism; as it enjoys its great authority from a supposed connection with the actual discoveries of physical law, and has obtained its precise character from the evolutionary hypothesis, it may with equal propriety be regarded as the bastard offspring of science — as, in a word, the latest form of philosophical science. The keynote of this new philosophy,

whether it take one of the many forms of Pragmatism or express itself in the evolutionary language of M. Bergson or conceal itself in the sardonic indifference of the man in the street, is a kind of *laisser-faire*, a belief that, as the physical world has unrolled itself by its own expansive forces, so human society progresses by some universal instinct, needing no rational and selective guidance, no imposition of moral restraint, no conscious insight.

And mark well, we are here concerned not with an idle question of the schools, but with a very real outcome in conduct. You will find the trace of this philosophy in every department of life. It has remoulded our whole practice of education; and this perhaps is the point where its influence is clearest and where attack may be most successfully directed. Perhaps we do not often stop to consider the relation between the usurpation of purely scientific studies in our college curriculum with the Rousselian notion that education must place no restraint upon the child, but must merely help him to expand in the direction of his emotional instincts; yet in reality that relation is to-day the main factor in shaping our pedagogical theories. Positive science is a noble vocation, but just so sure as it is made in considerable part the basis of education, instead of being treated as a profession, like law or medicine, to be taken up after a general education, just so surely the

confusions of philosophical science will follow and claim authority in our schools. The unhampered elective system, which is merely the pedagogical form of the new philosophy of *laisser-faire*, is in a way anything and everything; but one characteristic and one result of it are omnipresent. It is characterized by a revolt from Greek and Latin, due in part no doubt to such subsidiary causes as the pedantry which laid its paralyzing hand on classical instruction, but due more essentially to the hostility between the classical way of viewing life and the new juncture of romantic and scientific philosophy. The result of the modern system is a laxity of mind in those who have drifted through our institutions from kindergarten to university, a repugnance for good reading, in a word, that lack of real education which is more and more deplored by instructors in school and college.

In politics the spirit of *laisser-faire* shows itself in the feeling that to be right we need only follow unhesitatingly the clamour of the day; whereas any suppression of a self-assertive movement in favour of a saner ideal already established is denounced as reaction and death. Take, for instance, our attitude towards socialism. Perhaps no comment is more frequently on the lips of the man in the street — that mysterious arbiter of civilization — than the words: It is bound to come, why strive against it? As a matter of fact

socialism, in some very imperfect form, may indeed come, but is by no means bound to come. To say that the whole teaching of history proves its necessity is to forget most of the chapters of that book, and is to fall into the common error of the half-educated who extend their knowledge of one age over all ages. I cannot see much difference between those who accept some form of socialism because by the very definition of Karl Marx it is a "fatal necessity," and those who accepted the old scholastic notion of God, with all its consequences, because by their own definition of God he must exist. The question here, however, is not the goodness or evil of socialism in itself, but the perilous state of any society which for some blind law of evolution surrenders its right to criticize and to determine its own course rationally. "Man," says M. Georges Sorel, the philosopher and for a time one of the leaders of the "syndicalist" branch of socialism in France — "man has genius only in the measure that he does not reflect." And when asked what new form of government should be erected on the ruins of society brought about by the general strike, M. Sorel replied that with such constructive thought for the future we had nothing to do; we had learned from Bergson to trust ourselves implicitly to the blind instinctive forces of nature.

In like manner in regard to female suffrage: we deceive ourselves if we suppose that its admission

or rejection will be the result of argument and rational conviction. The power that is bringing it into practical life is the sentiment heard from the mouth of every other man you meet: If the women want it, why, let them have it. And this sentiment finds support in the weary fatalism of the day: It is bound to come whether you like it or not; why resist the irresistible? Again, the question is not whether female suffrage is a good or an evil thing in itself, but the ignoble abdication of judgement in accepting any present tendency as a fatal force which it is useless, if not wrong, to curb.

And so, to pass to quite another field, the *laisser-faire* of philosophical science is beginning to modify our whole treatment of crime. We no longer punish the criminal as a being responsible for his acts, under the belief that there is in man a voluntary power to shape his own character, but when we punish him at all, we do so apologetically, as if society and not he were the guilty party, and as if his crime were merely one of the products of evolution, like any disease to be cured by fresh air and flattery. I have no desire to enter into the intricacies of the new penology. But I have been impressed by two opinions from very diverse sources. I recall reading in one of the books of that connoisseur of the underworld, the late Josiah Flynt, the remark of a professional burglar to the effect that the only prevention

against crime was sure and sharp punishment. And I connect with this observation the recent statement of the Police Commissioner of New York, to the effect that the excess of violence and lawlessness in this city is due to the number of suspended sentences and the general feeling among those criminally disposed that the courts will not convict. Mr. Waldo may have had various reasons for offering such an apology for his department, but it is significant to compare certain statistics of New York with those of London where the older habits of swift and relentless judgement still prevail. In our American city the average annual number of murders for the years 1908–10 was one hundred and seventeen, while the average number of convictions was only twenty-five. In London, with its population of seven million, the average for those years was twenty murders, for which fifteen persons either committed suicide before police action or were convicted.[1] Among the causes for this alarming

[1] The following statistics from a leading article in the London *Nation* of March 30, 1912, entitled *The Breakdown of American Justice*, give a wider range to the question: "Since 1885 there have been some 177,000 murders and homicides in the United States, but under 3000 executions. In 1885 the number of murders was 1808; in 1895 it had risen to 10,500; in 1910 it stood at 8975. In 1885 the number of executions was 108; in 1895 it was 132; in 1910 it was 104. Roughly speaking, Americans are now killing one another at the rate of over 9000 a year. Looking over the statistics of the past seven-and-twenty years, one finds that, while executions have remained virtually stationary, murders and homicides have multiplied five-fold. In 1885 for every murderer executed seventeen murders were committed; in 1895 the proportion was one to seventy-nine; in 1910 it was one to eighty-six. There are, indeed, few crimes of which an American can more safely be guilty. If he commits a murder

disproportion our evolutionary attitude towards crime is certainly not the least effective. In the end this whole philosophy of naturalism, which bids us follow the lead of some blind self-developing instinct, is subject to the rebuke uttered by Bishop Butler long ago: "A late author [Wollaston] of great and deserved reputation says, that to place virtue in following nature, is at best a loose way of talk. And he has reason to say this, if what I think he intends to express, though with great decency, be true, that scarce any other sense can be put upon those words, but acting as any of the several parts, without distinction, of a man's nature happened most to incline him."

In these practical and, perhaps, debatable applications we may seem to have got far away from the man whom I upheld as the typical spokesman of philosophical science. In fact the rational hypothesis of evolution as proclaimed by Huxley was, superficially considered, the very opposite of the confessedly anti-rational hypothesis that lends authority to the doctrine of moral

the odds are more than three to one against his ever being brought to trial; they are more than ten to one against his being sentenced to imprisonment; and, as has been said, they are more than eighty to one against his suffering the extreme penalty of the law. Those are the chances officially ascertained from official statistics, and they apply to the country as a whole and to all its people. But it need hardly be said that if the murderer is a white man the odds in his favour are very much above the statistical average, and very much below them if he is a negro. Only one country in the world, Mexico, exceeds the American record of murders, a record that is proportionally five times as great in the United States as in Australia, more than fourteen times as great as in England and Wales, eight times as great as in Japan, ten times as great as in Canada, and about twenty-five times as great as in Germany."

laisser-faire. Nevertheless their parentage is certain, and even in Huxley hints of the derived philosophy are not infrequent.

In education, though Huxley's interests were too broad and in some respects too literary to permit a harsh condemnation of the humanities, yet all his energy was devoted to introducing science into the curriculum of the universities and schools. No doubt his action was justifiable to a certain extent and redounded to the genuine profit of pure science; but it had also the negative result at least of starting that transformation which has made of our classrooms a nursery for the sophisms of philosophical science. He was convinced that the sciences in themselves are sufficient for a liberal education, and on occasion he was ready to commend a foundation which made "no provision for 'mere literary instruction and education,'" meaning by this "the ordinary classical course of our schools and universities." Biology, he thought, included really the whole philosophy of life; and education he limited to "instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature." If there was apparent liberality in his extension of these laws of nature to include "not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways," there was also in it the germ of a mischievous ambiguity.

In matters political Huxley's practical sense of affairs kept his judgement clearer, and I do

not know that there is anything in his writings which contradicts his expressed fear and dislike of "*regimentation* and *individualism* — enforced Socialism and Anarchy." He has ringing words of rebuke for the whole policy of drifting (see, for instance, his letter of March 21, 1886, to a Member of Parliament). Yet the real tendency of his ideas comes out plainly enough in his attitude towards female suffrage. He was himself strongly opposed to the admission of women into politics, holding for biological reasons a sharp distinction between the spheres of the two sexes. Nevertheless, when he came to deal directly with the emancipation of women his method was that of the man in the street. "Let them have a fair field," he said, "but let them understand, as the necessary correlative, that they are to have no favour. Let nature alone sit high above the lists, 'rain influence and judge the prize.'"

The new romantic philosophy of evolution as a continuous process of self-creation had scarcely arisen to perturb the rationalism of Huxley, and he was too stalwartly intellectual to have succumbed to it even if it had been in the air; yet the outcome of his teaching was that exaltation of science which laid the minds of the next generation open to its alluring seduction. The final influence of his words, if not always his avowed intention, was to establish the new law of progress: *Let nature sit high above the lists;* which may be

interpreted by his own remark on another occasion: "The best way of getting disorder into order [is] to let it alone." Not many lives in the Victorian era were more unselfish than his, not many men pursued truth with a nobler devotion, not many had broader and finer interests; nevertheless, in the end it must be said, sadly and reverently, that his legacy to mankind was confusion of ideas and relaxation of judgement.

We have seen the triumphs of Huxley at Oxford, the seat of his enemies. Let us take leave of this somewhat ungrateful theme by calling up another scene at the same university. In 1864, there was a Diocesan Conference at Oxford. There chanced at this time to be in the neighbourhood a man who was neither priest nor scientist, a man given to absurd freaks of intellectual charlatanry, yet showing at times also such marvellous and sudden penetration into the heart of things as comes only to genius. It was Disraeli. "He lounged into the assembly," so the scene is described by Froude, "in a black velvet shooting-coat and a wide-awake hat, as if he had been accidentally passing through the town.... He began in his usual affected manner, slowly and rather pompously, as if he had nothing to say beyond perfunctory platitudes." And then, turning to the presiding officer, the same Bishop Wilberforce whom four years earlier Huxley had so crushingly rebuked, he uttered one of his

enigmatic and unforgettable epigrams: "What is the question now placed before society with a glibness the most astounding? The question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I, my lord, am on the side of the angels." The audience, not kindly disposed to the speaker, applauded the words as a jest; they were carried the next day over the whole land by the newspapers; they have often been repeated as an example of Disraeli's brilliant but empty wit. I suspect that beneath their surface glitter, and hidden within their metaphor pointed to suit an Oriental taste, these words contain a truth that shall some day break to pieces the new philosophy which Huxley spent his life so devotedly to establish.

DEFINITIONS OF DUALISM

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I

THE life of man consists of impulses which spring from the coming together of inner desires and outer impressions. By the word desires is here not meant the intelligent want of a definite object, but the mere outreaching of vital energy. Desires and impressions, so far as our knowledge attains, cannot exist independently, that is to say, there can be no living organism without the constant interaction of an inner vital energy and an enveloping world. Impulses tend to pass into mental and physical activities, of the latter of which many belong to our animal functions and scarcely reach to the senses. Mental activities react in the form of new desires, physical activities in the form of new impressions. Certain activities are beneficial to our organization, others are detrimental. The sum of desires and impressions we call the great self-moving, incessant flux.

II

Beside the flux of life there is also that within man which displays itself intermittently as an inhibition upon this or that impulse, preventing its prolongation in activity, and making a pause

or eddy, so to speak, in the stream. This negation of the flux we call the inner check. It is not the mere blocking of one impulse by another, which is a quality of the confusion of the flux itself, but a restraint upon the flux exercised by a force contrary to it.

III

In the repeated exercise of the inner check we are conscious of two elements of our being — the inner check itself and the stream of impulses — as coexistent and coöperative, yet essentially irreconcilable, forces. What, if anything, lies behind the inner check, what it is, why and how it acts or neglects to act, we cannot express in rational terms. Of the ultimate source of desires and impressions, and of the relation of the resulting flux of impulses to the inner check in that union which we call ourselves, we are darkly ignorant. These are the final elements of self-knowledge — on the one hand multiplicity of impulses, on the other hand unity and *cupiditatum oblivio, alta rerum quies*. Consciousness, the more deeply we look into ourselves, tells us that we are ceaselessly changing, yet tells us also that we are ever the same. This dualism of consciousness, it seems, is the last irrational fact, the report behind which we cannot go, the decision against which there is no appeal, the reality which only stands out the more clearly the more

it is questioned. If a man denies this dualism of consciousness there is no argument with him, but a fundamental difference of intuition which will follow into every view of philosophy and criticism.

IV

The attempt to resolve the irrational paradox by asserting that there is an absolute consciousness which embraces the two elements of a lower consciousness can only fall into endless regression. Thus, let A and B represent the two elements of consciousness. If a man asserts that there is a third element, C, which is conscious of A and B as mere aspects of one and the same mental activity, then for the original dualism he establishes a new dualism in which C is one element while A and B together form the other element. And so on without end. The difficulty arises here from attempting to treat the so-called self-knowledge of consciousness as if it were the same intellectual process as knowledge which requires a subject and an object, a knower and a thing known, or, in our mental life, a present and a past. We do not know the flux by the inner check, or the inner check by the flux, or either of these by some other element of our being, but we are immediately and inexplicably conscious of both at once — we are both at once.

V

Reason, which is our instrument of analysis and definition, is itself an organ of the flux. In endeavouring, therefore, to define the element of our being contrary to its sphere, it can only employ terms which express difference from the qualities of the flux and which must end in pure negation. Thus, in the language of philosophy, absolute unity, or sameness, is merely the complete negation of variety, and conveys no positive meaning; immutability, the negation of change; rest, the negation of motion; eternity, the negation of time; infinity, the negation of all our experience. The error of the reason is to deny the existence of this absolute element because it must be defined in terms of negation. By the use of the term inner check, we accept the inability of the reason to define positively this element of our being, but imply also that it may be the cause of quite positive and definable effects within the flux.

VI

As one impulse is checked, some other impulse may come to the surface and may be permitted to pass into activity. The inner check has thus the semblance of an act of attention or choice. Attention, nevertheless, must not be confused with the inner check, which is essentially, in so

far as it can be expressed in rational terms, a pure inhibition, having the absence of variety and change which belongs only to absolute negation. Attention is the name of the immediate effect of the inner check in the positive sphere of activities, the last point to which rational analysis and emotional appeal can apply. There is thus in the admonition to attend, that is, deliberately to stay the flux of impulses and exercise an act of choice in activity, an irreducible paradox, similar to the mystery in religion which calls a man to repent yet teaches that repentance is the work of divine grace.

VII

Feeling is the consciousness of an increase or decrease in the free play of the desires.

VIII

In pleasure we feel an enlargement of life. Pleasure has two moments: — the coming together of accordant impressions and desires, and, further, the unobstructed passage of the resulting impulse into activity. In pain, using the word broadly as the contrary of pleasure, we feel a diminution of life. Pain also has two moments: — the coming together of discordant impressions and desires, or the obstruction of any impulse from passing into activity. A detrimental activity may be immediately pleasurable, yet will re-

sult in pain, since its effect at the last is to react in impressions that are in disaccord with our desires.

IX

Happiness is the feeling that accompanies the governing of our impulses by the inner check. Repentance and remorse are the feelings that accompany the insufficient exercise of the inner check. Happiness, when it means obstruction to a detrimental impulse, may be associated with, or preceded by, some degree of pain; it is associated with pleasure when free course is permitted to a beneficial impulse. In the end happiness and pleasure tend to concur. Repentance and remorse are transitional feelings, the one tending to pass into happiness, the other into the settled gloom of misery.

X

Pleasure and pain, which belong entirely to the flux, remorse and misery, which belong predominantly to the flux, bring with them a sense of our life as diverse from other lives; these are the personal feelings, and the sum, or resultant, of them is personality. Happiness and repentance, on the contrary, tend to a sense of our life as free from such isolating qualities; these are the impersonal feelings, and the sum, or resultant, of them is the image in the flux, as it were, of the

spirit, or so-called higher Self. It is the part of wisdom to distinguish between what is personal and what is impersonal.

XI

The emotions are the feelings of pleasure and pain modified by the complex activities of the mind. They are accompanied by instinctive physical motions and perturbations, and on examination seem to be more or less clearly localized in the body. The cardinal emotions may be arranged thus in the scale of personality: — joy and grief, hope and fear, complacence and anger, love and hatred, vanity and shame, pride and debasement. Joy is the emotion that attends the reflexion on the possession of a particular pleasure or on the cessation of a particular pain, grief the contrary; hope is the expectation of joy, fear the contrary; complacence is the sense that another person is the cause of joy, anger the contrary; love (in a restricted definition) is the sense that another person is the cause of hope, hatred the contrary; vanity is the sense that another person feels our superiority in the particular emotions, shame the sense that another person feels our inferiority in the particular emotions; pride is the independent sense of our superiority, debasement the independent sense of our inferiority. Vanity and pride, shame and debasement, are thus connected with our personal feelings as a whole, and

are the main factors of personality. It needs often the most delicate judgement to discriminate between these personal emotions and their impersonal counterparts, to distinguish vanity and pride from the self-approval of happiness, shame and debasement from the humility of repentance. In common usage the distinction between these words is often ignored.

XII

The various aspects of mental activity we may, without implication of the meaning conveyed in the so-called facultative psychology, designate the faculties of memory, reason, and imagination. These faculties we can in a way define and distinguish, but their essential nature and their relation to one another are probably as impenetrable as self-knowledge itself. Every process of mental activity appears to implicate all the faculties together, but with varying degrees of emphasis. It may be surmised, but only surmised, that in some way the faculties themselves have been created by the action of a force within the flux obedient to the inner check, and that the regularity of their function depends on the fulness of the control of this check.

XIII

Memory is the faculty by which we retain the effects of activities as the potential source of

other activities. The sum of these dormant activities constitutes experience, or the data of life.

XIV

The inner check allows to memory the opportunity to balance a present impulse with the impulses of experience. Thus a man has a certain impulse which results in activity. The detrimental or beneficial effect of this activity remains dormant in experience. If, when a similar impulse arises within him, he attends and opposes a momentary check to the passing of this impulse into activity, the memory of the former effect may produce a confirming or a contradictory impulse. In this way beneficial impulses are strengthened, detrimental impulses are weakened. It is probable that the whole of life is in some manner retained passively in the memory of every man. But the readiness of memory in choosing and awakening impulses from its supply varies with individual men. Not the scope only, but the selective activity of memory in response to the opportunities afforded by the inner check, measures the fulness and richness of life.

XV

Tradition is the experience of society. It is stored up for use by what may be called the objective memory. The chief function of education

is to transfer the wealth of a selective tradition from society to the individual.

XVI

By memory the diversity of the flux becomes to us succession in time. The concrete emotion of passing time seems to spring from a divergence between the inner and the outer flux; and there is a regular association of this emotion with personality. In pain, when the impressions intrude harshly upon us, we feel strongly both our personality and the lapse of time. In pleasure, when our portion of the flux is dominant, personality is strong, but we are scarcely aware of time except as pleasure is interrupted by fear for its continuance. In happiness, as personality tends to be absorbed in the consciousness of the higher Self, so the sense of time is lost in a consciousness of duration without succession which is akin at once to time and timelessness. The abstract activity of the faculty of memory gives us the conception of pure time.

XVII

Reason is the faculty of discretion by which we perceive sameness and difference. Its effect is to break up the flowing datum of experience into units. By the perception of sameness it combines these units in larger and more comprehensive conceptions; by the perception of difference in

smaller and less comprehensive conceptions. Its law is the exclusion of contradictories; that is to say, it holds that if two things are totally different they can have no bond of sameness. It may be designated in accordance with the material in which it works as objective or subjective.

XVIII

Imagination is the faculty which sensualizes the data of experience apart from ourselves as separate existences. It runs parallel with the reason, and like the reason may be designated in accordance with the material in which it works as objective or subjective.

XIX

The objective reason deals, not with the whole field of experience, but with the impulses that arise under the immediate impact of impressions from the outer world, by its perception of sameness and difference conceiving this material as more or less comprehensive units. The objective imagination projects this material into the void as discrete phenomena. These phenomena are seemingly, but not really, made up of the pure matter of impressions, unconnected with our desires; of the actual outer world from which our impressions flow we can have no unmixed knowledge.

XX

By the abstract activity of the objective reason we get the conception of number. By the objective imagination we get the conception of pure space. The simultaneous activity of reason and imagination gives us the conception of specific extension. Time and extension together give us the conception of pure motion. The formulation of these abstract conceptions is pure mathematics.

XXI

The sum of phenomena is nature. As the material out of which phenomena are formed reaches the faculties through the various senses, or organs of perception, our knowledge of nature is conditioned by the activity of these bodily organs and is subject to distortion by their irregular activity. Knowledge of a particular phenomenon is reckoned accurate in so far as it fits in with our knowledge of other phenomena, and in so far as this general knowledge fits in with the knowledge reported by other persons.

XXII

Science, primarily, is the systematic accumulation of accurate knowledge. Secondarily, it is the endeavour to express the conditioned knowledge of the senses in the abstract conceptions of

the faculties. There is a regular gradation of the sciences as they deal with the more complicated aspects of experience, and the margin of facts unamenable to abstract law increases with the complexity of the material. Each science, therefore, attempts to find the expression of its law in terms of the simpler science below it. Thus, by a series of approximations, history as a science tries to find its law in sociology, sociology in psychology, psychology in biology, biology in chemistry, chemistry in physics. Physics reduces phenomena to the simplest and most constant form of perception, considering them as concrete extension (mass) and concrete motion (motion, as change of mass in position). In attempting to express these physical perceptions in the abstract formulæ of mathematics there may be convenience, but there is no real addition to scientific knowledge. Between mathematics and physics stands the concrete reality of energy or the impact of the impressions as received through the senses. We have then this baffling paradox: there is no pure science but mathematics, and mathematics is not a science since it has no content of knowledge.

XXIII

Whatever is recognized as remaining in the self after the separation of the phenomena of nature is called the soul. The body belongs to nature,

but it is distinguished by its special association with an individual soul. The relation of corporeal to mental activity as cause, consequence, or parallel existence is profoundly obscure. The soul and the body form together what we call our organization. Perception of this external dualism of soul and body often tends to supplant that of the true inner dualism of consciousness. It may have value as a symbolic expression of the inner dualism, in so far as the body by means of the organs of perception is the instrument by which the inner flux and the outer flux are united to form our impulsive life, and is thus set apart from the inner check. The word nature may be applied specifically to the sum of phenomena exclusive of the living body of the man himself.

XXIV

The subjective reason deals with the whole material of experience, including both the immediate impulses and their train of reactions in our mental life. Its material is thus dominated not by outer impressions, as is the material out of which natural phenomena are formed, but by inner desires. By its means we conceive our mental activities as discrete quantities and the mind itself as a discrete unit. The abstract activity of the subjective reason gives us the principles of logic. The subjective imagination is the use of the faculty by which we project our complex

inner experience into nature as existences apart from the soul. The abstract activity of the subjective imagination gives us the idea of creation.

XXV

When by the objective imagination nature has been set apart from ourselves, the subjective imagination may intervene and endow these phenomena with the activities of our inner life. This is the pathetic fallacy, which makes nature to correspond to our personal emotions. It may take the form of an apparent absorption of the soul in nature or of an apparent absorption of nature in the soul. Then nature seems to smile or weep with us, or by a reversal of feeling to show a contrary face.

XXVI

When the phenomena of nature appear to be under the control of a force corresponding to the inner check, they are said, in a general way, to be beautiful. More specifically beauty is this particular sense of unity in diversity as manifested by design, form, harmony, clear and regular transition, relation of parts. It is commonly mingled with other perceptions of the one in the many — such as sublimity, grandeur, charm, grace — more or less closely related or subordinate to it. Thus the very stability of the mountains upreared amidst the shifting panorama of the atmosphere, the endurance of great waters in their

everlasting fluctuations, suggest the indwelling of some eternal word of command. The quiet gleam of light, the purity of colours, the melody of sound, hint at some deep-hidden principle of joy. The brave persistence of growing things, the stealthy instincts of wild life, proclaim the immanence of some master virtue. This formative power within phenomena we often think of as Nature personified.

XXVII

The consolation of nature is an impersonal emotion arising from the confirmation of our inner consciousness of dualism; for beauty is, as it were, a visible image of the possible happiness of the soul. This consolation is peculiarly liable to suffer perversion from the pathetic fallacy and from the usurpations of reason. It is after all but an illusion that trembles at the touch of analysis. Hence the sense of uneasiness that often accompanies the perception of beauty, and the difficulty of reconciling ethics and æsthetics.

O nimium cælo et pelago confise sereno!

XXVIII

In the end, when the great griefs of life attack us, there has always been, and is, one only consolation unmixed with shame and debasement. Time may deaden and mechanical immersion in the flux may conceal the cause of grief, but the

true liberation comes only with the knowledge of the universality of evil and pain in human destiny, and with the consciousness that something within us stands apart from the everlasting flux and from our passions which also belong to the flux.

XXIX

Art is the attempt, by means of the subjective imagination, to establish the experience of the individual in tradition. Serious art is thus almost necessarily concerned with the past and with ambitions of the future. In so far as it deals with beauty, it is an attempt to adapt the beauty of nature as seen through the objective imagination to the demands of the subjective imagination. It differs from the pathetic fallacy by implying a distinct and more or less revocable addition to nature rather than a fusion of nature and the soul.

XXX

The various arts are limited to specific fields of experience in accordance with the medium in which they work, and they rise in dignity as the sense to which they are directed has less of the flux and more of mental stability in its activity. Thus, they may be arranged in a scale of honour as they act through the medium of taste and odour, sound, colour and line, form. For the

same reason their emotional appeal is more personal as they descend in this scale, more impersonal as they ascend. The so-called confusion of the *genres*, by obscuring distinctions, introduces an additional and unnecessary element of instability in the medium employed. Its effect, therefore, is to enhance the merely personal appeal of an art and to lower its dignity and impersonal appeal.

XXXI

Language is the medium by which we undertake to convey experience completely and directly rather than as divided and refracted by a particular organ of perception; it may be less intense and precise than the various senses in their proper fields, but is deeper and broader than any one of them. The creative use of language, or literature, is thus of the arts, but separated from them by its scope, seeming by its universality to be more essentially a function of life. Rhythm lends to language something of the sense quality of music, and relates poetry more closely to the specific arts while not depriving it entirely of the free range of literature.

XXXII

Works of art are varied in so far as they are created by the imagination out of the material of the flux, and substantially they depend on the richness of the artist's experience. Formally they

rise to a common standard of excellence in so far as the imagination of the artist is subject to the control of the unvaried inner check. So, too, taste, or the appreciation of art, passes from the impressionistic whim of the individual and from the larger convention of an age or a people to a universal canon just to the degree that it is regulated by the inner check. Criticism is thus not left to waver without a fixed criterion; and in the understanding of dualism it possesses further a key to the main divergences of thought and action, and a constant norm of classification.

XXXIII

Talent is measured by a man's ability to give expression to the material of experience. Genius, or inspiration, is measured by the degree to which the immediate consciousness of dualism enters into expression. Talent and genius in their highest stages will coincide, but in their lower stages they may exist together in varying proportions.

XXXIV

Hallucination comes when we seem to perceive the images of the subjective imagination as independent entities endowed with powers which are not subject to our control and which may work upon the soul. Hallucination is to the subjective imagination that which the pathetic fallacy is to the objective imagination.

XXXV

Reason may be mistaken in its distinctions and the imagination may wander into fallacy and hallucination, but the sure penalties of practice prevent them from going far astray in the normal man. And, though they do not, even if rightly exercised, tell us the essential reality of the outer world and of the soul, yet when they deal with the actual material of experience they make the realness of our own life. There is, however, another so-called metaphysical activity of these faculties, by which, transcending their proper function, they lead to absolute error and deception. When, on the one hand, they usurp the function of the organs of perception and undertake to give perceptive realness to abstract conceptions of time, number, and space, extension and motion, — that is to say, when they conceive a relationship among certain phenomena and then proceed to set forth this relationship in the language of the senses, they fall into hypothetical metaphysics, or pseudo-science. They fall into pure metaphysics, or ontology, when, on the other hand, they usurp the function of consciousness and undertake to explain the ultimate reality of things by abstract conceptions. Metaphysics, in general, may thus be defined as an attempt to assume essential authority for the faculties.

XXXVI

We are conscious of our self as both the inner check and the flux, one and many, the same and different. Reason denies this contradictory dualism, and, starting with an elimination of one element of consciousness, proceeds, with the imagination, to build up a theory of life and the world based on the other element of consciousness. Thus two schools of pure metaphysics, under various names and disguises, have always existed side by side in irreconcilable hostility — on this side the systems which start from absolute unity, stability, rest, the *universalia ante rem;* on the other side the systems of absolute diversity, flux, change, the *universalia post rem.* It is no contraversion of this fact that the same metaphysician may sometimes pass confusedly from one to the other school. Such a confusion will be found to underlie the metaphysics of most of those who maintain the middle ground of *universalia in rebus.*

XXXVII

In this persistent opposition of the two schools of pure metaphysics, we have at once confirmation of the dualism of consciousness and evidence that no metaphysical theory will ever unriddle the secret of the world. But neither should it be forgotten that, mixed up with the logomachy of the greater metaphysicians, there has always

been more or less of true insight, and that their power as guides and consolers of mankind has been proportionate to their immediate vision of the truth. Plato is at times merely the perplexing metaphysician; oftener he speaks from the depth of unexampled self-knowledge. All that is essential to the dualistic philosophy may be gathered from his dialogues, as hints and fragments of it may be found scattered through innumerable other writers, especially the inspired poets and philosophers of life.

XXXVIII

The modern metaphysic of the one is idealism. Its error is double, in so far as it begins with denying the substantive reality of the flux, and then proceeds to treat the absolute unity of the inner check as if this were the same thing as the rationally conceived and relative unity of the flux which it has denied.

XXXIX

The metaphysic of the many has various forms and names. Its most seductive form to-day is that way of viewing life which is commonly called pragmatic. The followers of pragmatism, whatever their protestations may be, all agree in taking the flux as the whole of consciousness, and in then staying the reason at this point and rejecting its further function of discretion and combin-

ation. They deny the superrational intuition of the absolute and hold fast to the infrarational intuition of the impulses as a continuous stream in time. Truth is to them whatever persists the longest in the unchecked indiscrete experience of life. Their theory, as it is half rational and half intuitional, is unstable and elusive. Its result is to dissolve attention and to discredit discipline.

XL

Science, when it passes beyond the field of positive observation and metaphysical hypothesis into pure metaphysics, is an attempt to formulate a changeless law of change, to find some absolute cause of unity or development within the flux of nature without projecting into nature the equivalent of the inner check. Chemical atoms, vortices, phlogiston, the corpuscular theory of light, luminiferous ether, are examples of science in the hypothetical stage. The conception of a perfect whole made up of an infinite number of imperfect parts, the conception of probability and survival as a principle of organization, are examples of science in transition from the hypothetical to the ontological stage. The deterministic conception of the world as produced by an endless chain of mechanical causes and effects, the vitalistic conception of the world as produced by an absolute and in-

determinate self-evolution or self-creation, are examples of science in the ontological stage.

XLI

Rationalism is the attempt to erect reason into an independent power within the soul taking the place of the inner check. The union of science and rationalism, that is to say, the reassumption of nature and the soul under the same law, gives the false philosophy of naturalism. The two great schools of naturalism in antiquity — and their votaries under various names are still common — were the Epicurean which divided this universal flux into self-moving atoms, and the Stoic which regarded it as a continuous self-governing fluid. Scientific monism is a kind of sterile hybrid from the union of naturalism and idealism. It need be named, and no more.

XLII

All these systems of the flux — pragmatism, science, rationalism, naturalism — have a way of merging into one another, and of existing together simultaneously in the same mind. In this indiscriminate sense they pass under the general name of naturalism.

XLIII

Romanticism is a radical confusion of the unlimited desires and the infinite inner check. In its

essential manifestation it is thus a morbid and restless intensification of the personal emotions. When the artistic imagination attempts to embody this blending of the unlimited and the infinite, we have the romantic strangeness and vagueness, often accompanied with a peculiarly troubled sense of beauty. In classical art the finite and the infinite are projected together, but without confusion. In so far as romanticism turns to emotion away from reason it is opposed to science and rationalism; in so far as it obscures the true infinite it falls with them under naturalism. Its affiliation is with the pragmatic flux and the *élan vital*.

XLIV

Thus, by the failure to restrain the faculties to their proper task of developing experience, man is prone to create about himself a world of error and deception — of error in so far as under the sway of reason he introduces unmeaning abstractions and unifications into the soul, of deception in so far as he imagines a world corresponding to this usurpation of reason.

XLV

The safeguard against error and deception is self-knowledge. As self-knowledge maintains a clear and unfailing consciousness of dualism, it is called insight; as it denies the right of the facul-

ties to supplant this dualism by their own abstractions and combinations, it is called scepticism. Insight and scepticism are the two arms, the positive and negative aspects, so to speak, of truth. Insight includes at once both the higher, or superrational, intuition which is immediately conscious of the inner check, and the lower, or infrarational, intuition which is immediately conscious of the flux of impulses.

XLVI

Insight and scepticism are not to be identified with doubt, which is a mere lethargy of the faculties and may be the mother of wandering and feeble errors and deceptions. True insight and scepticism are extremely difficult to maintain, and the true seers and sceptics are correspondingly rare. In all the business of life we are aided by the proper discriminations of the reason and the proper creations of the imagination, and this benefit acts as a continual assault upon the restraining power. Their insinuations of self-competence are endlessly varied and perilous.

XLVII

Self-knowledge grows with the exercise of the inner check, and as the inner check has to do with impulses which tend both to mental and to physical activities, self-knowledge results in the one sphere in truth and in the other sphere in morality.

The life of truth is philosophy, the life of morality is health (σωφροσύνη). Philosophy and moral health may not wholly coincide in a man's life, but each is the natural reinforcement of the other, and in their perfection they cannot exist apart.

XLVIII

It does not follow, because the metaphysical use of the reason is essentially erroneous, that reason has no proper function in philosophy. In discriminating the effects of the inner check in the sphere of the flux, reason is at work from the first act of attention to the last trait of character. It should be observed also that the word reason, especially in the Platonic dialectic, has often been used as synonymous with superrational intuition.

XLIX

The sum of a man's desires constitutes his temperament. His disposition is that whole field of impulses which is created by the coming together of his temperament and the stream of outer impressions.

L

If an impulse is checked, a similar recurring impulse is easier to check; if unchecked, the contrary is true. Thus, by attention and inattention, the disposition of a man takes on a pattern of strength and weakness which we call habits. We

speak also of the habit of attention, when the habits result from attention; and of the habit of inattention, when the habits result from inattention. A series of impulses directed towards a particular object constitutes what is called desire, in the common, or secondary, use of the word. Desire, in this sense of the word, may satisfy itself in mental images of possession, or may pass into physical activities for the purpose of actual possession.

LI

When a man acts under the habit of attention, there is an elimination of disturbing and thwarting impulses, and he is enabled to display a direct and clear energy which we call the will. This positive force of the will, which is a mode of activity and belongs to the flux, is easily mistaken for the inner check, or original element of inhibition, of which it is the outcome. Since the will is the result of eliminating or refraining detrimental impulses, it may, by an easy transference of language, be called the will to refrain. By this name it is better distinguished from the mere vehemence of desire.

LII

A man of character is one in whom a vigorous disposition is continuously controlled by the habit of attention, or the will to refrain. As char-

acter develops, the disposition takes on a more regular pattern; the impulses become harmonious as if arranged upon a centre, and display a kind of unity in multiplicity. The outcome in conduct is consistency, self-direction, balance of faculties, efficiency, moral health, happiness. At its highest development the will would appear to act automatically, as if the troublesome choice among heterogeneous impulses had been surmounted. The man would no longer be subject to the alternations of happiness and misery, but would rise to a state of equable activity in repose which we call peace. Yet withal it must be that life in its perfection would leave something wanting to the soul; some feeling would still pierce through to remind us that happiness in all its stages is at best but a negation of the great angry flux; we know even more clearly as we grow in self-control that the peace of this life is but the shadow and not the substance. Remorse and misery we can certainly outgrow, pain perhaps; but there remains the divine discontent.

LIII

In so far as the inner check is not exercised, and in so far as a man acts from the unbalanced impulses of the moment, his disposition is said to be impulsive. The conduct of such a man tends to fall into inconsistency, dispersion, discord of faculties, inefficiency, misery. This, in varying

degrees, is the state of the multitude. The consummation of such a state would be the very contrary of peace, which is despair.

LIV

In some men the desires flow of themselves strongly in a particular direction. If the will to refrain is correspondingly weak and the impulses are permitted to generate unrestrained habits, such men acquire a violence of disposition, or egotism. As the man of character and the egotist both display a certain stable pattern of habits, they present superficially a similar appearance. But in fact they are essentially the opposite of each other; in practice it is seldom difficult to distinguish immediately between them, and by familiarity the difference comes out stronger. Clearness of aim is not the same as imperious need; inner harmony is not the same as the consistency of a harsh one-sidedness; strength is not the same as obstinacy; peace is not the same as a sullen pride. In the end the egotist is likely to fall into fatal self-contradictions and misery.

LV

The morality or immorality of an agent is determined by the exercise or quiescence of the inner check. The rightness or wrongness, virtue or vice, of a particular act is determined by the final result in pleasure or pain to the agent as an indi-

vidual existing amid certain circumstances — that is to say, by the harmonious increase of life or the contrary. If the inner check permits full attention on the part of the agent, he will to the best of his experience choose the act which shall result finally in pleasure, and which is therefore right and virtuous. At any moment, even with full attention, he may be mistaken in his opinion and thus be moral while acting wrongly and viciously; but in the long run virtue and morality tend to coincide, just as pleasure and happiness tend to coincide: they would coincide immediately and absolutely were the world itself totally moral. On the other hand, a man may have large experience of virtue and vice and of their consequences, yet at any moment, without the pause of attention (more or less painful and protracted according to his disposition), may be led to act contrary to his own good — *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*. His error is due to the force of some insurgent desire, overwhelming temporarily the realization of past and future, or flattering him with sly insinuations that a vice which is harmful to others may be innocent to himself.

LVI

The discriminating power of reason should seem to be predominant in judging the ultimate outcome of pleasure and pain resultant upon a particular act; but the faculties of memory and

imagination are also required, memory in supplying the material of judgement, and imagination in lending cogent realness to judgement. In the insufficiency of individual experience a man must be largely guided by the experience of society as expressed in precepts. The most useful summary of experience is the general rule that virtue is a mean lying between the two extremes of vice. Thus, temperance is the mean lying between intemperance, which is an excess in the indulgence of physical pleasure, and austerity, which is a defect in such indulgence. Courage is the mean lying between rashness, which is an excess of desire to venture or attack, and cowardice, which is a defect of such desire. And so with regard to the other virtues and vices. Essentially, however, the vice of defect is the excess of a contrary desire. Thus, austerity, though in relation to temperance appearing a defect, is in itself an excess of the kind of desire which creates pride; and cowardice, in like manner, is in itself an excess of desire to save one's life. The real defect does not show itself in the vices, properly speaking, but in the lack of elevation, the petty faults, the ignoble hesitations, the tepid dulness, which form the vast background of life. This is meanness as contrasted with the golden mean, feebleness of temperament as contrasted with the control of the inner check.

LVII

To sum up the various aspects of a man's self: —The soul is the total source of individuality, including, properly speaking, the inner check and the desires, and excluding the impressions derived through the body. Temperament is the part of the soul which belongs to the flux; the soul, unless it is conceived as including the inner check, is indistinguishable from the temperament. Soul and temperament cannot be conceived as actually existing in time yet apart from a body. Disposition is temperament as it works out in conjunction with the body; it is the energy, so to speak, of our organization. Impulsiveness is a weak disposition uncontrolled by the inner check. Egotism is a strong disposition uncontrolled by the inner check. Character is disposition controlled by the inner check. Personality is the emotional sense of our disposition as an individual fact different from other dispositions.

LVIII

As the common disposition of mankind is lacking in character, the will to refrain needs to be, and largely is, reinforced from without by the restraining influence of public opinion, fear of punishment, education, and mythology. The proper effect of this external check is a discipline which produces healthy instincts capable, under ordin-

ary circumstances, of taking the place of character. It must be added that the external check, if carried to a point where it crushes instead of regulating the disposition, may be debilitating and dangerous to the purely impulsive man.

LIX

As the will to refrain grows with the elimination of conflicting and egotistic impulses, so men of character tend to develop in ways of conduct free from mutual conflict and thus to fall into social accord. Justice, the mother of all the civic virtues, is the will to produce the same balance in society as already exists in the individual. The great source of social discord is the injustice springing from the diversity of unrestrained desires and from the warfare of egotisms.

LX

There is a common delusion that civic virtue can be produced by instinctive sympathy and does not need the painful restraint of the inner or outer check. Now this sympathy is that supposed law of personality by which we invariably feel the pleasure of others as our pleasure and the pain of others as our pain; and which, consequently, would always lead us, if free to follow our instincts, so to act as to affect others with pleasure. But by the very nature of personality such a law cannot exist. The feeling of pleasure

and pain is the sense of the increase or diminution of our life. In so far as the pleasure of another may result in activities beneficial to ourselves, or creates the expectation of similar pleasure in ourselves, and thus enlarges our sense of life, it may awaken sympathetic pleasure in us. And pain in another by a corresponding process may awaken sympathetic pain in us. But, on the contrary, the pleasure of another is equally capable of awakening an antipathetic pain in us, when it means an activity in the other that is detrimental to us and diminishes our sense of life; and the pain of another may awaken an antipathetic pleasure in us. The notion of this instinctive sympathy as a power in itself capable of taking the place of the inner or outer check is an error of romanticism, which forgets that the personal feelings belong to the flux and tend to variety and difference. As it slurs over the distinctions among men in the abstract conception of humanity, it is called humanitarianism.

LXI

Charity, in the scriptural meaning of the word, is justice accompanied with feeling. It is the sure and impersonal sympathy of happiness as distinguished from the precarious and personal sympathy of pleasure.

LXII

Friendship and love are special forms of sympathy. The lowest form of friendship results from that accident of circumstances by which the pleasures and pains of two persons commonly fall together; its highest form results from a mutual feeling of charity. Love in its lowest form is the mere desire to obtain pleasure from another without care for his or her pleasure or pain. In its middle form it desires that the person beloved may have a mutual sense of pleasure. As this sense of mutuality increases, love passes into a peculiarly strong and fine sympathy of charity. The stability of friendship and love grows with their approach to charity. In friendship, and to a higher degree in love, the subjective imagination is a powerful factor in so far as it embodies our emotions in another person. Hence the close relation of friendship, and the still closer relation of love, to artistic creation. From the pure sympathy of charity, more than from any other experience of life, comes the assurance that the rejection of the world's diversity may lead not to blank isolation but to some inexpressible communion of all spirits.

LXIII

Society for its preservation organizes the external checks in the form of government. A perfect government would be neither a crushing

despotism nor an unrestrained license; its aim would be to bring the character of the few to bear in some effective way upon the impulses of the many; it would be an aristocracy of justice. The theory of absolute democracy might imply that the will to refrain would in the long run assert its inner potency in all men if they were freed from external checks. The generality of men, however, are so intermittently conscious of the inner check that practical democracy, whether it call itself anarchy or socialism, proceeds on the theory that the dispositions of men tend of themselves to order and harmony; it is in essence a denial of dualism and a child of naturalism. The attempt to introduce either anarchy or socialism, by removing the influence of the few men of character, would result in a chaos of clashing dispositions or in the dominance of men of violent egotism.

LXIV

It is impossible to give a simple definition of liberty, for the reason that the thing itself is not simple, but complex. Primarily, liberty is an inner state which depends on the complete control of the desires and passions, and in this sense we say: "The truth shall make you free." But liberty is also an outer state which can arise only when society is so organized as to impose no restraint upon the actions of the man who is himself free. Were all men free in themselves, the

perfect form of government would be an absolute anarchy. As the world is, the freest society is that in which custom and law impose the least restraint upon the man who is self-governed, and the greatest restraint upon the man who is not self-governed.

LXV

Individual morality is conduct controlled by the inner check. Social morality is conduct controlled by the external check of society. In general these two forms of morality are in accord, and, looking at the world at large, we may safely say that individual morality is a minute factor in its conduct in comparison with social morality. When, however, a man has advanced in character far beyond the character of the community, it may happen that his moral sense will differ widely from the social code. In that case he must rely upon the approval of conscience, which is only another name for self-knowledge developed by the exercise of the inner check. In so transgressing the social code he acts at his extreme peril. If he errs, the responsibility is upon himself, since he acts from self-ignorance and not from self-knowledge.

LXVI

Since the inner check is the same potentially in all men and differs only in effect as it acts or remains quiescent, each man is certainly responsible for his character or lack of character. He

may not be responsible for his disposition out of which character is developed, and which by some incalculable chance came to him originally different from that of other men. There is thus in conduct a paradox of responsibility and irresponsibility corresponding to the dualism of consciousness. If we look into ourselves, we are likely to be conscious of voluntary attention or inattention at the root of our habits, and to magnify accordingly the element of responsibility. If we regard the lives of others, we are likely to exaggerate the power of their disposition, and to regard them as irresponsible. These are the inner and the outer ways of viewing life.

LXVII

There are those who wish to escape the idea of responsibility, yet shrink from the terrors of a purely fortuitous world; such men deny the element of absolute inhibition on the one hand, and assert on the other that our dispositions come to us determined by the law of inheritance or by some other fatality of the flux itself. This theory merely removes the necessity of meaningless chance to an ever-vanishing distance. Chance and fate, in the deterministic sense, accident and natural law, are not contradictory ideas, but different aspects only of the flux. Law, as the rule of cause and effect, has no meaning except in the realm of volition, that is to say, in the irrational

relation of the inner check and the flux. There is approximate sequence in nature, but no rule of cause and effect except in so far as nature is subdued to moral law.

LXVIII

On the contrary, not only many individual minds but entire peoples, wishing to bring the whole of conduct under responsibility, have conceived the actual disposition of a man as the result of an infinite series of lives, the will in each life being able to modify to a slight extent the inherited temperament. In the infinity of time a man is thus the responsible creator of his own temperament, and, in so far as no impulse can arise without desire, of his disposition. It may be said that this theory of metempsychosis, or the law of karma, merely conceals the difficulty by removing the element of irresponsibility to an ever-vanishing distance. Yet it must not be forgotten that only by karma can the rule of cause and effect be extended to the whole of life, and that this recognition of responsibility has a deep sanction in tradition.

LXIX

The practical difficulty in judging conduct comes from regarding the large things of life instead of the small. Every man knows his freedom to follow or check the slight insignificant im-

pulse when it arises; he loses sight of this freedom when he is impelled in a certain direction by a habit which is the result of innumerable unchecked impulses. In the same way the responsibility for taste lies in the small discriminations of pleasure. The beginning of evil is inattention, or indolence; its middle term is self-ignorance; its end is either inconsequence or excess, dissipation of character or egotism. Insight never forgets the beginning in the end, or the end in the beginning.

LXX

In all this philosophy of insight there is a constant assumption which has not been explained. What is this distinction of good and evil, of benefit and detriment, with which the action or inaction of the inner check is concerned? It might be answered that good is harmony, or self-consistency. Amid the ceaseless change and heterogeneous motion of the flux the effect of the inner check is to call a certain pause and so to create the opportunity of fusing a present and a past impulse. If these impulses are dissimilar they will counteract each other. If they are similar they will combine. Such a reinforced impulse will be stronger than single unreinforced impulses; it will tend to gather to itself other similar impulses and thus to make a wave of harmony in the stream. As a man is not alone but is a part of the universe, this particular wave will be reinforced

in so far as it corresponds with other harmonies outside of himself, so that by a common check, or negation, a single uniform harmony, or good, tends to pervade the universal flux. But such a theory leaves the essential difficulty unsolved. Why is harmony strong or good? Are we not really starting with the assumption of a universal good and then working round to it under another name? And why, even if such a good is assumed, does the inner check stay an impulse until a similar impulse arises and thereupon cease its embargo? If the inner check is itself an act of attention or choice, it is not purely negative, but positive; if it works positively within the flux, it is not a pure absolute, but is itself subject to variation; and we are left with only the universal world of change, without meaning or purpose or value. In brief, the philosophy of dualism does not attempt, as do the metaphysical systems, to explain the coexistence of good and evil; neither does it undertake to bridge the gulf, which reason cries upon us to bridge, between negation and affirmation, the one and the many. We know that there is within us a stream of impulses flowing from abyss to abyss, which we call positive evil. We know that there is also within us a negative power of pause, the inner check, which we call absolute good. The order of natural life and nature, formed so to speak by eddies in the stream, at once changing and stable, we call rela-

tive good; implying thereby that it belongs purely to neither element of our being alone, but springs from an incomprehensible relation of the two elements. Of this relative world we have no true knowledge, but only opinion. To go beyond this insight and this scepticism is to pass from philosophy to religion.

LXXI

Certain men have reported that with the attainment of perfect peace the soul can rise into a state wherein the desires cease altogether, and the other element of consciousness, as the higher Self or infinite spirit, abides in blissful liberation. This is the region of mysticism, towards which all philosophy and all religion point; it is akin to idealism in so far as idealism also pretends to start from a conception of the absolute, but it differs from idealism in so far as it is a real knowledge of victory over the flux and not a rational denial of the flux which immediately falls into a confusion of absolute and relative unity. Mysticism surpasses the common knowledge of mankind, and its beatitude is not the happiness of human speech. The discipline of character by which we are prepared for the transcendental state is manifest, but the actual attainment is a leap into the void, a miraculous transition or ecstasy, to which many names have been given, but all inadequate. We seem sometimes in the hushed

serenity of death to look, as it were, upon a visible symbol of the eternal rest.

LXXII

The complete attainment of the mystical state would mean the cessation of natural existence, but to all of us moments may come when the consciousness of the inner check is so overpowering as seemingly to sever the continuity of our impulsive life. The memory of these visionary moments, even the assurance that such vision is possible, brings to the mind a sense of the positive quality of that inhibitive element of consciousness which otherwise possesses unity only through its negation of qualities. This conversion, by which the heart of man is brought to recognize the inner check as the constantly indwelling spirit, is called faith. By faith the everlasting No becomes the everlasting Yea. Faith is thus not the will to believe, but the flower of that insight, or self-knowledge, which grows with the will to refrain. Neither is it the arbitrary belief, contrary to experience, that all is right. Its goal is the liberation from dualism, but its source is in the consciousness of a dualism which embraces the possibility of infinite evil as well as infinite good. Faith, to those who crave a definite answer to the demands of reason and of the imagination, may seem vague and unreal. In a truer sense it is the most definite and real thing in life, in so far as

it implies a constant intention of character in one direction.

LXXIII

As the counterpart of insight is scepticism, so the counterpart of faith is disillusion — the knowledge that this apparent order of the world is not of the world itself, and that beneath the surface of all we see and feel, beneath the very act of seeing and feeling, lies the unredeemed chaos of desires and impressions, unlimited, unmeaning, unfathomable, incalculable, formless, dark. Life is but appearance, and this personality we call by our name is but illusion within illusion. As by reason the inner check can be defined only in negative terms, so to the eye of faith the flux and all its manifestations, including reason itself, become the absolute negation.

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

LXXIV

In some men, especially in an age of spiritual apathy, the sense of disillusion may spring up without the corresponding assurance of faith. To such men nothing is real; they walk in a place of shadows, and feel that life is continually slipping away from them into a bottomless abyss. All their labour is to re-create for themselves the illu-

sion which has been shattered, or, by ceaseless occupation, to escape the dull horror of the void. Because this tedium of the soul is due to an inability on their part to surmount the materialism that encompasses them, they are prone to take their revenge by turning upon the world with cynical bitterness.

LXXV

The mystical state is an existence in eternity released from time, and as a man grows in faith he feels himself lifted above the scorn of the hypocritic days. There is an aspect of mysticism in the faculty of memory, in so far as things remembered may be dissociated from relation to the evermoving present and set outside of the flux of time. The consolations of faith are wont to be stronger in remembrance of the past than in the actuality of the present. Romantic recollection is a dangerous parody of this doctrine. It is a retreat into the "tower of ivory" to brood over past sensations.

LXXVI

The hope of immortality is a longing to give to the future the mystical virtue of the past; it is the yearning for a life which is a continuously moving present yet freed from the tyrannous flux of time. The happiness of immortality is thus, speaking absolutely, an impossibility, but

in emotional anticipation it may be merely a name for the eternal liberation of the spirit. Nor does such an argument against absolute immortality imply the immediate dissociation of the personal elements of the soul with the dissolution of the material body at death. There is nothing to show that these elements may not subsist together as an individual entity joined with some ethereal body for an indefinite period of time; there are intimations that they do so subsist.

LXXVII

Asceticism is the attempt to attain the mystical release by violence rather than by the gradual discipline of philosophy and morality. It will appear that the dominant force in the ascetic life is almost always some overweening pride or vanity or hope or fear, some exorbitance of egotism, and not the true will to refrain. Asceticism is thus liable to an equally violent relapse into uncontrolled impulses. There is also a false mysticism which seeks to lose the consciousness of paradoxical dualism in absolute surrender to the flux. This is the temptation of antinomianism. If attained it would mean the complete disorganization of character and the utter dissipation of death. The peril of the mystical path is profounder than the error of rationalism.

LXXVIII

Faith and disillusion are the positive and negative aspects of spirituality, as insight and scepticism are the positive and negative aspects of truth. Insight can exist without faith, and scepticism without disillusion; but faith and disillusion cannot exist without the lower forms from which they spring. The life of spirituality is religion; it is attended with a heightened sense of morality. Pure religion is thus philosophy and moral health raised to a consciousness of the infinite meaning of unity and diversity. It is a conscious submission of the personal elements of the soul to the spirit, bringing to the soul a happiness composed of a strange mingling of humility and self-approval. By this self-surrender to the higher Self, we understand the meaning of the words, *In la sua voluntade è nostra pace*, and of that older saying, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." In common practice religion is a complicated mood into which enter in varying degrees insight and faith, scepticism and disillusion, morality and mythology. Holiness is spirituality coloured by mythology.

LXXIX

Mythology is the act of the imagination by which we people the world with dæmonic beings made in the likeness of our own souls. It is either

rational or spontaneous according as it follows the dictates of reason or itself takes the lead.

LXXX

Rational mythology varies with the theories of reason. It is pantheistic when it imagines a god after the abstractions of idealism; panpsychic under pragmatism; deistic under science and rationalism; in general, naturalistic under naturalism. The deity of rational mythology, as it corresponds to an abstract conception of the inner life, is vaguely personal and is barely distinguished from the metaphysical hypotheses of science. The insufficiency and falseness of all these theories are shown by the fact that they leave no room for the reality of sin and suffering in the world. They do not properly surmount evil, but ignore it or attempt to explain it away.

LXXXI

Spontaneous mythology is the unreasoned work of the imagination projecting our imperfect self-knowledge into the void in the form of dæmonic personalities. This imagined world is closely akin to art and literature, but differs from them in so far as it is evoked more immediately from the two elements of consciousness. It is, too, less the deliberate creation of the individual and more the joint product of society. To the individual, therefore, it seems to be independ-

ent of his own faculties and often verges upon hallucination. Belief is the acceptance of the creations of mythology as real; it is not to be identified with faith, any more than mythology is to be identified with religion.

LXXXII

The beginning of spontaneous mythology is polytheism. As self-knowledge grows, the dæmonic world tends to fall into two opposed hosts or personalities, which represent the dual elements of consciousness as hostile powers of good and evil.

LXXXIII

In Christianity mythology takes the form of a perfectly righteous deity set over against the totally depraved human soul. The idea of a triune God is an imaginative blending of the three faculties and the inner check. In the conception of a Christ who is one person having two natures, divine and human, there is an attempt to maintain the actuality of this mythology and at the same time to restore it symbolically to the dualism of man's consciousness. The atonement through the sacrifice of Christ's human nature is a symbol of the painful control of the flux by the inner check, ending in the mystical state of liberation. By belief in the act of Christ we are assured of our own ultimate control of our impuls-

ive nature, which in mythology is regarded as sin, or disobedience to the law of God. So a man is said to attain to salvation, or justification, by faith, meaning by belief. The insoluble paradox of grace and free-will is the mythological counterpart of the relation of the inner check and attention: in either case there is an appeal to the personal element of the soul to act on its own initiative as it can only act under the control of a power not itself.

LXXXIV

Worship is an act designed to fortify belief with emotion, and thus to make of mythology a personal possession of the soul. In its higher Christian type it is an act, public or private, for the purpose of glorifying God and humiliating sinful human nature. The commonest ceremony of worship is a more or less symbolic sacrifice, which in Christianity takes the form of the eucharist.

LXXXV

The purest form of spontaneous mythology, the form that approaches most nearly to absolute religion, is the simple belief in an infinite unseen God, source and goal of the human spirit, and the unquestioning acceptance of the marks of order and beauty in nature as the footsteps of the creator in a world which, without his presence,

would sink into the bleak confusion of chaos. The weakness of this bare monotheism is the danger that, while surrendering the comforts of tradition and the richer interpretations of experience, it may fall short of the higher mystic faith.

LXXXVI

Theology is an attempt to superimpose the abstracting activity of metaphysics upon the personal dualism of spontaneous mythology. Its high theme is the nature of God and of evil. Theologians have ransacked language for words that will define a being who is at once, and in the same substance, both infinite and personal, but they can no more do this than we can express the inner check in terms of the flux. With equal zeal theologians have tried to reconcile the belief in a benevolent and all-powerful creator with the insistent sense of evil in the world, but they can no more do this than we can express the flux as a property of the inner check. Theology thus involves a self-destructive process, and either kills mythology or abdicates in a superstition which has lost connection with our better inner life. When mythology ends, either rationalism or insight steps in. For most men the consequence of theology is a state of fluctuation between rationalism and superstition.

LXXXVII

The great mystery of existence is the relation of the human soul to nature, and on that naked mystery rest the reality of faith and the symbolism of belief. The soul, whatever may be its verbal creed, is conscious of dualism; consciousness and dualism for the soul are, indeed, synonymous terms. Nature, on the contrary, appears to be unconscious, yet to display some of the same qualities as follow the dualism of the soul. From the abhorrence of this paradox the mind seeks refuge in metaphysics and theology. To-day the popular word to conjure by is evolution, that is, the attempt to conceal the paradox by involving it in the long operations of time. But evolution, conceived as a purely mechanical process which would reduce the soul to uniformity with nature by denying dualism altogether, is refuted by consciousness. And evolution, conceived as the work of some immanent final cause which would raise nature into conformity with the soul, must accept the apparent absurdity of regarding all nature as endowed with consciousness. It cannot properly hold that consciousness is a gradual product of development; for consciousness is a fundamental reality, and cannot be conceived as springing unevoked from any unconscious reality. By a kind of compromise it is possible to say that consciousness suddenly intervenes at some point in

the development of nature as a *deus ex machina*, but this is to break the chain of evolution and merely explains the unknown by the unknown. When we undertake to form a conception of nature as a whole, we are compelled by the faculty of memory to regard it as a sequence in time, just as we are compelled by reason and imagination to regard it as extension in space. So far evolution is properly the scientific complement to physics. But the attempt to involve consciousness and morality in this natural sequence is doomed to failure. The presumption of ante-evolutionary science declared that whatever is is right. The presumption of evolutionary science declares that whatever is is better than what was. In either case science, so soon as it passes beyond the classification of phenomena to a naturalistic philosophy, is a liar and the father of lies. Better the frank unreason of mythology than this labyrinth of intellectual deception.

LXXXVIII

Scepticism has its part in religion as well as in philosophy. On the one hand, it withholds us from accepting the creations of the mythological imagination as the exact counterpart of reality, and is the foe of credulity and fanaticism; on the other hand, it restrains us from asserting positively that there is nothing at the heart of mythology which corresponds to a variously in-

terpreted revelation of the order of the universe. Its action upon a spontaneous mythology, corresponding to the dualism of self-knowledge, is thus to hold the mind in a state of suspense, whereas it acts as an absolute negation upon theology and rational mythology which spring from presumptuous self-ignorance.

LXXXIX

With scepticism goes the true humility of religion, which is ready to join devoutly in any genuinely traditional worship, trusting that in this way faith may be enriched and the indolence of doubt expelled. No man, without peril to his religious life, can do violence to his mythological instinct. Faith should develop gradually out of belief, and pure spirituality out of holiness, as a man grows in self-knowledge and character. There are few men, but one man here and there, who can rise to the clear vision of faith unsupported by belief in a God. Religion is equally endangered by atheism and by belief in a God who corresponds, not to the developing knowledge of the inner check, but to some rationalistic denial of dualism.

XC

Self-recollection is the quiet and deliberate gathering of the mind from the many to the one. Prayer is the same act directed to the one im-

agined as the infinite, eternal God. A great need of mankind is for more recollection or prayer. Therein shall a man learn to know the truth of his own being and see with open eyes the infinite consequences to himself of that truth; and from thence he shall go out into the world armed with power and assured in peace. Through the distractions and trials of life he shall carry with him the secret possession of religious philosophy, which has been called the *amor dei intellectualis;* rather, to him belongs the praise of Plato: "Show me a man able to see both the one and the many in nature, and I will follow in his footsteps as though he were a god."

THE END

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